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Esquire

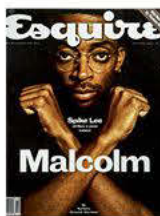
The 1000th Issue of Esquire

FEATURING: THE MEN OF OUR TIME

OCTOBER 2015



A HISTORY OF MODERN AMERICAN CULTURE, TH





ROUGH THE MEN, WOMEN, WRITERS, ARTISTS, TRAGEDIES, AND TRIU





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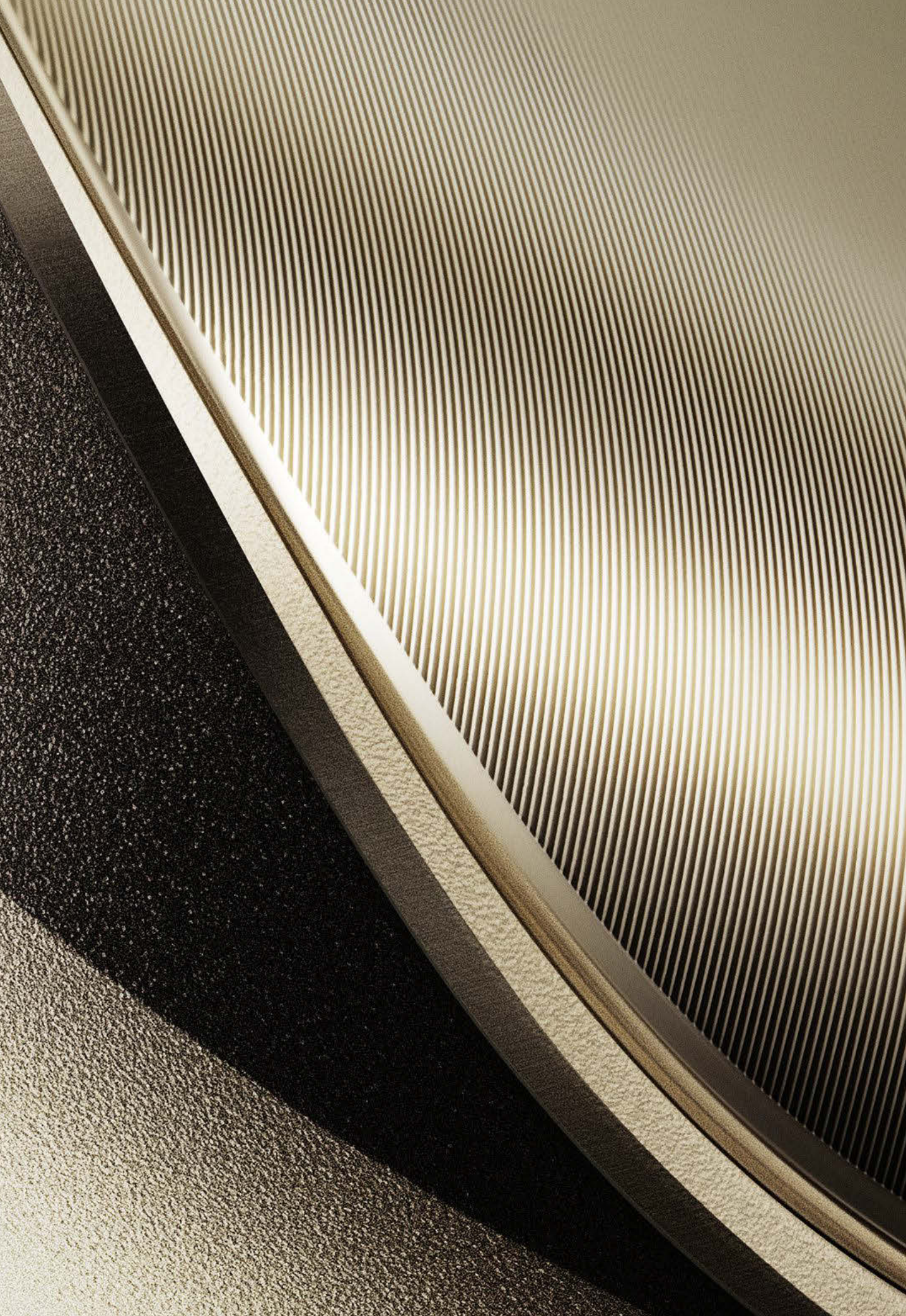
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THE COLD OPEN



SMASH TIME

By Colum McCann

Everyone has their own take on the past. For F. Scott Fitzgerald you couldn't repeat it. For William Faulkner it wasn't even past. For Eduardo Galeano the time that was continues to tick inside the time that is. For Toni Morrison the past is there to be continually shaped. For Eugene O'Neill there was no present or future, only the past, happening over and over again, now.

Until about six months ago, the past was my flip phone, the sort of machine guaranteed to get a laugh from just about anyone. I felt oddly smug about it. It was so uncool that it was almost cool. It was the sort of phone used by drug dealers in movies, snapped in two and thrown in an alleyway or flung off a bridge, all that sordid history suddenly disappearing. It had no camera, no apps, no games. It kept me at a dusty distance from the world. It was as if my life existed in a library.

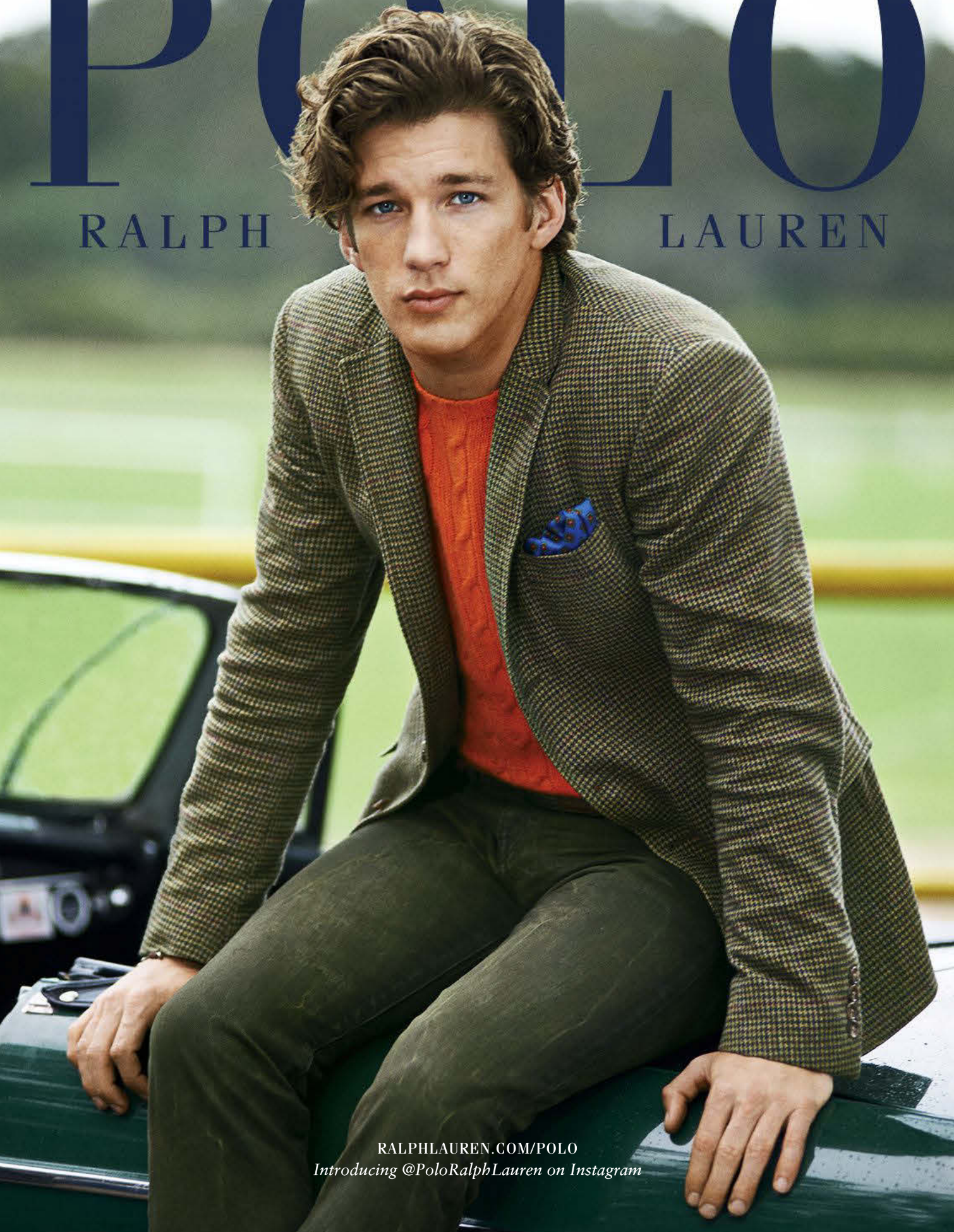
My new phone--bought on a whim, really--is a different sort of archive. I had sudden access to everything, as if I had come out of the library into the daze of Times Square. I could watch a soccer match, order a taxi, research a novel, read an ancient Rumi poem, call up a photograph of my dead father, order a pizza, map my way home--the ridiculous, the sublime. It confused and thrilled me at the exact same time. It was as if I were suddenly carrying around all these pieces of smashed time.

We are living in the mobile now. Never before has time been so agile. The past crashes into the present with ease. The future doesn't seem to surprise us at all. Anything can happen--and probably will. Distant events can unfold right in front of our eyes: sex, football, revolution. We have immediate access to just about everything that has been recorded--and, as we know, just about everything is recorded. Every sentence, every photo, every click, every like, every dislike, every street glance is logged, lodged, ledgered. We can't escape ourselves. The infobahn is endless. Street camera, computer camera, eyeglass camera, buttonhole lens, noise, noise, noise.

This is the era of smash time--all the particles of yesterday, today, and tomorrow slammed together and carried around, bizarrely, in our hip pocket.

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THE COLD OPEN

My kids got phones, too. A shock of electricity went along my spine when I realized what they were listening to. Hendrix, Lennon, Morrison: This was music from their grandfather's time. U2, Bowie, Thin Lizzy: music from my time. Pitbull, K'naan, American Authors: music from their time. All interlaced, with no self-consciousness at all, as if they had inherited this sense of smashed time and thought absolutely nothing about it. The old was no longer old. And the new was no longer necessarily hip. Everything is crushed together and here, now, like the pulse of an odd wound that only I--the older one--might recognize. But my recognition isn't worth much. To my kids, the havoc is natural: They have been born in an age of collision.

Smash time--at least for my generation, born before the ARPAnet, the DARPA-net, the Internet--creates a sense of immediate uncertainty. The impossibility of hip. The collapse of the zeitgeist. The dawn of the clock quarrel.

In the mobile now, things last only as long as they are present on your "feed." (Even the language we use suggests a patient in a hospital, a tube, a mask, a hacking cough.) How is it possible to know anything at all when the world is so instantaneously hyperlinked? Where do you find focus when there are a billion waves of information slamming your skin from all angles, all times, all machines? How do we recognize time, or fashion, or relevance when the old and the new are so intricately helixed?

But enough whining. There is also something glorious about the ability to hypermix the past and the present so easily. That punch that Muhammad Ali threw in Zaire in 1974 can still knock us on our asses today. Marilyn's skirt still rises ambitiously in the breeze along Lexington Avenue. Hemingway's marlin is forever coming out of the water. The things they carried in Vietnam are still the things we carry into every other war we go into. The past deepens our present.

Dizzying as our technology is, it provides access to potential that is fuller than any before. History gets diversified. The lungs of yesterday expand. We learn who we are when we see what we came through. The key to all this is deciding not to condescend to the past. It wasn't necessarily better. It wasn't cleaner. It wasn't nicer. It wasn't more colorful. It just was, and we can use it to inform what we are now.

For all the white noise and doomsaying of today, there will be, in twenty years, an iconic image to bring us back to 2015. We mightn't know it yet, because we haven't yet remembered it, but it is happening. It might even be there already, on your phone.

For many years, psychologists and historians have been talking about the "end of history." But there is no end, just as there is no beginning. It just keeps on happening. Some of us choose to think of this as depressing--as if we were merely hamsters on the flywheels of history. But fuck that. There's nothing depressing about this at all. In fact, it's possibly the opposite. We don't begin and we don't end. Rather, we keep on remembering and we keep on creating. And we find ourselves new ways to remember in this smash time. ■

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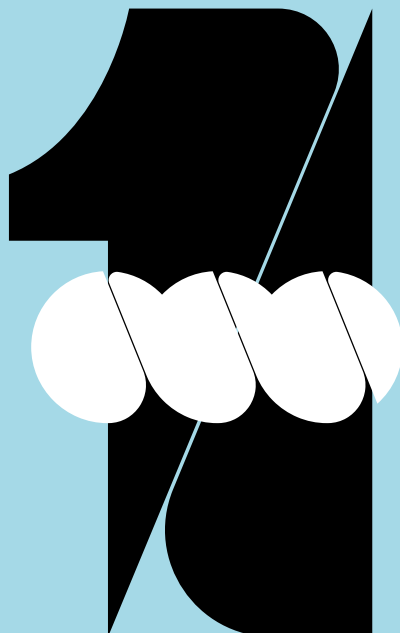
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LOUIS VUITTON

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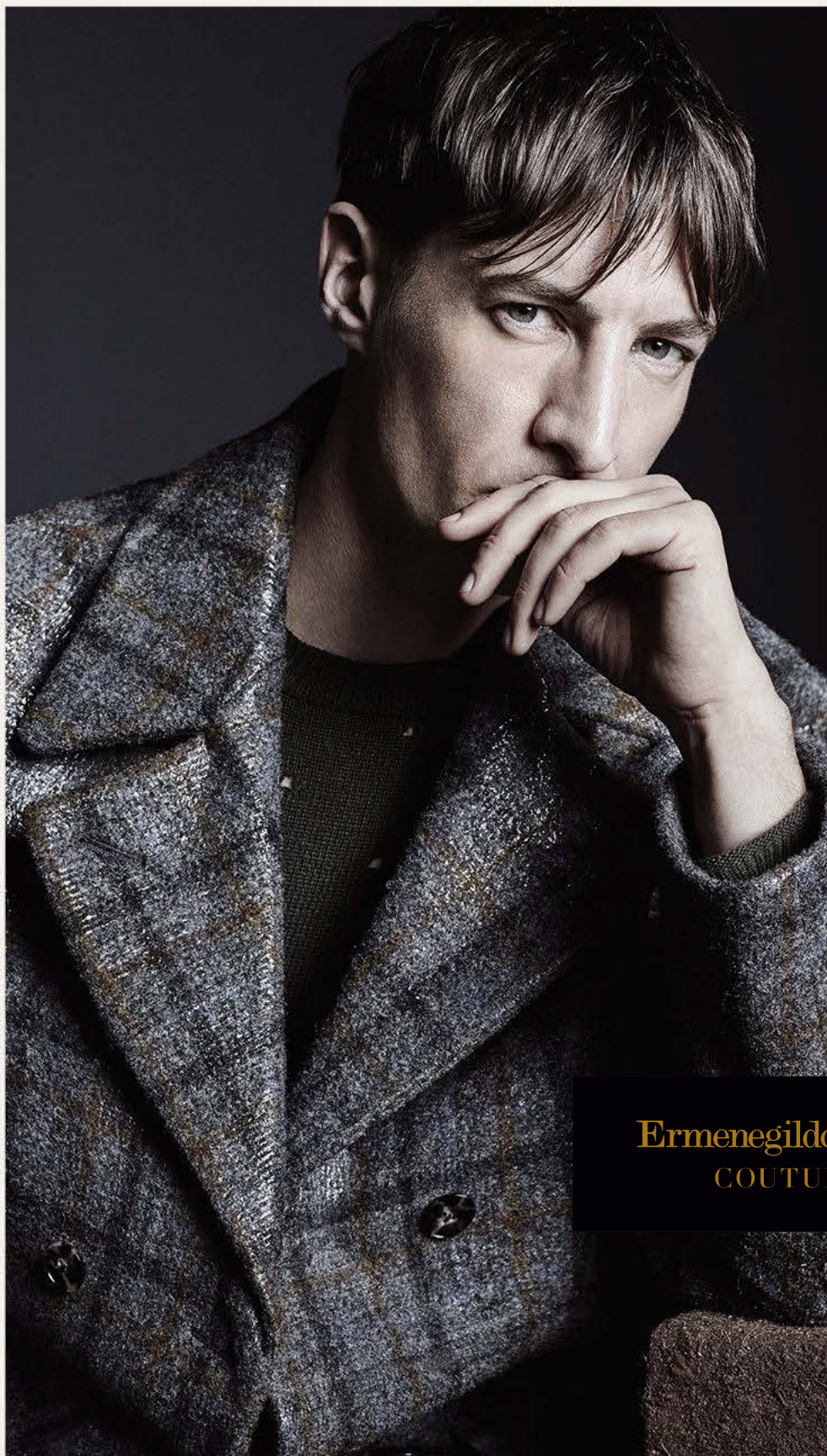
Eleven living men—and a woman—who have obsessed Esquire for years, even decades.

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COUTURE

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LIFE-CHANGING LUXURY: PERSONALIZATION

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*The Revel audio system is optional on the 2016 Lincoln MKX.
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BY MILES RAYMER

Miles Raymer is a musician and music journalist who writes for numerous publications including Esquire.com, Pitchfork, Noisey, and The A.V. Club.

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The very first issue, from Autumn 1933. Shazam this photo to read it.



ESQUIRE CLASSIC

EVERY DAMN ISSUE EVER

This issue contains multitudes.

It is the 1,000th issue of Esquire. But it is also the first issue, from Autumn 1933, with Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, and Dashiell Hammett. And the 320th issue, from July 1960, with James Baldwin, Truman Capote, and Gay Talese. And the July 2001 issue, with Scott Raab on Don Zimmer and Michael Pateriniti on Ferran Adrià.

It is all these things because of something that we're launching now, eighty-two years in: Esquire Classic, our living archive of every issue and article ever published from 1933 to today.

It's a new way of experiencing Esquire, and it's quite literally all there. Every John Steinbeck and F. Scott Fitzgerald and Norman Mailer and Philip Roth and Tom Wolfe and Stephen King story, all gorgeously viewable in their original form—

readable, searchable, shareable. You can check out “The Snows of Kilimanjaro” in the same sitting as “Frank Sinatra Has a Cold.” But you'll also find new stuff on Esquire Classic: suggested reads of the day, exclusive essays and commentary, reading lists curated by editors and special guests.

To celebrate the launch, we teamed up with Shazam to digitally link this 1,000th issue to more than fifty of our greatest stories of all time. So when you read about Mailer's “Superman Comes to the Supermart” on page 136, you can get the full story from 1960 right then and there. Now!

Sounds wacky, we know. But it's pretty simple. And damn cool. Best part: If you already have the Shazam app on your phone, you're halfway there. You don't have to download a thing.

Check out the directions below, and we'll see you on Classic.

HOW TO READ ONE THOUSAND ISSUES OF ESQUIRE



1

On nearly every page of the 1,000th issue, you'll see a Shazam logo like the one on the far right. This means there's a link.



2

Pull out your phone or tablet. (Click off Facebook.)



3

Open your Shazam app (yes, the normal one you use to figure out what that annoying song blasting in the bar is).



4

Hit the little camera icon on the upper left corner, here.



5

Aim the viewfinder at the target indicated and the story will appear. For instance, Shazam this logo to go to Esquire Classic. It's that simple.

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THE ETERNAL NOW



Scan the photo above
to read our contentious interview
with Steve Jobs.

At (approximately) the same moment that this issue, our 1,000th, gets to you, we are launching a complete digital archive of Esquire. Every cover, every story, every photograph, every advertisement—all available (for five dollars) via your phone, your tablet, your desktop, or any other device. ¶ Because we've spent

a good amount of time planning and executing both this issue and the archive, as well as figuring out how to connect the two, I've been thinking a lot about the past. I've been thinking about the fact that we live in a time in which the past has never been more present. When I first started exploring what we could do with this issue, I used a phrase—the Eternal Now—that I hoped would explain the potential of linking the past to the present through a print publication and a common mobile app. (And we have. See page 38.)

That phrase came to mind shortly after Steve Jobs and Apple launched the iTunes

store in 2003. Within a couple months, my then-teenage daughters discovered it and started sampling widely and occasionally purchasing music. It occurred to me then that they didn't necessarily know that the Beatles were from 1967. It was all fresh to them, all new. The past was present.

(Funny story: During the interview we did with Jobs on the occasion of the iTunes debut, Jobs suddenly stood up and left, and security came in and escorted our writer out of the building. I subsequently began getting calls threatening that Apple would never advertise in the magazine again if we ran the interview. We did, and Apple didn't—for a long time. Today, right now, if you want to read that interview and try to figure out what

offended Jobs, you can summon it on your iPhone or iPad. In fact, just to demonstrate, use your phone to Shazam the photo on this page and we will take you to that story. The past is present.)

THE PAST IS ALSO A weighty thing. When I moved into the first office I occupied as the editor of Esquire, it had bound volumes containing the vast majority of Esquires ever printed. They were on shelves above the credenza behind my desk. I was so daunted by them that I rarely, if ever, opened one. And then, one Monday morning, I came in to find that the shelving had given way and the hundreds of pounds of Esquires had crashed onto the credenza and spilled onto the floor. I realized they could not be ignored.

Ten men were responsible for that pile: the former editors in chief Arnold Gingrich (1933–45), Frederic A. Birmingham (1946–57), Harold T. P. Hayes (1963–73), Don Erickson (1973–77), Byron Dobell (1977), Clay S. Felker (1978–79), Phillip Moffitt

Esquire ARNOLD GINGRICH (1903–1976) FOUNDING EDITOR

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(1979–84), Lee Eisenberg (1984–90), Terry McDonell (1990–93), and Edward Kosner (1994–97).

Some of Hayes's furniture was still scattered around the office when I first got here in 1997, but I never met him. Phillip Moffitt (and his friend and partner Chris Whittle) was the reason I started reading Esquire. The two of them had graduated from the University of Tennessee a decade or so ahead of me and had launched a little publishing empire in Knoxville. In 1979, they bought Esquire. I wasn't sure what Esquire was, but I knew it was important. I started reading it. It became my magazine.

I know Terry McDonell. He's a great, interesting editor who edited a version of Esquire that published stories with the power to make me question everything. The only story by William Vollmann ("De Sade's Last Stand," November 1992) that I ever read all the way to the end was published by Terry. It was one of several moments early in my career as an editor that forced me to ask myself, Wow: Is a magazine allowed to *do* that?

I'm beholden to each of those ten men.

I'm beholden because Esquire is not an inevitability. Over the course of the two-hundred-plus issues I've edited, I've learned that Esquire requires eternal vigilance. It needs, as a magazine with no "special" interest or emphasis, to make an argument for itself in a way that not every magazine must. Though Esquire was the first men's magazine, dozens of magazines have come along in our eighty-two years that have adopted some element of Esquire and made it their singular focus.

Esquire's strength, as articulated by

“
I've learned
that Esquire
requires eternal
vigilance.
It needs to make
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itself in a way
that not every
magazine must.
”

Arnold Gingrich in the first issue, is that it can do anything its editors and writers and designers and photographers imagine. This is what Gingrich wrote: "ESQUIRE aims to become the common denominator of masculine interests—to be all things to all men. . . . It is our belief, in offering ESQUIRE to the American male, that we are only getting around at last to a job that should have been done a long time ago—that of giving the masculine reader a break."

But that impulse—to be all things to all men—also led the magazine down some dead ends. Esquire has teetered on the edge of extinction numerous times. And when it has, it's been because its staff took its existence for granted, assumed that it deserved to exist—or settled for executing the fantasy of a successful "formula" that had worked for Esquire at some time in its past.

On the contrary, Esquire is at its best and most successful when it starts over, when it is reimagined by the people who make it in order to better address the lives of its readers.


And yet...one thing the magazine's archive has allowed me to realize is that there is a kinship among those who have created Esquire over all these years. On the magazine's fourth anniversary, in January 1938, the editors recapped the highlights for those who had missed them. It was called "Autobiography of a Four-Year-Old," and it was funny. Mostly, it was about all the people (and nations) they had offended in their first few issues. It made me feel like I could sit at a bar with those guys.

The main man, of course, was Gingrich. His idea—to make a general-interest magazine for men at a time when magazines were regarded as the domain of women—has not only survived the tests of time and economic depression and wars and societal upheaval and technological changes. It has also grown and expanded across every form of expression. Esquire means something. It stands for an uncommon level of ambition coupled with wit and an engaging personality. Gingrich created that. Throughout this issue, you'll see our little homage to his achievement. All the display type (the headlines and subheads) on its pages is in a new typeface we asked Christian Schwartz to design for this issue. We've named it Gingrich.


DAVID GRANGER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

Esquire

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A full-page advertisement for Tommy Hilfiger underwear. It features a muscular man from the waist up, seen from the back. He is wearing dark blue briefs with a red and white waistband. The background is split vertically into white and red, and horizontally into white and dark blue. Large white text 'RNTH' is centered on the man's back, with 'TOMMY HILFIGER' in smaller text between the 'N' and 'T'.

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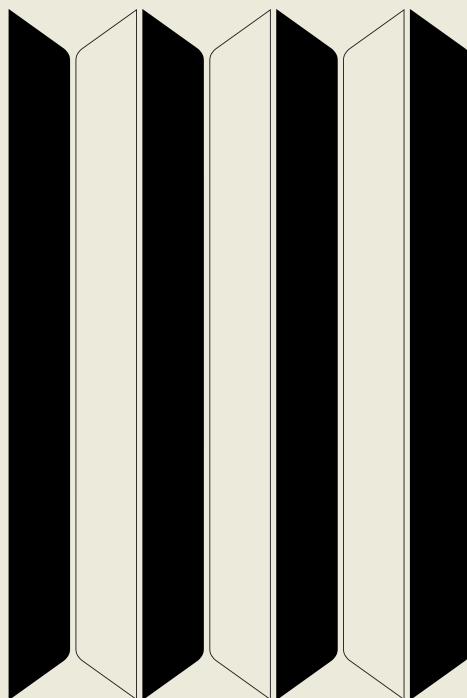
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Esquire

OCTOBER 2015 / THE 1000TH ISSUE OF ESQUIRE



THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE GREAT SPRAWLING WONDER THAT IS AMERICA THROUGH THE LENS OF ESQUIRE

EVERYTHING THIS MAGAZINE has ever published lives on—the pages full of yakking and provocations and ads and embarrassing cartoons—though mostly in exile between the covers of old issues at yard sales. Open one and it's 1966 or 1951 or 2013 all over again, full of life and noise and nonsense. But often also full of amazing stories and photos and personal essays and jaw-dropping reporting that seem as moving and

enlightening and entertaining as anything just published. Even when the particular subjects at hand are long dead or irrelevant, the stories and pictures themselves stay alive, if only as windows on their time. So we've devoted this issue—in part—to that vividly present past, an alphabetical collection of subjects and stories and writers and obsessions that mattered once and often still matter in the lives we live now.

A

Achievements, Dubious

Helped give birth to the plague of modern irony. Their endlessly copied fake-headline-on-a-news-item format was invented by Robert Benton, Esquire's art director, and David Newman, an editor, and first appeared in the January 1962 issue. (Benton and Newman went on to write the screenplay for *Bonnie and Clyde*, and Benton to direct eleven movies, including *Kramer vs. Kramer*.) The Dubious Achievement Awards ran annually for the next forty-six years.

Ali, Muhammad

See THE MEN OF OUR TIME.

Anonymous

Early years were marked by odd confessionals like "Why I Stopped Collecting Stamps." Served as a ghostwriter for female authors through the mid-1940s, so their work could appear in a men's magazine. Turned up in 1967 with "Confessions of a Campus Pot Dealer." "Sleeping Around" (1991) would be the first of many tales of promiscuity, inebriation, cheating, and lying. A passage from "46 Women Who Are Not My Wife" (2001) illustrates the journey of this bold yet timid writer: "I don't want to have to recoil anymore from what I've been and done. I'm no Casanova. I'm no monster. This is the best I can do."



Shazam Arbus's image of Ratoucheff above and go to the full portfolio of her photos in the July 1960 issue.

Arbus, Diane

Norman Mailer once said—after Diane Arbus photographed him—that “giving a camera to Diane Arbus is like putting a live grenade in the hands of a child.” She detonated more than thirty of them in Esquire in the 1960s. This was the first magazine to publish her work—in July 1960, including the photograph above of the actor Andrew Ratoucheff—and also one of the last, her final photographs in our pages appearing only a month before she committed suicide with a razor blade in July 1971, at age forty-eight.

1933

Observations after reading the first issue of Esquire

By A. J. Jacobs

► Esquire promised to be a “fashion guide for men.” But never a primer for “fops” or “gigolos.”
 ► “There are two kinds of married men: those afraid of their wives and those who lie about it.”
 ► There was this new-

fangled invention called the “Talon slide fastener” (later renamed the “zipper”). You need to buy it, because buttons cause “bulky ugliness.”
 ► Esquire published poetry. But not sissy poetry: “Dead men in barrels, / Dead men in sacks /

Trussed up with wire / Knees at their necks.”
 ► “The black marlin is a stupid fish.” —Hemingway
 ► Best sentence that I didn’t understand but that might well be dirty: “The Kid’s maw was having a hard time

on her 640 what with grubbin’ sage.”
 ► Women steal everything, including possibly this magazine. “Although we tried to make it as masculine as a moustache... there’s no predicting a woman’s taking ways.”



Baldwin, James



"I MAY BE PARANOIC, Lord knows, anybody *can be*, but I am sick of these literary cocktail parties where people congratulate themselves because I, Jimmy Baldwin, have made it. Well, screw 'em. I made it. *They* didn't do it for me. And I didn't do it for any old Cadillac, I did it just for *me*. They act as if I'm now about to become the luckiest black man in the world because I've managed to become like *them*! Believe me, they *couldn't* be more wrong."

That is Baldwin, as quoted in a profile by Marvin Elkoﬀ in this magazine ("Everybody Knows His Name," August 1964), at the moment when Baldwin—himself a regular contributor to *Esquire*—was enjoying his greatest celebrity. He had long been a leading voice of black America and was established as a novelist and essayist (*The Fire Next Time* had been a number-one best seller) and playwright (his play *Blues for Mister Charlie* was being readied for Broadway). He was butting heads with Lee Strasberg and thrilled that Burgess Meredith was to direct. He was in demand, fawned over equally by black radicals, the white liberal elite, and the glamour factories of Hollywood, theater, and publishing.

Baldwin had begun writing for *Esquire* early in 1960 (a profile of Ingmar Bergman), after having lived in France for almost a decade, but he made his first significant mark in the magazine later that year in the "New York" issue. "Fifth Avenue, Uptown" (July 1960) was about his portion of the most famous boulevard in the United States: 130th Street to 135th Street, his childhood neighborhood for a time and, in his mind, a hopeless ghetto. "Whatever money is now being earmarked to im-

prove this, or any other ghetto, might as well be burnt."

This was the best piece Baldwin wrote for *Esquire*. He also wrote about his "friendship" with Norman Mailer ("The Black Boy Looks at the White Boy," May 1961) and an essay about the word *colored* ("Color," December 1962), notable for its restating of his view of the impossible gulf between black and white, along with a forgettable essay about being an expatriate ("The New Lost Generation," July 1961).

But then he wrote something great: the essay that would become the centerpiece of *The Fire Next Time*. Unfortunately, he did not write it for *Esquire*. Which pissed off *Esquire's* editor, Harold Hayes, who shortly thereafter—and possibly as a result—assigned the Elkoﬀ story, which was not entirely flattering. ("He seems strangely compelled to pop his eyes more when he knows he's being photographed.") Baldwin was mortified and allegedly threatened to sue.

It would be eight years before he wrote again for *Esquire*. "Malcolm and Martin" (April 1972) was nominally about the deaths of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, but it was, in reality, a strangely beau-

tiful account of a visit to his childhood best friend, still living in the house in which he'd been raised. The visit was occasioned by the friend asking him for the suit Baldwin had worn to King's funeral. The suit became a stand-in for the guilt Baldwin felt for having succeeded, for having gotten up and out, and his suspicion that he was an impostor. It was also the first time he hinted broadly at his sexuality.

He wrote for the magazine one last time, in October 1980, an essay that despaired of the educational prospects of African-Americans. "The educational system of this country is, in short, designed to destroy the black child," he wrote in "Dark Days." But his most resonant work dates to his earliest pieces for *Esquire*, when America was fresh and new to him after years in France.

Today, when videos surface weekly of deadly encounters between white policemen and black citizens, Baldwin's writing from the early 1960s can seem strikingly of the moment: "There are few things under heaven more unnerving," he wrote of the police in "Fifth Avenue, Uptown," "than the silent, accumulating contempt and hatred of a people." —DAVID GRANGER

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

1992

YOUR USUAL TABLE MR. TYSON?

Wang Guang's restaurant in Sichuan, China, was cited for serving steamed buns stuffed with the meat of buttocks from human corpses.

Blind Spots, Editorial

[The Beatles](#), the Great Depression, [fatherhood \(1933–2013\)](#), jai alai, [Jimi Hendrix](#), Marilyn Monroe (not the shaving cover—that was Virna Lisi. The pantless photo? Angie Dickinson), [the magic of Broadway](#), the PT Cruiser, [flavored vodka](#), tea, [gluten](#), the Four Corners region



BIN LADEN, OSAMA

NATIONAL-SECURITY ENEMY NO. 1 for nearly twenty years and three presidents, and the subject of two major first-person accounts in *Esquire*—bookends, as it turned out—maybe the two most significant and vivid portraits of him ever published.

The first was his last interview ever with an American journalist, in his mountain hideout in Afghanistan in 1998.

"Greetings, America. My Name Is Osama bin Laden,"
by John Miller, February 1999:

Osama bin Laden has a firm handshake. We exchanged pleasantries in the polite but stilted manner one uses when speaking through a translator...

"So we tell the Americans as people," bin Laden said softly, "and we tell the mothers of soldiers and American mothers in general that if they value their lives and the lives of their children, to find a nationalistic government that will look after their interests and not the interests of the Jews. The continuation of tyranny will bring the fight to America, as Ramzi Yousef and others did."...

Ali [the translator] had been told to sit in the back of the room during the interview. When it was over, I went looking for him. "So, do we have a story?" I whispered when I found him. "Please tell me it wasn't just an hour of 'Praise Allah' bullshit."

"No," Ali said. "We have a very good story."

Today, remarkably, Miller is the deputy commissioner of intelligence and counterterrorism for the New York Police Department.

FOURTEEN YEARS LATER, *Esquire* published the exclusive story of bin Laden's last moments—a detailed account of the Navy SEAL mission to find him in 2012 and of his final acts and death by the SEAL who killed him, as told to journalist Phil Bronstein.

"The Shooter," by Phil Bronstein, March 2013:

I rolled past him into the room, just inside the doorway.

There was bin Laden standing there. He had his hands on a woman's shoulders, pushing her ahead, not exactly toward me but by me, in the direction of the hallway commotion. It was his youngest wife, Amal...



To read John Miller's landmark story about his encounter with Osama bin Laden, Shazam the illustration above.

He looked confused. And way taller than I was expecting... He was holding her in front of him. Maybe as a shield, I don't know...

In that second, I shot him, two times in the forehead. Bap! Bap! The second time as he's going down. He crumpled onto the floor in front of his bed and I hit him again, Bap! same place. That time I used my EO Tech red-dot holo sight. He was dead. Not moving. His tongue was out. I watched him take his last breaths, just a reflex breath.

The shooter remained anonymous at his request in Bronstein's story. A year later, he identified himself publicly as Robert O'Neill, now a motivational speaker and Fox News contributor.



Blacktop, Two-Lane, and Other Bad Calls

► "People who regard [Hitler] as an impulsive sentimentalist evidently have not watched his policy in his own country... It is safe to say that... Ger-

many cannot go to war." MAY 1934

► Bypassing *The French Connection*, *A Clockwork Orange*, and *The Last Picture Show* to name drag-racing film *Two-Lane Blacktop*, which starred James Taylor and Beach Boy Dennis

Wilson, our 1971 Movie of the Year (left). And publishing

all 23,202 words of the screenplay. APRIL 1971

► Sam Worthington, "The Greatest Actor of Our Time?"

SEPTEMBER 2009
► Directing readers to

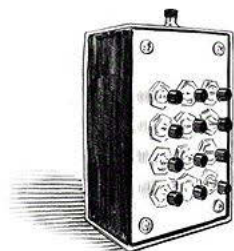
short Apple stock two years before the iPhone debuted. MARCH 2005

► Predicting future convicted war criminal (and son of Muammar) Saif al-Islam el-Qaddafi would peacefully bring democracy to Libya. OCTOBER 2008

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Blue Box, Secrets of the Little

October 1971 (see *JOBS, STEVE*).

Ron Rosenbaum's electrifying story about phone phreaks, which turned into the "foundation event" for the creation of Apple Computer. Rosenbaum described the subculture of young telephone hackers whose "blue boxes" permitted them to manipulate the multifrequency tones of the international telephone system and place free calls around the world.

Steve Wozniak, then a twenty-one-year-old student at Berkeley, read the story in his mother's kitchen. **Contributing editor A. J. Jacobs recently talked with Wozniak about what happened next.**

"I was so grabbed by the article," Wozniak says today. "I called Steve Jobs before I was halfway through and started reading him passages."

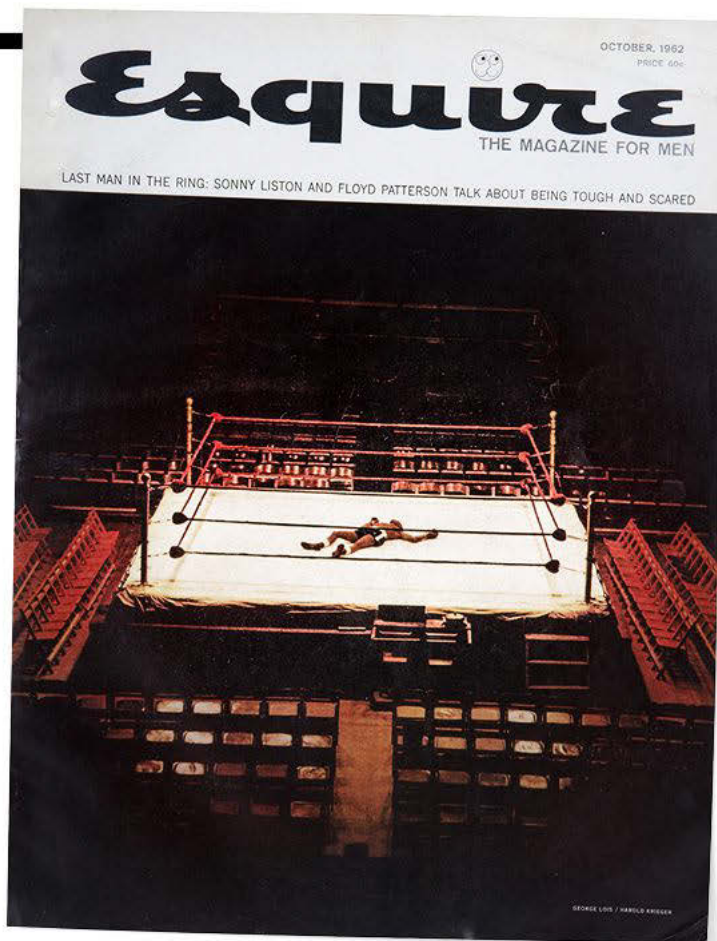
Jobs was then a sixteen-year-old high school student and a fellow tech-head. At first, they thought the story was fiction. But in a tech library they found a journal article that listed the little-known frequencies. "It was like, Oh my God," Wozniak became obsessed. "I had a manual typewriter," he says, "and I retyped the entire article, every single word, in case I lost the original." He tracked down the most famous phone phreak in Rosenbaum's piece, nicknamed "Captain Crunch" because he reproduced frequencies using a whistle found in Cap'n Crunch cereal boxes. Wozniak invited him to visit. "I imagined him as some suave woman's guy," he says. "He showed up and he was much more of a geek. He smelled like he hadn't taken a shower in a while."

Wozniak designed his own blue box that improved on the others. It was Jobs's idea to make a business selling it to other students. It became their first business.

"I keep my most precious memorabilia in my home office," says Wozniak. "The Esquire article is right next to the official document when Apple went public. I'm looking at it right now."

Buckley, William F. Jr.

See *CAN'T TALK ABOUT THAT*.



Boxing

GOOD WRITERS AND BAD WRITERS LOVED PUGS, EVEN IN THE DAYS WHEN THEY WERE JUST PUGS

IN THE PREMIERE ISSUE OF *ESQUIRE*, IN 1933—eighty-seven pages behind Hemingway's debut—former heavyweight champion Gene Tunney defended his love for literature. The article was titled "Overture: Poet and Pug." He wrote, despairingly, that many people thought the joining of "brains and brawn" was "incongruous; it is out of the natural proletarian order of our world, and they look upon me, the pugilist who reads poetry, as neither fish, flesh nor fowl." That great theme, poet and pug, came to underlie much of the magazine's worst writing on boxing—Roger Kahn, in a piece about Ingemar Johansson's knockout of Floyd Patterson in 1960: "How can he be a fighter and a lover both? / the fight men asked. The fight men / who did not understand violence"—as it did much of the best.

Esquire published boxers in their own words—whether it was Tunney's "long count" title-bout foe Jack Dempsey in 1934 or George Foreman and Joe Frazier in "What I've Learned" interviews in 2004—and its writers turned to them compulsively as subjects (Marciano by Gerald Kersh, Liston by Joe Flaherty, and Tyson three times—by Pete Hamill and Mark Kram and Tom Junod). Two became fascinations. The first: Joe Louis, "the Othello of boxing," so named by Frank Scully in the magazine in 1935; later simply called "the Champ." As Louis rose, the magazine lionized and defended him, its spotlight even falling onto those surrounding him—his promoter, his underpaid spectacular sparring partner, both worthy of



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investigation because of their proximity to him—though it would always return to Louis himself, even in 1962, a decade after his retirement, when Gay Talese (see) spent an afternoon sitting at his kitchen table with his third wife while Louis napped: “The King as a Middle-Aged Man.”

Within a year, though, the fascination shifted to Cassius Clay: Tom Wolfe (see)—in his first piece to be published in *Esquire*, in 1963—described “the Marvelous Mouth” and his “foxes” as they paraded through New York City before the Liston fight, calling Clay’s claim to be the greatest “a piece of outrageous bombast.” Proven wrong, *Esquire* followed with the cover-story defense of his bombast in 1966 by Floyd Patterson himself (with Talese); and the iconic ’68 cover portrait of him impaled by six arrows, “The Passion of Muhammad Ali,” accompanying a story by Leonard Shetter; and its ’69 defense of his refusal to fight, by Irwin Shaw (“Justice in America, it turns out, is considerably more selective than Selective Service”), along with its list of 104 people who believed Ali should be allowed to defend his title (which spanned from a U.S. senator to Kurt Vonnegut to, yes, Joe Louis); and Ali’s own premature 1970 essay, titled “I’m Sorry, but I’m Through Fighting Now.” Ali, the great boxing paradigm, helped define the magazine then, and even now (see *THE MEN OF OUR TIME*, page 158). Decades later, in 2004, alongside Foreman’s and Frazier’s, Ali’s own words appeared again in the magazine. They included a poem.

—NATE HOPPER



Butts, a Few Words About

Forty-three years ago, Nora Ephron wrote an essay for this magazine entitled “A Few Words About Breasts,” in which she explored the impact being small-breasted had on her psyche. I cried when she passed, both because I loved that she made me feel less alone and because the things I feel alone about are always evolving.

When I was a teenager, I was so worried about my flat chest that I didn’t think about my butt. In fairness, it was the eighties. How was I to know that one day, coke would be replaced with molly and boobs would be overshadowed by butts?

In my head, God had put our butts in the back because we weren’t supposed to worry about them. In reality, our butts were in the back so men could talk about them without us knowing, until it was too late and we’d

already spent our whole lives eating balls of mozzarella as if they were apples.

Large breasts were the goal, and when I had an unexpected Hail Mary boob growth spurt at the ripe old age of twenty-one, I relaxed; I believed I now had all the equipment I needed to be considered Desirable.™ Unfortunately, that same year *Out of Sight* was released and Jennifer Lopez became a superstar. It was the cultural tipping point for butts. I suddenly realized that men would be or—holy fuck—had been concerned about butts for years. I found myself turning around in front of a three-way mirror, really trying to see my own ass for the first time. It filled all three of the mirrors.

I have a softish, curvy, ’70s-Jewish-mom body. I’m in my late thirties (the very latest ones), and my butt is kind of a vague trapezoid. I know Gwyneth Paltrow said her butt is her least favorite body part also, but I think we all know she is full of shit, even though I have both of her cookbooks and buy every magazine she’s on the cover of and sometimes think of her right before I go to sleep.

So after fifteen years of hand-wringing over my breasts, I’ve shifted course to agonizing over

how to mold my ass into the shape of two levitating tennis balls (the current ideal). I bought a ten-pack of Bar Method classes on the recommendation of a friend who developed an eating disorder before her wedding. I’ve hired personal trainers, bought Jillian Michaels DVDs, and even downloaded a very sad-looking app called, quite unimaginatively, Butt Workout. Through it all, my ass has stubbornly remained the same.

And therein lies the difference between possessing great tits and possessing a great ass.

If you’re unhappy with your breasts, you just feel unlucky. If you’re unhappy with your butt, it’s your fault because you’re lazy. Why don’t you just try harder? In my case, it’s because I literally do not have the physical strength required to create a Jennifer Lopez ass. I do seem to have the strength to 1) drink chardonnay and 2) watch *The Bachelorette*.

You might suggest that there are still breast men out there, but unfortunately I accidentally married an ass man. Somehow we’re making it work.

The moral of this story is Women can’t win. We should quit.

(Actually—I forgot about Sofia Vergara. She wins.) —JESSI KLEIN

C



Campbell, E. Simms

It’s tempting to call E. Simms Campbell the Jackie Robinson of magazine illustrators. Just as Robinson broke the color line in baseball, Campbell broke down barriers in publishing when, starting with the debut issue of *Esquire*, he became the first black artist to contribute regularly to a mainstream American magazine. But what’s equally telling about Campbell’s talent is that he could just as rightly be called the Lou Gehrig of magazine illustrators, since Campbell had the distinction of appearing in every issue of *Esquire* from the day it launched in 1933 to the time of his death in 1971.



ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY; PHOTO: FOTOGRAFIA BASICA/GETTY



JIMMY CHOO MAN

KIT HARINGTON FOR THE FIRST MEN'S FRAGRANCE

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Notoriously prolific, he contributed hundreds of smart, funny, provocative cartoons and lush watercolor illustrations (some of them covers, like the one on the previous page from February 1948) over four decades, and indeed also wrote dozens of stories and essays for the magazine. From early on, Campbell and his work were central to Esquire's sensibility and idea of itself, and it was Campbell who created the magazine's impish man-about-town mascot, Esqy. Arnold Gingrich, Esquire's founding editor, credited Campbell with a "direct and immediate bearing on the magazine's initial success."

Born in St. Louis, Campbell studied art in Chicago before moving to New York, where he and his family made their home in Harlem in its heyday, and where he became a fixture in the legendary nightlife there, keeping late hours with Cab Calloway and Dizzy Gillespie.

Campbell eventually concluded that the color line, though it could be crossed, was by no means erased, and by the late fifties he'd moved his family to Switzerland, where, as he put it, "I can walk into any joint I want out here and nobody starts looking as if they're thinking, 'Ugh, there's a nigger in here.'"

He continued to send his work in from Europe, meeting his deadline, and delighting readers, every month.

Can't Talk About That

See LIBEL.



CARS

ONCE LIT THE IMAGINATION OF MEN (AND MAGAZINES)

FROM 1934 TO 1955, ESQUIRE'S CAR correspondent was a broad-shouldered Russian immigrant named Alexis de Sakhnoffsky. He was a journalist second and an artist first, a designer for art-deco carmakers like Auburn, Cord, and Packard. His illustrations for the magazine were all Buck Rogers glamour and hope—not just cars but trains and furniture and countless other imagined futures. He sketched race cars that didn't exist, production cars that did, and everything in between, each one streaking across the landscape of a better future. (See above.) At its best, his work was the imaginary moments and tools of a world we didn't have, but wanted.

Amelia Earhart had a Cord. It was a big, long, expensive thing, with an elephantine hood and hand-built door tops that came nearly to chest height. Like Auburn or Packard or Sakhnoffsky himself, it fit the age. Packard built the first mass-production V-12 because we once believed such things—two six-cylinder engines joined at the hip!—to be necessary. You can almost hear the shrugging defense: It's not like the place is getting any smaller.

Only it did.

The road, once a symbol of the unknown, is now seen as a traffic-clogged obstacle; machines that were once a meld of art and science are now mostly just math, dictated by climate and safety. There was a whimsy to the automobile, and travel, that we've lost. A sense of possibility, like the early days of aviation, brought about by a lack of rules. In their place, we're left with something more useful and less deadly, but maybe not intrinsically better. Toyota Camrys that can outrun Earhart's Cord but offer zero art or **[CONT'D ON PAGE 58]**

Cartoons

Pick the original hilarious caption to this cartoon from the first issue of Esquire!

A

"How much talcum powder did you cut that shit with?"

B

"Damn these mango habanero wings."

C

"Furball?"

D

"Darling, what—kachoo—difference does age—kachoo—make anyway?"



ANSWER: THE CORRECT HILARIOUS CAPTION IS D... THAT'S RIGHT, D.

Nature does nothing in vain

— ARISTOTLE —



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C

—SAM SMITH



“Don’t worry,” he said into her ear. “For God’s sake, don’t worry.” They stayed there. They held each other. They leaned into the door as if against the wind, and braced themselves.

2000

About his relationship with Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Jackson said, "She's a warm, cuddly blanket that I love to snuggle up to and cover myself with."

ALONG WITH WAR (SEE), THE ENDURING SUBJECT OF SOME OF THE MAGAZINE'S BEST WRITING

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY

A HISTORY OF MODERN.

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The background of the entire page is a high-contrast, black and white photograph of a turbulent ocean. Dark, churning waves are visible, with white foam from the ship's wake in the lower right. A portion of a ship's deck and railing is visible in the bottom right corner, suggesting the viewer's perspective is from the ship. The sky is a heavy, dark grey, contributing to a somber and urgent atmosphere.

THE PLANE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN

The Search for Malaysia Air 370

BY BUCKY McMAHON



THE ROARING FORTIES

this white slab to the tongue
like the Holy Eucharist. This
body. For sixteen months, the Boe-
77 wing flap sailed the Indian Ocean
, meandering and eddying, speeding
and slowing unpredictably, before mak-
ing landfall on Réunion Island off the east
coast of Africa in July. If you were to beat
against the current, following the flap
drifted along for more than five hun-
dreds—reverse drift modeling, admit-
tedly an inexact science—you would inter-
sect with a tiny flotilla of ships twenty-five
hundred miles away, each piloting a pre-
cisely programmed path.

Over the past year and a half, the search
for Malaysia Air 370 has devolved from
a massive international military effort—
Malaysian, Chinese, American, and Aus-
tralian planes and ships scouring the South
China Sea, the Strait of Malacca, the west
Indian Ocean—into something quite small
and focused, just a handful of technical ex-
perts and seasoned mariners fifteen hun-
dred miles off the west coast of Australia.
These men, this team, on these ships, in the
wind-tormented wilderness of the Roaring
Forties, one of the most treacherous and
isolated stretches of ocean on the planet,
a place where five-story waves rise out of
sudden cyclones and the nearest land is a
weeklong boat ride away.

Zoom in. Zoom out. Use all your devices
with all appropriate apps. Say you are here.
You want to go there. You cannot go there.

Begin, then, by imagining outer space. Be-
ware the thousands of near-earth-orbit sat-
ellites weaving a basketry of reconnaissance
around our blue planet. Little shutterbugs,
little spies. Soar higher, to twenty-two thou-

The view from the bow of the *Discovery*, one of
three Fugro vessels leading the search for
MH370 in the Roaring Forties, one of the most
dangerous and remote oceans in the world.

sand miles above earth, to that sweet spot where escape velocity meshes with gravity. Here's our hovering guardian angel, a south Indian Ocean satellite, shooting a spot beam—a two-way data conduit hired at a high price—down to a ship. Follow the beam until you see the vessel's wake, making a beeline from its port south of Perth in Western Australia. Meet the *Fugro Equator*.

The *Equator* has made a quick turnaround in port—enough time to refuel, resupply, sign out an exhausted crew and take on a fresh one—and now the early days at sea are a chance to catch up, tell stories, be re-absorbed into the shipboard tribe. If they're efficient, they can knock out their setup and kick it a bit. Store up sleep as a miser hoards gold. Where the *Equator* is headed, bad weather is a near certainty, with the likelihood of something really awful.

The vessel can take it. It's nearly brand-new (2012), a two-hundred-foot steel-hulled purpose-built survey ship, incredibly robust and extraordinarily smart—a floating computer center with the lines of a superyacht. Fugro, a Netherlands-based company, is the world's largest marine survey firm. Its ships are the best its clients can afford, and since clients are typically multinational oil and gas companies, that means the best ships money can buy. For this mission, though, when all the bureaucratic acronyms are parsed and linked—from Perth to Canberra to Kuala Lumpur, to China and Europe, the U.S. and the U.N.—Fugro's client is humankind. A poor relation, you might say. But money has been no object so far.

At the end of March 2014, Australia took the lead in the south Indian Ocean search, declaring the waters to be its responsibility. In the words of treasurer Joe Hockey, "We're not a country that begs others for money to do our job," and true to its pledge, the government set aside \$65 million to finance what was becoming the most expensive search in aviation history. In August, Fugro landed a contract for \$44 million to spearhead the underwater search. Fugro project director Paul Kennedy and managing director Steve Duffield, both based in Perth, had carte blanche to scour the planet for the most effective technology—"all the best kit," as the Australians say. They paid a million for each EdgeTech sonar device. Another million for each Dynacon winch. They consulted with experts from all over the world and set up an elaborate data stream to maximize the number of brilliant scientific eyes scrutinizing pixels.

Kennedy, who has thirty years of offshore experience, calls the south Indian Ocean a miserable place to be. And though the crews work twelve-hour shifts, he knows most will work much longer hours. Out of dedication, yes, but also because sleep is nearly impossible on a violently tossing ship. You can brace yourself while you work; it's when you try to relax that you compound effort with futility. It's tough, he says, really tough. The crews of the three Fugro ships engaged in the search for MH370—the *Equator*, the *Discovery*, and the *Supporter*—are battling fatigue under the most challenging conditions: executing the deepest and most detailed ocean survey ever attempted.

But this is much more than a survey; it's an active murder inquiry.



Somewhere down there, perhaps more than three miles down, perhaps partially intact or shattered into a thousand pieces and tangled in a rat's nest of wires, is what's left of MH370. And possibly the victims, too. Two hundred and thirty-nine souls. Mothers, fathers, lovers. Calligraphy artists and technical wizards. A two-year-old boy. Predominantly Chinese, they also include citizens of fourteen nations. They are connected by heartstrings to thousands, by lesser bonds of profession and acquaintance perhaps to millions. They await the only rescue left to them: the return to their loved ones, and the world of the known.

NETS

Our ancient culture conceived a net, a multidimensional grid with a place for everything and everyone, living or dead. The Greeks ran their earthly course between Olympus and Hades under the surveillance of the Fates, clothiers of mortality who spun out destinies, measured their lengths, and cut them short. The Hindu net, the Hindu weave, is a more static, more placid grid. It extends ad infinitum in all directions. At each interstice is a jewel reflecting all the other jewels, a hall of mirrors extending endlessly outward and endlessly inward simultaneously, the most colossal of colossi coexisting with the minutest of the minuscule—which also seems to be true of this enigmatic planet here and now. Or so we dream, and perhaps subliminally remember.

But this I take to be fact: The beginning of technology was the knot—*E pluribus unum*—and the knot begat the net. And off we went, with that inborn mythological compulsion to guide us on our journey of joinery until we actually built the fucker on a global scale. Yet the twenty-first-century net we have built—nets within nets—only exists where necessity demands it or profit supports it. At every crossroads is a meter ticking. And still it comforts us, even as it harries us. Our connecting screens, like the jewels of Indra's Net, contain colossi of information borne on invisible waves, the unseen resolving into pixels, pixels into image and text, the world at our fingertips. We capture every moment as it drifts into the past, and the data piles up behind us in a monolithic information cloud so big that even when we think we're out from under it, we are not quite free. Some part of us still links to it, like electric sparks jumping across a Tesla coil.

One of the million-dollar "tow fish" Fugro is using to survey the ocean floor. Along with a side-scan transducer, which maps the ocean floor by using sound vibrations, the fish is equipped with a front-mounted collision-avoidance system and a hydrocarbon "sniffer" used by Fugro's other clients to find oil and gas.

As it taxied down the runway a little after midnight on March 8, 2014, the Boeing 777 of Malaysia Airlines Flight 370, the red-eye from Kuala Lumpur to Beijing, was enmeshed within nets of communication and navigation systems and the Internet of Things—machines autonomously signaling to machines. The weather was clear; the pilot, fifty-three-year-old Zaharie Ahmad Shah, was experienced and well-respected; the six-and-a-half-hour flight should've been a routine matter of climbing to cruising altitude, switching to autopilot, and following a programmed course. Less than an hour after takeoff, airborne at thirty-five thousand feet over the South China Sea, the cockpit signed off with Kuala Lumpur air traffic control: "All right. Good night, Malaysia Three Seven Zero."

But Three Seven Zero never made the expected contact with Vietnamese air traffic control at Ho Chi Minh City. Instead, it made a hard left turn and flew back over Malaysia. Erratic, incomprehensible, a swooping, panicky journey of wrong turns, bad choices (or no choices), a night tortuously prolonged and indeed never quite terminated—that was the flight of MH370. Then it disappeared.

In the aftermath of the 2009 Air France crash and other sea crashes, aircraft debris littered the ocean, leaving a trace easily seen from the air. But here, no wreckage was found.

And then, a week later, with the trail gone cold, Inmarsat, the U.K.-based satellite company, asserted that for an astonishing and confounding six additional hours after the last radar contact, machine communicated with machine, the airliner sending "pings" to the Indian Ocean region geostationary satellite twenty-two thousand miles above, in space.

These "pings," also called "handshakes" or "heartbeats," contain very little real information. They are simply the aircraft telling the satellite, "I'm still here" (but not where); it means "We're still in business, so don't give away my slot." Someone in the cockpit must have disabled the plane's ACARS (Aircraft Communications Addressing and Reporting System), which can be done with the flip of a switch. But the ACARS is a layered system, and to disable the autonomous system below, a saboteur would have had to root around in the sub-cabin-floor electronics. Most pilots don't even know this backup system exists, according to avionics experts. So whether the primary ACARS was intentionally or catastrophically disabled, the aircraft and the satellite—Inmarsat-3 F1—kept up their conversation through six hourly handshakes and a final, partial seventh handshake. Out of sequence, the seventh ping foretold imminent disaster.

It was a "Log-on Request," which means that even the autonomous layer of the ACARS had broken contact with the satellite after what must have been a total electrical failure due to fuel exhaustion. MH370 was trying to sign on anew with the satellite, make a fresh start with a new power source.

A Boeing 777 has a last-ditch device, deployed from the belly of the plane behind the wing: the ram air turbine, or RAT. The RAT is a little power plant, a small windmill that can generate enough juice to turn on vital systems, like the satellite transponder. Out of gas but still gliding, the aircraft reached out to the electronic grid one last time, one final briefburst of information—MH370's true last words—and then it really disappeared.

There wasn't much data to crunch: only about six hundred bytes total, equivalent to a few text messages. From plane to satellite, from satellite to ground station in Perth—here were elec-

tronic beams like the two arms of a compass, good for drawing a circle but not a net to catch the plane. Inmarsat experts, working in conjunction with a formidable global brain trust, deduced from the seventh ping a Seventh Arc—a 2,485-mile-long curve, the most probable piece of the circle. By considering possible plane speeds, flight range, reported winds, parameters of aircraft performance, frequency variations in the satellite data, even the minute temperature effect on the satellite as it passed through a brief lunar eclipse, the investigative team homed in on the section of the arc that was most likely the crash site. By the best calculations of the best minds, the plane should have fallen somewhere along the southern end of the Seventh Arc, in the south Indian Ocean.

Until that wing flap washed up on Réunion Island off the east coast of Africa, there was no more information. No surveillance photos of contrails. Here, even near-earth satellites blink as they pass by. These empty latitudes are their recharge zone, their scheduled downtime. They look where they have business, and since there's nobody here, nothing to see, they sail by blindly. Now it's up to the *Equator* to look, through a miles-deep veil, as it battles the sea in the loneliest place on earth.

A FISH NAMED HOPE

Maybe you have to be Australian to get it, with a continent of empty waste at your back, and spend some years in Western Australia especially, looking across the Indian Ocean toward Africa, but Paul Kennedy isn't at all amazed that something as large as a Boeing 777 could disappear without a trace. No, not at all, he says. Things go missing.

Go out to Rottnest Island, just nine miles offshore, he says, and there's no cell-phone reception. Go out another thirty miles and there's no TV, no radio. It's very quiet. The silence is almost deafening. Kennedy considers the vastness of the Indian Ocean, the satellite blackout—before Fugro paid up to turn on a beam—and he considers the speck that is a plane, even a 777, and he says: No. No, it's not surprising. But in this case, it is unacceptable.

Trim, tan, as bald as Captain Picard with a similarly deep, resonant voice, the fifty-year-old Kennedy radiates confidence. He has "command presence"; you think of someone in the mold of Shackleton, at which he would surely laugh. But PK, as all the crews call him, is on top of every aspect of the search. Stump anybody on the ships and they'll say, "Ask PK. PK'll know." The crews carry that confidence with them to the Seventh Arc.

On illustrative maps, the Seventh Arc appears as a curved rectilinear box divided into a grid of numbered squares comprising about forty-six thousand square miles, a little larger than a sunken Pennsylvania. Navigating with a network of GPS satellites that can accurately determine its location to within two to four inches, the *Equator* reaches the spot on the grid where the previous team left off and can resume adding detail to the map in progress. Now the work can begin.

Everyone is at his station. The captain (or master, as he is called) is up on the bridge at the ship's controls. The surveyors are at their computers nearby, ready to direct him to keep the ship on the new line. The geophysicists are at their banks of computers down in the belly of the ship, running a checkup on their software. The data processors await the stream of information. The party chief, in charge of the sixteen-man survey crew—the scien-

tists and technicians and engineers—is making his rounds, taking the pulse of morale and assessing the readiness of the gear. Worrying, that’s what the party chief does.

Think of the *Equator* as a floating brain—a brain with a six-mile-long feeler. It’s God’s own USB connector, that marvel of a whisker, a one-inch-thick steel-armored cable at the heart of which is a fiber-optic filament finer than a human hair. The company that makes this cable also provides cables for NASA rockets and NASCAR racers, machines that transmit data under the most extreme conditions man can tempt. The high-tech cord is coiled up on a giant reel, which is controlled by a massive traction winch powered by a truck engine. The apparatus at the steel whisker’s tip, a coffin-sized box ingeniously crammed with electronics, is the “tow fish,” or simply “the Fish.”

The Fish is the ship’s remote eyes, ears, and nose, and on this ship it’s inscribed with a name, Spero: Hope. Because the Fish named Hope floats, it is tethered to a lead-filled “depressor” weighing half a ton—a nod to Iron Age tech. Now men in hard hats and fluorescent jumpsuits, wearing harnesses and tension lines securing them to the swaying ship, steady the Fish as it’s hoisted aloft. Then Fish and sinker ride out over the stern rail, swaying beneath the extendable hydraulic A-frame (just the thing for just that job). As the cable pays out, the Fish smacks the surface and then, following the tug of the depressor, begins its descent.

THE GREAT COMPUTER GAME

The surface of the sea is a skin; we hardly think of the fruit, the heavy heaving jelly, its gigantic volume and incredible weight, its perpetual darkness. So when Fugro signed on to find the plane, it was essentially working blind. The only chart of the south Indian Ocean seafloor was a “gravity” map, a soft-focus estimate of depth shot from a satellite (that and Captain Cook’s soundings from 1792). Job one for the *Equator* was a general bathymetric map—an underwater topological survey—of fifty-seven thousand square miles straddling the line of the Seventh Arc. You have to build the foundation before you can build the house, managing director Steve Duffield explains. Along with a Chinese ship, the *Zhu Kezhen*, the *Equator* “mowed the lawn,” shooting sound waves from the ship’s multibeam sonar. The monthslong survey produced an excellent map of depths, and seafloor hardness, and specific seabed features—just not good enough to find an airplane.

But what a sunken world that map reveals! The Seventh Arc transits undersea mountains comparable to the Alps, in terrain that plunges from ten thousand feet below to fifteen thousand. A section of the *Equator*’s new deepwater bailiwick includes Broken Ridge, part of the rift where Australia ripped away from Antarctica, the violent topography harking back to Gondwana. The Broken Ridge’s near-vertical walls drop down into a canyon grander than the Grand—a crack in the crust of the earth where the aliens live, as Duffield sometimes jokes at barbecues. The rift is a geological hot zone, with “black smokers” spouting boiling chemical brews, the adjacent abyssal plain studded with volcanoes. It’s a true Lost World, like somewhere out of an H. Rider Haggard novel. It’s often said we know less about the bottom of the sea than the surface of Mars. Yes, indeed, because it costs more to look. If time is money, then time in the abyss is money squared.

Without that map, the *Equator* would surely have towed the Fish into a mountainside. Now, as the traction winch grinds and the cable pays out, the Fish slowly descends into terrain that’s

supremely challenging but at least somewhat known. And descends, and descends. The blue of the bathyal zone bleeds into the black of the abyssal, the light winks out to perfect pitch, and the dark goes on and on, for eight monotonous hours. At last the tow supervisor hears from the Fish, which tells him that it’s within optimal viewing range—about five hundred feet above the bottom. Now the Fish deploys its sonar arrays and begins absorbing and transmitting megabytes of the most rarefied knowledge.

But let us pause for a moment to appreciate this feat of engineering as art. How the cable extends two yards in length for every yard of depth until the weight of the cable and the depressor matches the velocity of the ship to form a perfect parabolic arc. Eight thousand yards of cable, four thousand yards of depth, say, constantly recalibrated via the winch, or by the speed of the ship, or both at once, to fly the Fish at its optimal altitude 24/7 over rugged terrain. The Fish, the long swooping cable, the proportionately tiny ship, the improbably distant satellite, its beams touching Perth and more distant stations—that’s the true array of this plane-catching net, a performance that’s never been attempted before and may never be repeated, not with this technology.

Imagine towing a trailer five miles behind your car, survey party chief Scott Miller says. In the dark. On mountain roads. As party chief, Miller has to stay on top of all the technical problems that may arise, as well as the psychological quirks of the survey crew. A thirtyish father of three young daughters, with a soul patch and a West Australian drawl, Miller boasts talents that include absorbing stress and projecting, with wry humor, an easy-going confidence.

Now, with the Fish at depth and the *Equator* nodding into the seas at a jogging pace, Miller and his survey crew commence one of the greatest computer games ever played. Electrical impulses generated within the Fish are converted to pulses of sound that, fanning out from the side-scan transducers, make contact with a thousand yards of seabed on either side of the unit and echo back as information. A multibeam array on the bottom of the Fish does the same, filling in the “nadir gap” directly below.

Almost instantaneously, a detailed profile of the seafloor travels to the ship via the fiber-optic cable. The surveyors up on the bridge view the Fish data in real time, and by comparing the new information with the bathymetric map and current GPS info, they direct the master to steer the ship—and thus the Fish—in a perfectly straight line. In the same way, the tow operators control the up and down, the Fish’s altitude. With mountain peaks looming ahead, this becomes a game of anticipation. Reel in too fast to make the Fish rise and the data is blurred; rise too high above the seabed (nine hundred feet is the upper limit) and the data is also compromised. Reaching the daily goal of sixty square miles requires maintaining optimal speed. Flying the Fish around the clock within these narrow parameters, on a rough sea, with fatigue increasing with every bad night’s sleep, becomes a white-knuckle exercise.

And, of course, everyone viewing the data is looking for any trace of MH370. This may register as a measure of hardness. Anything metallic is suspicious. Anything angular, any straight line sets off alarms. The data is compressed and beamed up to a satellite that relays the sonar data files to Fugro’s office in Perth for further inspection by expert eyes, and to the Australian Transport Safety Bureau (ATSB) in Canberra for still more analysis.

The data also travels via satellite to a U.S.-based quality-control expert, Andrew Sherrell, who advised on the search for Air France 447. The scrutiny is exhaustive, even obsessive. It's highly unlikely the Fish will fly over the plane, or any piece of it, and all these eyes will fail to see it.

There's another possibility, though—a sobering one. The search zone is the creation of the ATSB, and is performe somewhat arbitrary. Its limits are determined as much by time and money as by probability. If Inmarsat and the rest, working with so many variables and unknowns, are a little more off than the box allows, the plane will not be found.

STORM

Brad Cooper, a young data processor working deep in the belly of the *Equator*, hails from Invercargill, New Zealand, which at a latitude of 43 degrees is one of the southernmost cities in the world. And though his hometown is notorious for its wind and horizontal rain, and the local museum features a permanent exhibit on the Roaring Forties, he says he never really gave much thought to what that meant. He didn't plan to become a mariner. Didn't reckon he'd learn about the Roaring Forties firsthand, on a ship, staring at a computer when you're going like this and the screen's going like that. If you try to stay fit, you have to time your push-ups just right or you get body-slammed. Same thing with chin-ups. And most of the time, forget about the treadmill. It's three hundred steps from the data room to the bridge (everyone wears a pedometer, part of a corporate fitness challenge), where you can watch the seas that've been knocking you about. Now Brad Cooper knows something true about the Roaring Forties. Yes indeed. It's a zone best avoided—not an option for the Fugro ships. They are slow-moving targets as they haul the Fish. There's always tension, the expectation of a bad-weather beat-down.

February 2, 2015. The satellite forecast warned of a perfect shit-storm. Tropical Cyclone Diamondra was wallowing to the east, about to converge with Tropical Cyclone Eunice, and the *Equator* was right in the crosshairs. The ship brought in the Fish and secured it on the aft deck, and then the master, Andreas Ryan to Molyo, made a general announcement: "Prepare for a severe roll." The ship executed a hard turn, listing to 35 degrees and then righting itself to confront the rising seas. All the tech on board—consoles, laptops, phones, etc.—was securely mounted, bolted, or glued, personal items lashed or stashed for foul weather. The coffee machine was the only casualty, but that was a painful loss.

At the height of the storm, party chief Scott Miller recalls watching from the bridge, where all he could see was a wall of white foam five stories high bearing down on the *Equator*. The ship climbed and climbed and punched through, spray firehosing the bridge windows. Then it fell into the trough, the prow nearly submarining, and began to rise again. The motion, jolting and arrhythymical, went on and on, as erratically violent as the chaotic



Project director Paul Kennedy (top) and managing director Steve Duffield lead the search for MH370 from Fugro's headquarters in Perth, on the west coast of Australia.

seas. Miller notes that Molyo, a deeply experienced Indonesian mariner, remained stoically cool, steering the ship into the waves, which were stacked up to the horizon in a grim gray file. Except for Miller and the medic, who continued making their rounds—and the master, of course—the crew members hunkered down in their cabins, trying to stay in their bunks.

There was nowhere to run. To head for Perth would mean a six-day retreat followed by another six-day chug back, an unacceptable loss of time and money. And that wasn't the plan anyway. The plan was to sit it out in the survey area, the weather be damned. At such times it's clear that the crew—the wetware—is the weak link in the technology, the part that suffers. In a storm, the world is reduced to the interior of the ship, a maze of stairways and gleaming white hallways, all spick-and-span, leading up from the twin diesel electric engines and the lower-level data-processing room, to other empty office rooms with arrays of computers and screens, to the unoccupied gymnasium and rec room and mess hall. The crew is at liberty to pinball off the wall up to the high bridge for a view of the seas—which established a Fugro record of 57.7 feet during that blow—but most stick to their private cabins, enduring in solitude.

They hold on, riding out the storm hour after sleepless hour. Scott Miller compares the experience to a roller-coaster ride that

can last for days: "You have to learn to live—sleep, eat, drink, and go to the bathroom—while on the ride." John Boudreaux, an American AUV (autonomous underwater vehicle) tech who endured a cyclone on the *Supporter*, says it's like "being drunk without being drunk." Boudreaux is a Cajun who loves to eat but found holding his plate where he could get at it with his fork to be nearly impossible.

Everything is moving. And everything that can make a noise is making the noise it can make. There's a prank some of the younger crew members like to play on trainees. They'll be coming off the ship after their six weeks on and they'll plant little noise booby traps for the next guy in the cabin—maybe little BBs that'll dribble from one side of the room to the other once the ship starts to roll. One time it was a crumpled Coke can stashed up behind the ceiling tiles. But those things get found out in the early days. Deeper into the voyage, when the weather turns sour and nerves are wearing thin, ordinary sounds become magnified. The pillow stuffing crinkles right in your ear; cabinet doors creak. One sleepless night, Miller took a small piece of paper, folded it four times to make a shim, and then crammed it into a crack above his closet door. Who knows how many sleepless hours, how many other cracks he tried before he found the source of the creak and silenced the bugger?

Eventually every storm blows itself out. The crew members creep out of their cabins, chastened, relieved, curious to see what the outside world looks like. And they'll see something only a handful of people have ever seen: fifty-foot waves in the open sea, blue and

foam-flecked but smooth, glassing off, still majestic. The cooks put out a big feed, and the conversation in the mess rises to a roar. Everybody has a story, the same story: Look at us! We have come through!

Soon it's time to start back for the mark, get ready to redeploy the Fish. Get back to the routine of work. But the bond is strengthened between members of the crew and between the crew and the larger community it represents. They all feel it. At this time, in this place, the *Fugro Equator* can say to the world, to the families of the victims of MH370: We are still here. We have not given up.

MAPS

In the boardroom of Fugro's Perth office, the bathymetric map sprawls across a very long polished table and hangs over at both ends. This map must be thirty feet long and six feet wide. It's a beautiful color-coded artifact depicting the mountains and trenches of the deep-sea terrain. An immense miniature, it brings home the scope of the search operation. The search for anything has a peculiar tautological logic. "If I knew when we'd find the plane," Paul Kennedy says, "I would know where to look." The deep-tow operation has been ongoing for seven months of twenty-four-hour workdays and could go on for another year. Three factors will remain the same: the remoteness of the site, the rigors of the weather, and the isolation of the crews. Every moment will be challenging, every new moment as important as the last.

To keep the guys keen, Kennedy and Duffield made a conscious decision from the start to remind them at every turn that they are involved in something historic, to give them a bit of the rock-star treatment. Something to look forward to when they get up in the morning or the middle of the night. These can be little things like a bottomless candy bowl. M&M's, Skittles, Mars bars, whatever. Cooks who are ex-cruise-ship chefs and can really lay out a spread. For Christmas at sea, they served suckling pig and carved vegetables. A doctor offering better health care than they'd get at home, if only because weekly checkups are encouraged on the ship. Thanks to the satellite, they have high-speed Internet.

The crews have responded, both to the humanitarian appeal—they keep wanting to go back, which has surprised and touched Paul Kennedy—and to the technical challenges. And the system is working. The ceaseless river of data streaming from the Fish is painstakingly categorized as 3) of no interest; 2) of potential interest but unlikely to be MH370; and 1) It's the freaking plane, call the ATSB in Canberra! When Category 2's arise, it's time to bring in the *Fugro Supporter*, with its AUV. If the Fish is a lawn mower, think of the AUV as a Weedwacker, as AUV project manager Nick Bardsley puts it. It gets to the tight spots, does the close-up work.

May 13, 2015. The Fish flew over a small debris field, twelve nautical miles east of the Seventh Arc center line. A classic Category 2. The ATSB's operational search team decided to dispatch the *Supporter*. Its AUV, "Hugin" (named for a Norse god's companion raven), has a sonar array similar to the Fish's, as well as a high-definition camera, and can safely nose in to within forty yards of a target—twenty if it's worth the risk. A

beautiful fifteen-foot orange torpedo, Hugin can be programmed for a fully autonomous mission or flown like a radio-operated plane via its underwater acoustic modem, sending up data in real time, then returning to the surface near the ship, compliant as Flipper.

On this mission, Hugin shot a series of close-ups of stark clarity, like nighttime crime scenes. The straight line that set off the alarm bells turned out to be the shaft of an anchor. Multiple bright reflections on the tow's sonar data were identified as rivets and lumps of coal. The search team had discovered a previously uncharted shipwreck, at a depth of 12,800 feet, probably dating from the nineteenth century. This was both exciting and a bit of a letdown. Indeed, every gap in the tow data—every volcano crater, every trench or steep mountainside—will call for a follow-up with the AUV. When you look at all the contour lines established by the Fish, with an overlay of all the previous AUV missions, the map of the survey takes on the complexity of a computer circuit board. What used to be one of the least known places on the planet—a "blank space," as Joseph Conrad said of the Congo at the end of the nineteenth century—is becoming the most, and the only, thoroughly mapped and examined portion of the abyssal zone.

CLOSING THE LOOP

When Paul Kennedy talks about his confidence in the satellite data, in the calculations derived by Inmarsat and the independent brain trust that corroborates them, you feel confident, too. Yeah, they gotta be right. The wing flap that washed up on Réunion Island is further confirmation, in Kennedy's words, that their original analysis was spot-on. The story of the debris has occasioned new excitement from the world press and the Internet blogosphere, a surge of surety that has spread to the Fugro crews, whose morale, Kennedy says, is "fantastic." But all the news stories—which begin with the provocative question "Could this be the big break?"—conclude that, well, no, not likely. Nor should it be ignored that in an overlooked and otherwise-unintelligible-to-nonmathematicians paper published by Inmarsat, the writers conclude "it is stressed that... there remains significant uncertainty in the final location."

And here's another possibility, one also not lost on the blogosphere. When the search for MH370's black box in the waters due west of Australia failed, there was no next move. Yet it was impossible to do nothing. Necessity demanded a new strategy, and Inmarsat offered one. A guesstimate. Maybe a wild-goose chase, but something. One blogging satellite expert said Inmarsat's published diagrams "look like cartoons." Maybe the deep-sea search is at bottom an elaborate ritual, something between mad King Xerxes flogging the sea and a ceremonial covering of the grieving body politic with the ashes of information.

Even if Inmarsat is right and the plane lies within the Seventh Arc, chance could be the deciding factor. If the aircraft fell into a volcano, it may be missed. If the debris is scattered along a sheer cliff, the Fish may not detect it. If it lies at the bottom of a trench below sixteen thousand feet, it will be out of the AUV's range. And if the ships miss the plane, that's it—they won't be going back. On the other hand, a Boeing 777 is not insubstantial, and the technology employed by the ships is impressive. Based



The search area is fifteen hundred miles west of Perth, Australia, and twenty-five hundred miles east from where the Boeing 777 wing flap washed up on Réunion Island.

on other incidents, the debris field will be about seven hundred yards long, impossible to miss unless somehow concealed. The ships' sonar screens should light up like Vegas slots.

So Kennedy's confidence in the ships and the crews remains unflappable. He believes that with every square mile searched, finding the plane becomes more likely, not less. Expectations are actually increasing, not decreasing. Resolve is high on all the vessels and in the office. But along with confidence, what Kennedy feels mostly is the burden of responsibility. When the plane is found, there will be no celebration in the Perth office, just relief.

Already the ATSB is making plans with Malaysia and China for the aircraft's recovery. A large ship will be required for the plane itself, with refrigeration for the expected human remains. If MH370 struck the sea at a near-level glide, the bodies of the dead will have been preserved by the darkness and the extreme anaerobic cold, persisting in a gelid state, like waxworks. A heave-compensated crane, computer-controlled to negate the roll of the ship, will bring the bodies up carefully, in special mesh body bags—like tea bags—to best protect them as the pressure decreases and the seawater drains. The remains will be returned to their families, and the pieces of the plane taken to shore for analysis. The hope is that the black box, or the wreckage itself, will tell the tale, and the mystery will be solved.

This is far from a sure thing. In the near year and a half since MH370 disappeared, the proposed search zone has had a protoplasmic life of its own. It swelled to an intimidating three million square miles when the Malaysian military radar report was first released. Then it contracted to twenty-three thousand square miles when faith in the Inmarsat satellite data analysis hit its zenith. In April 2015, it doubled to forty-six thousand square miles. These numbers are also measures of political will and money. Malaysia pledged to match the \$65 million Australia put aside for the search but has so far not ponied up all of the cash. China, home to the vast majority of the passengers, continues to sit on the sidelines. Still, these sums, while adding up

to the most expensive search in aviation history, are less than half the cost of a single Boeing 777. By that light, the search has been a lowball effort.

Yet there is growing pressure from the Australian public to stop the cash drain. How much will the country pay to know? Australia's prime minister, Tony Abbott, has said that we owe it to the twenty-three million Australians who fly in these planes, to the hundreds of millions around the world whose safety is at risk. But he has also recently begun to judiciously back away, saying to Parliament, "I can't promise the search will go on at this intensity forever." A search consortium has quantified the issue by stating that without some new information, "there will be no further expansion of the search area."

Lost!? A 777-200ER? This has been a blow to human pride, to human competence. The world looms large again. We are like gnats buzzing about in our little tin flying machines. How much would it cost the human spirit—the confidence of the flying public—to just let it go?

In the Fugro office in Perth, they know they're in a race, approaching a crossroads. Things could go Greek—Time and Necessity ruling. Either they'll call Canberra with the good word or one day Canberra will call them and say, "Well, good try, but that's it."


Paul Kennedy feels strongly that this would cost too much. It would be unforgivable if we gave up too soon and something like this happened again, he says. We need to close the loop.

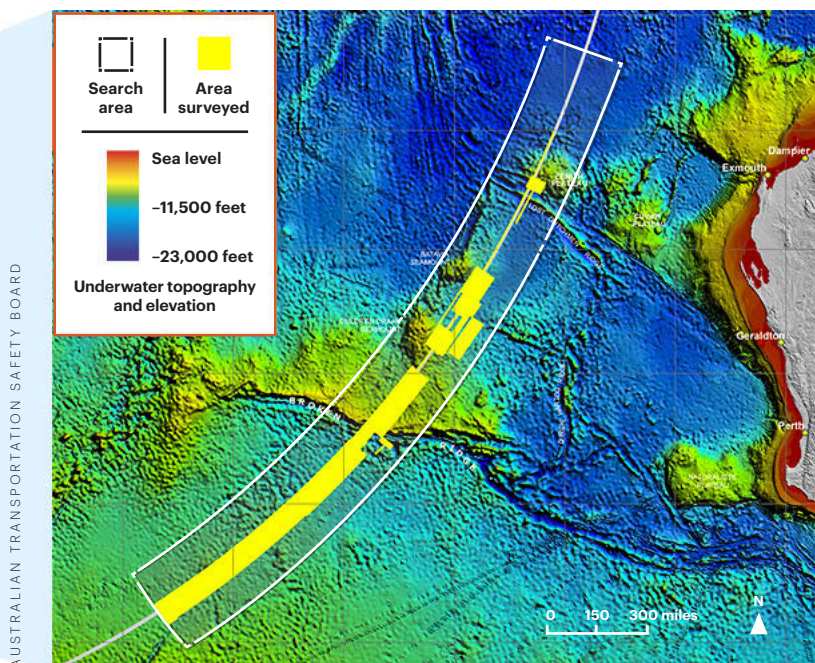
If MH370 remains lost, it will become myth. We can't be having that, Kennedy says. There's nothing natural about aircraft safety. It isn't natural for these great airplanes to stay in the air. It takes diligence and hard work. That's what's driving this. One morning we'll wake up and there'll be a phone call from the ships. That's it. Resolution for the families. It's all about closing the loop for them. And closing the loop so it doesn't happen again.

After MH370, whether found or lost forever, our net will tighten, the loops will contract. Next year, if a recommendation becomes law, aircraft will say where they are every fifteen minutes instead of every half hour. A movement is afoot for constant awareness of all locations of all planes in the

sky. This is necessary, and it will cost. This is the dream of Indra's Net, everything reflecting everything, everything in touch. The technology already exists, for a price. There's also a movement to limit passenger or pilot malfeasance by expanding the autonomy of the machines. Here one loop tightens and another expands. The onus shifts to the technicians and maintenance crews to never make a mistake. The cloud of data grows in real time, always threatening to spiral out of control. Like the Indian Ocean Gyre. Like the Roaring Forties. Like life.

Let us pray. Open your books to any page. Yes, that greasy, dog-eared document in the seat flap in front of you. Admire that infinity pool above the Mediterranean blue. Consider yurt-to-yurt trekking in Mongolia. Take a moment to circle the names of the gods diagonally on the puzzle page, on the way to regarding the hubs, those many-fingered rosettes of pure possibility.

Use all your devices with all appropriate apps. Say you are here. You want to go there. Go there. 



Caviar

AND OTHER DISCREET COVER-UPS ON THE COVER



Shazam this photo to see the rest of our 2001 portfolio featuring Monica Bellucci.



Caviar, Monica Bellucci, February 2001; python, Rachel Weisz, April 2004; Stephen King novella, Bar Refaeli, July 2009; tobacco leaves, Rihanna, November 2011.

Caulfield, Holden

His fate—after the events of The Catcher in the Rye—was revealed by J.D. Salinger in a short story published in Esquire in October 1945, six years before the release of Catcher. Although Holden made a passing appearance in a story Salinger wrote for The Saturday Evening Post the previous year, he turned up as a significant character for the first time in a published story in “This Sandwich Has No Mayonnaise,” which focuses on Army sergeant Vincent Caulfield, sitting on a troop truck in the rain in Georgia awaiting travel to an off-base dance as he worries about his younger brother:

Where’s my brother? Where’s my brother Holden? What is this missing-in-action stuff? I don’t believe it. I don’t understand it. I don’t believe it. The United States Government is a liar. The Government is lying to me and my family. . . .

Missing, missing, missing. Lies! I’m being lied to. He’s never been missing before. He’s one of the least missing boys in the world. He’s here in this truck; he’s home in New York; he’s at Pentey Preparatory School (“You send us the Boy. We’ll mold the Man—All modern fireproof buildings. . .”); yes, he’s at Pentey, he never left school; and he’s at Cape Cod, sitting on the porch, biting his fingernails; and he’s playing doubles with me, yelling at me to stay back at the baseline when he’s at the net. Missing! Is that missing? Why lie about something as important as that?

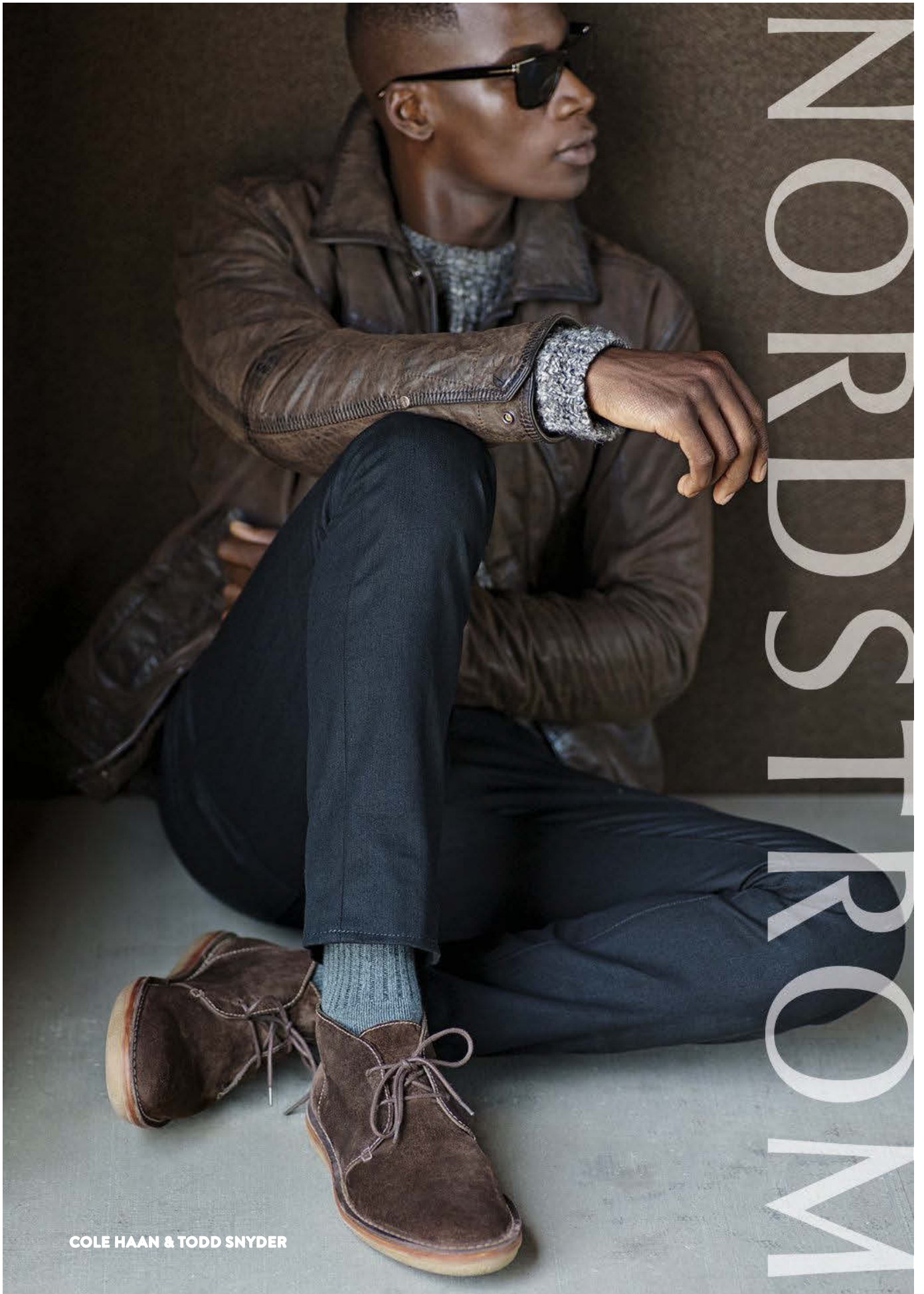
Salinger, then a twenty-six-year-old Army sergeant—and D-day veteran and friend of Hemingway’s in Paris—was still stationed overseas when he wrote the story, his second for Esquire.

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

1976

DEAR MR. PYNCHON: AS YOU KNOW, I’VE BEEN ASKED TO TIE UP A FEW LOOSE ENDS IN YOUR ADORABLE NEW BOOK. (MY, IT’S A FAT MASTERPIECE!) AS YOU CAN SEE, I’VE MADE A FEW TEENSY PENCIL MARKS, ONE ON PAGE SIX, THE OTHER ON PAGE SEVEN. THE REST LOOKS SUBLIME. . .

Jacqueline Onassis was hired as an editor by Viking Press.



COLE HAAN & TODD SNYDER

Chicago

1. Esquire's home until 1950, and where a young Hugh Hefner worked in the promotions office before decamping to start his own magazine, *Playboy*.

2. Hometown of Jeanne Dean, a fifteen-year-old usher at the Studio Theatre who became Alberto Vargas's muse.

3. Where William Burroughs, John Sack, Terry Southern, and Jean Genet got their asses kicked by the police while cover-

ing the 1968 Democratic convention for Esquire ("Grooving in Chi," November 1968).

4. Also a good place to have a drink, especially an afternoon Manhattan at the Green Mill, on North Broadway, a beat-up but elaborate old speakeasy that Capone used to frequent.

Clinton, Bill

See THE MEN OF OUR TIME.

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

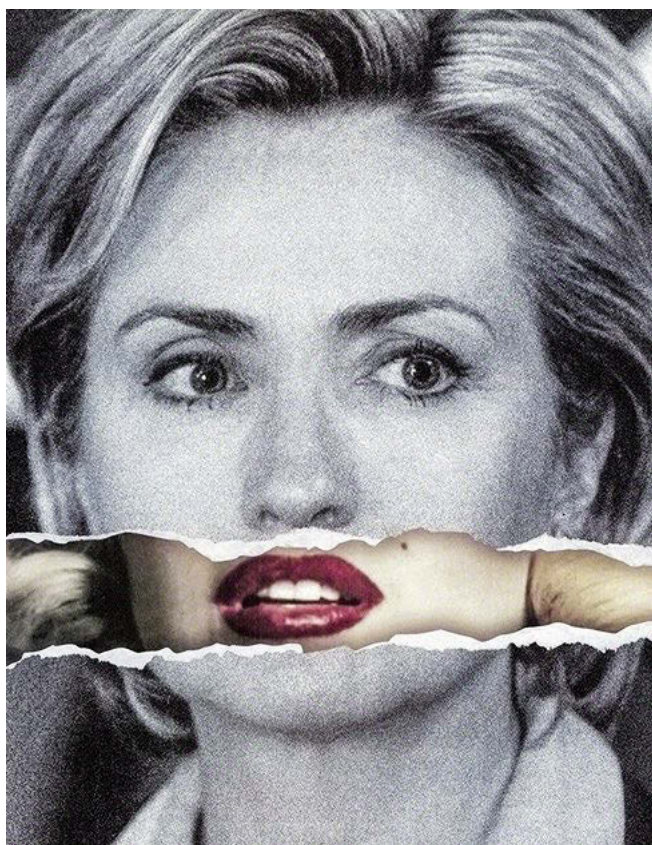
2001

ON SECOND THOUGHT, RAISE YOUR LEFT HAND

Anonymous sperm donors can be forced to testify in legal proceedings, the California supreme court ruled.

CLINTON, HILLARY

"WHEN THE HYSTERIA SETTLES," WE WROTE IN 1993, SHE MAY
LEAVE "THIS COUNTRY IRREVOCABLY CHANGED . . ."



Shazam this photograph to read perhaps the most startlingly unorthodox assessment of Hillary Clinton ever written.

AMONG THE 272 MEN AND WOMEN under forty celebrated in the first "Esquire Register: The Best of a New Generation," published in December 1984, the editors said, "We do not claim to have a future President here." They were right in every case but one (Bill Clinton, then thirty-eight) and possibly two: Hillary Rodham Clinton, then thirty-seven.

She did not warrant one of the forty-five in-depth profiles that accompanied the list (nor did he). That would change.

"You'll Never Look at Hillary Clinton the Same Way Again," by Tom Junod, October 1999:

She has a sexy mouth, I think. That slight palatal overbite—it gets to me. She seems expert at marshaling her mouth's resources, at inspiring its ingenuity. She can fold her lips into an origami of fleeting smiles. Her basic smile is sort of chipmunk and schoolmarmish, but sometimes, when she is pouncing on the possibility of an *idea*, her lips extend their reach into her cheeks and carve out a wolfish, carnal line, as though nothing could please her more than her own hunger. . . .

The tragedy of the Clintons' marital "arrangement" is that it doomed them both to their own kinds of humiliation—hers sexual, his political—and yet because her humiliation forced her to seek a new beginning even as his spoke to him of his end, Hillary Clinton will wind up being more meaningful than Bill Clinton ever was. The President of the United States of America? He will become nothing more and nothing less than Hillary's escort.

"Hillary. Happy," by Tom Junod, May 2010:

She was always in the process of becoming. There was always the sense that she became one thing on the condition that she could become another: that she became First Lady on the condition that she could become senator, and that she became senator on the condition that she could become

president. There was always another layer to which she could aspire, and the aspiration, as much as the accomplishment, is what gave her meaning. More than any other figure of her generation, her public ambitions were tied to her self-actualization, and her quest for self-actualization is what turned out to be public property.



PROGRESS: DRIVEN BY A WILL
OF STEEL TO WIN, BUT NEVER FINISH.

JIMMIE JOHNSON

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Cocktails

C A POST-PROHIBITION HISTORY OF DRINKING IN AMERICA. AND ESQUIRE.

WHEN *ESQUIRE* made its debut in late 1933, repeal was imminent and Americans didn't know a damn thing about polite drinking. Fourteen years of adulterate alcohol and literally criminal bartenders had turned us into a nation of indiscriminate liquor swillers, people who thought the right wine for filet of sole was gin and orange juice. It was an integral part of the magazine's mission to fix this. To this end, it deployed a crack corps of mixographers, including the bohemian bookseller-anthologist Frank Shay; Jimmie Charters, who had been Hemingway's bartender in Paris; Murdock Pemberton, one of the founders of the famed Algonquin Round Table; and the copper-throated, granite-livered Lawton Mackall. Throughout the 1930s, they wrangled with underaged whiskey, unfamiliar imports, crappy, Prohibition-expedient cocktails that had outlived their time, and a vast pool of ignorance.

They also paid attention to what people were actually drinking and advocated for the best of it—whether that meant the pre-Prohibition classics, tropical drinks drawing American tourists in droves to the Florida in Havana, or something as simple as the then-exotic gin and tonic. Novelties such as vodka (then newly imported and popular in certain Manhattan nightspots), pisco, and tequila found their place in the long and detailed monthly “Potables” column, but so did good old rye and Scotch and Holland gin.

Then came the war, which “Potables” spent trying to keep the drinking man's morale up in the face of rationing and severe shortages of just about everything but cheap Caribbean rum and iffy domestic vermouth (see sidebar).

When the war was over, it seemed like the drinking man didn't much care what he drank as long as it was straightforward and anesthetically strong, and soon *Esquire* didn't, either. Only in the late 1990s did things begin to turn back to the way they were in the magazine's early years.

The cover of the April 1997 issue of *Esquire* featured a brunette in a black cocktail dress perched, rather awkwardly, on the rim of a giant martini glass. “Welcome to Cocktail Culture” read the



Shazam this picture to see an *Esquire* cocktail guide from 1948.

headline. Americans were starting to drink real cocktails again. At the end of 1998, *Esquire* had a regular drinks column for the first time in decades.

By 2004, when I took over, it was back to the old “Potables” days. People gave a damn about the spirits they were drinking and thought it a useful thing to know how to turn them into elegant, balanced cocktails, punches, sours, fizzes, and what have you. We've been trying to give the people what they want ever since, ignoring the faddish edges and geeky swamplands that always surround such things and sticking to drinks that you can actually make, and might actually want to. Some of our obsessions have become some of yours: rye whiskey, which we've been talking up for fifteen years, finally caught on (between 2009 and now, rye grew from selling 88,000 cases a year to well over half a million); mezcal, which we first wrote about in 2005, is white-hot; and suddenly everybody's drinking our favorite cocktail, the old-fashioned. Even the big bowl of punch, an *Esquire* entertaining favorite since the days of Pemberton and Mackall, is back. What's next? We figure you'll tell us, like you always have. —DAVID WONDRIKH

Cocktail, the Esquire

During World War II, there were shortages of everything but rum and tequila, and *Esquire* columnist Lawton Mackall wrote lots of columns

on how to deal with them responsibly. The *Esquire* Cocktail is him doing his part. Contemplate its symbolism. Do not drink it.

The Esquire Cocktail (May 1942)

- > 3 parts dry vermouth
- > 1 part gin

> Stir with cracked ice in mixing glass. Strain into cocktail glass. As final zest note, wring a piece of lemon peel over drink.

A LEGACY IN EVERY BOTTLE

ONE FAMILY'S REMARKABLE STORY

1691

IT STARTS IN SCHIEDAM

Joannes Nolet finds his ideal distillery location, in Schiedam, near Rotterdam, Holland.

1902

COMING TO AMERICA

The family decides to put down roots in America and in 1902, the eighth generation, Joannes Nolet, opens a distillery in Baltimore, Maryland.

1920

PROHIBITION

A milestone in American cocktail culture, the Volstead Act brings in Prohibition, just 18 years after his bold move, Joannes is forced to close the distillery.

1983

KETEL ONE VODKA IS BORN

Drawing on their family's tasting notes, 10th generation Carolus Nolet, creates the perfect recipe. It's named after the oldest, coal-fired copper pot still used at the distillery today—Distilleerketel #1.

2015

LEGACY OF EXCELLENCE

Ketel One is voted the "Best Selling Vodka" and "Most Trending Vodka" of 2015 in the latest "The World's 50 Best Bars Brand Report," by Drinks International.

A family business with 325 years of dedication to the highest standards of craftsmanship calls for celebration.

Next year the Nolet Distillery in Schiedam, Holland, the home of Ketel One Vodka, celebrates 325 years of family passion and distilling expertise.

That legacy continues today, with each batch of Ketel One Vodka being tasted and approved by a member of the Nolet family before bottling. We think that's worth raising a glass.

And since the first case of Ketel One arrived in the United States in 1983, the family has valued the vital role bartenders play in bringing the unparalleled quality of Ketel One to discerning drinkers.

Celebrate with us as three of the country's most respected mixologists spotlight your favorite classic cocktails crafted with Ketel One Vodka.



Please Drink Responsibly.

KETEL ONE Vodka. Distilled from Wheat. 40% Alc/Vol. ©2015 Imported by Ketel One USA, Aliso Viejo, CA.

**TIP**

"I like to play with garnish. In the summer, hit your herb garden and get creative.

Mint or lavender makes an awesome aromatic addition."

The Bloody Mary

"I love that you can get a Bloody Mary in any bar in the world, but because there are so many different variations on tomato juice and vodka, you really never know what you're going to get. The sky's still the limit." — JEFF BELL, BARTENDER, NYC

4 oz. Tomato Juice
1.5 oz. Ketel One® Vodka
.25 oz. Lemon Juice
.25 oz. Lime Juice
.25 oz. Worcestershire Sauce
.5 tsp. Horseradish
.5 tsp. Bloody Mary Spice Blend
.25 tsp. Hot Sauce

Build in a mixing glass then fill with ice. Roll then fine strain into a chilled Collins glass filled with ice. Garnish with a celery stalk.

TIP

"Always stir your Martini—the texture will be better than if you shake it.

Save a pair of chopsticks from your takeout and use one to stir your homemade version—it'll give the same sensation as a bar spoon."

The

"If you have another ice cold drink When you make it the right way—it's — PAMELA WIZNICKI

1.5 oz. Ketel One® Vodka
Stir with ice in a rocks glass or a highball glass. Garnish with a lime wedge.

Can be tailored to your taste with the addition of a dash of hot sauce or 0.25 oz. of dry vermouth. To decrease Ketel One® Vodka, use 1 oz.

Ketel One Talks To Bartenders About Their PASSIONS FOR THE CLASSICS



Martini

one Vodka Martini, you're bound to love it because it's an appealing, crystal clear, versatile drink that works equally at home with fruit or olives. No matter how you make it your way at home, it's always the classic that has a go-to flavor that everyone loves."

— CHARLES JOLY, BARTENDER, NYC

One® Vodka

in a mixing glass and strain into a glass over one large ice cube, or a martini glass with a lemon twist.

adjusted to personal taste with the addition of olive brine, specialty olives and/or dry vermouth (if adding vermouth, add Ketel One Vodka by 0.25 oz.).



The Mule

"I think The Mule is important not only due to its vibrant history and role in helping to bring vodka into the spotlight, but also because of the influence it has had in our current cocktail renaissance."

— CHARLES JOLY, BARTENDER, CHICAGO

The Ketel One Dutch Mule

1.5 oz. Ketel One® Vodka
0.75 oz. fresh lime juice
ginger beer

Build in a copper mug or highball glass over ice. Top with ginger beer. Stir. Garnish with a lime wedge.

TIP
"If you're serving a crowd, make your mix a day ahead and let it sit overnight. Add a flavor variation with muddled cucumber or strawberries."

PROMOTION



You're Invited

Our family distillery is celebrating its
325TH anniversary

We'd love for you to visit us at
Hoofdstraat 14, Schiedam, Holland

For details on how to schedule a tour
or for a chance to win a trip to the
anniversary celebration, visit us at ketelone.com
or tweet us @KetelOne #ketelonedistilleryvisit

Carolus Nolet, 10th Generation

Owner/Master Distiller, Nolet Family Distillery
Creator of Ketel One® Vodka

Open House



KETEL ONE® VODKA DISTILLERY TRIP CONTEST

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER. A PURCHASE WILL NOT INCREASE YOUR CHANCES OF WINNING. OPEN TO LEGAL RESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES WHO ARE 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED OR RESTRICTED BY LAW. Contest begins at 12:01 a.m. ET on October 1, 2015, and ends at 11:59:59 p.m. ET on March 31, 2016, subject to weekly entry deadlines. For official rules, how to enter, prize descriptions and weekly entry deadlines, go to <http://tinyurl.com/ketelonestory>.

Sponsor: Diageo Americas, Inc., Norwalk, CT.

Please Drink Responsibly.

KETEL ONE Vodka. Distilled from Wheat. 40% Alc/Vol. ©2015 Imported by Ketel One USA, Aliso Viejo, CA.



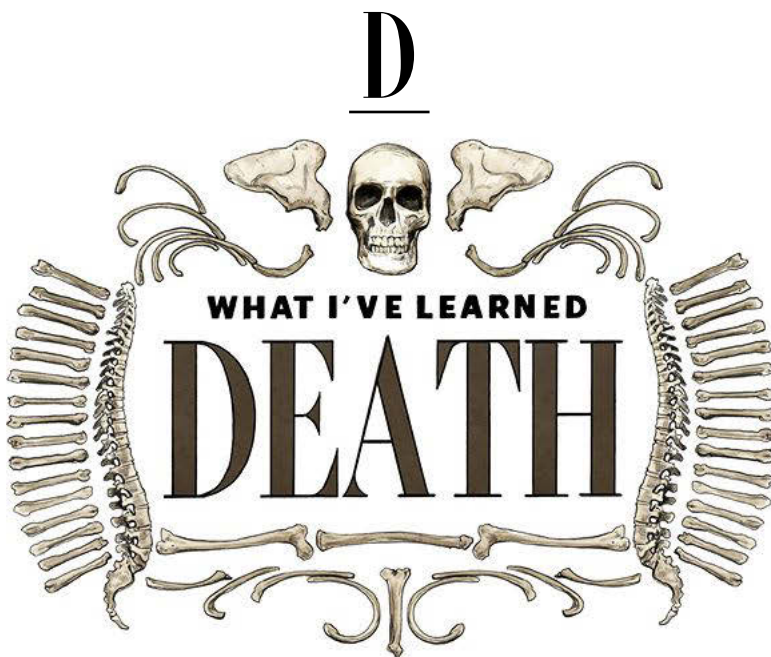
Clitoris

As celebrated in comedian Wanda Sykes's prose poem "10 Things You Don't Know About Women," published in the September 2003 issue:

1. The quickest way to a woman's heart is through her clit.
2. When we say we want you to get in touch with your feminine side, we really mean you need to touch our clit.
3. When we ask you if we look fat, it really means "Can you see my clit?"
4. We'd love to meet your mom. Right after we introduce you to our clit.
5. Diamonds are forever, but touching our clit can buy you two or three years.
6. When we tell you, "We're not communicating," it really means you're not touching our clit.
7. We'd be happy to buy our own damn drinks if you touched our clit.
8. When we say, "Harder! Harder!" that means "Take it out and touch my clit."
9. The fact that women make seventy-five cents to every man's dollar won't bother us as long as you touch our clit.
10. "Go have boys' night out" really means "I'll stay home and touch my clit."

Cramer, Richard Ben

See SPORTS.



►The thing I learned the most from my father is Don't wait for tomorrow. Don't say you're gonna do something "when the kids grow up." Don't say, "I'm going to go to Israel once you guys are out of school." Because he got pancreatic cancer at fifty-two, and he never did any of it. The gift he gave me was a residue of his death. *Don't ever wait to satisfy an idea or a hope or a dream.* —**Mandy Patinkin, January 2013**

►That's one of the things the illness has given me: It's a degree of death. There's a certain amount of loss, and whenever you have a loss, it's a step toward death. So if you can accept loss, you can accept the fact that there's gonna be the *big* loss. Once you can accept that, you can accept anything. So then I think, "Well, given that that's the case, let's tip myself a break. Let's tip everybody a break." —**Michael J. Fox, January 2008**

►Maybe when you die, you come before a big, bearded man on a big throne, and you say, "Is this heaven?" And he says, "Heaven? You just came from there." —**Kirk Douglas, April 2001**

►It's frustrating when someone asks, "How are you coming? Are you over it?" I will never, ever be over it. Not in a million years. But it will become something I understand more. It's that understanding that makes you feel like when you let go, you're not being disloyal to the person who died. —**Allison Janney, January 2012**

►My son once asked me, "What happens when we die?" I said, "Nobody really knows. Some people think that the spirit"—and he stopped me. "What's a spirit?" "Well, it's a part of you that doesn't change and people think that some part of it lives on." He said, "Here's what I think. I think we go into the ocean, we wash up on a desert island, and Georgia O'Keeffe finds our bones and then she paints them." And I said, "I'm going with your version." —**Mary-Louise Parker, January 2011**



Dickinson, Angie

In March 1966, *Esquire* ran a one-page photo of actress Angie Dickinson wearing nothing but a baby-blue sweater and a pair of white pumps. It wasn't until twenty-seven years later that Dickinson made the cover as the star of our "Sixty Years of Women We Love" issue. The iconic image was re-created for the cover by Britney Spears in 2003 and again by four Victoria's Secret Angels in 2008.

When you first published this photo way back in 1966 I was so honored just to be in your magazine. Now, all this time later, with three separate covers inspired by that original shot, I can only say that it's... better than popcorn! I was thrilled to death when Britney Spears appeared on the cover in 2003, because she was just one of the hottest women around. That was a real boost. But at the time, it was just another photo shoot.

It wasn't like a studio shoot, where they have a photographer and a set department and a wardrobe department that picks out clothes for you. This was "Well, what should we do? I didn't bring any clothes!" It felt naughty but nice. The only thing is, I would not have used that caption ["The Happiness of Angie Dickinson"], because *happy* was not exactly what I was looking for. *Sultry* was more my bag. —AS TOLD TO JULIA BLACK



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BANANA REPUBLIC

Dress Codes

"Esquire aims to be, among other things, a fashion guide for men. But it never intends to become... a primer for fops." So wrote the founding editor in issue one, and over 999 subsequent issues, Esquire has guided readers toward stylish, mostly sensible clothing options for whatever life throws their way. Such as...



FOR A BIG MEETING

Silhouettes have tightened and relaxed. Double-breasted has gone in and out of style. Through it all, even in the most casual-leaning times, the two-piece suit has remained the lingua franca of the serious workplace.



1935



1950



NOW



FOR A COCKTAIL PARTY

What's changed: the extent to which we dress way the hell up (tie and all) for the sake of a little revelry. What's the same: a strategic use of color and accessories to draw in the eye and express some personality.



1942



1961



NOW



FOR A BLACK-TIE EVENT

Before World War II, white tie and tails was the formal standard and a black-tie tuxedo was considered semiformal. By 1950 or so, black tie became the gold standard, and endless variations in cut, color, and proportions followed.



1934



1956



NOW



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Photo by Patrick Ecclesine

DISTINGUISHED FALL STYLE

BANANA REPUBLIC

Regardless of the occasion you're dressing for this fall, always look relevant with one of these tailored suiting options.



INTERVIEW ▲

Wool topcoat (\$298); two-button Italian-wool suit (\$648); cotton rib jacket (\$120); cotton diamond dobby shirt (\$89.50); wool flannel tie (\$59.50); leather single monk strap (\$168)



◀ NIGHTCAP

Two-button wool suit (\$568); jacquard crew sweater (\$98.50); cotton birdseye shirt (\$79.50); leather and canvas sneaker (\$118)



◀ WEDDING

Donegal topcoat (\$298); two-button wool suit (\$568); cotton diamond dobby shirt (\$89.50); silk tie (\$59.50); leather single monk strap (\$158)

Find more fall styles from Banana Republic in store or online at bananarepublic.com



BANANA REPUBLIC

E

"Esquire"

In November 1932, publisher David Smart and editor Arnold Gingrich conceived of a men's-interest magazine aiming to become "the common denominator of masculine interests" and a "magazine for men only." They rejected the names "Stag," "Beau," and "Trim" in favor of "Esquire" after Gingrich received a letter addressed to "Arnold Gingrich, Esq."

Whew.

Below, design director David Curcurito explains the evolution of Esquire's distinctive logo.

Esquire

1933

"The first logo feels very personal, almost like Esqy carved his name into a tree."

Esquire

1945

"The thicker version was designed to stand out on the newsstand. Which was probably also the thinking behind the cover drawings of seminude women."

Esquire

1956

"This logo is short without being dumpy, just like Elizabeth Taylor. And even though it's harder to read, it's still in keeping with the spirit of the original script."

Esquire

1980

"The only version to feature a curled q, which is very cute. You know, for a men's-magazine logo. It didn't last long."

Esquire

1993

"The current logo doesn't have a single straight line. It's recognizable as Esquire even when it's been covered six times by George Clooney's giant head."

Fame

HOW THE CELEBRITIES HAVE TALKED ABOUT CELEBRITY—ITS RAW THRILL, ITS ULTIMATE PITFALLS

> "Joe," said Marilyn Monroe, just back from Korea, "you never heard such cheering." "Yes I have," Joe DiMaggio answered.

—**"The Silent Season of a Hero," by Gay Talese, July 1966**

> If everybody tells you that you are accomplished but you don't feel accomplished, then what the fuck good is that? If people tell you that you are a great lover but you don't feel like a great lover, then what is that? They make that up about you, but it has nothing to do with you, and so it strengthens the opinion that you have of yourself.

—**Paul Newman, as quoted in "The Further Adventures of Paul Newman," by Robert Scheer, October 1989**

> They want the stardom to rub off on them in bed. You know: If you fuck it, you become it. Sorry. That's the most pathetic illusion of all.

—**Debra Winger, as quoted in "Confessions of a Reluctant Sex Goddess," by Tom Robbins, February 1993**

> When I left the Navy, I used the GI Bill to get into the Dramatic Workshop, which was located at the President Theatre on Forty-eighth Street. Walter Matthau and Harry Belafonte were students there, too. We were all just trying to make it. Later on, I went out to California, and good things started happening for me. When I came back to New York

to do a promotion for *City Across the River*, they gave me a suite at the Sherry-Netherland and a huge black limo. I took it around to show my buddies in the Bronx and then went by the Dramatic Workshop. It was a terrible, rainy afternoon, and who do I see out in front? Walter Matthau. He's got a long, heavy coat on with a *Racing Form* sticking out of the pocket, and he's looking down at the gutter. . . . The look on his face says, "What's ever going to happen for me? Nothin'!" So I tell the driver to pull alongside him and stop. Now Walter's watching the limo. I roll the window down, look at him, and say, "I fucked Yvonne De Carlo!" Then I roll the window back up in a hurry and tell the driver to get the hell out of there.

—**"What I've Learned: Tony Curtis," by Cal Fussman, January 2006**

> If it weren't for "Dick in a Box," there's every possibility that Timberlake wouldn't be standing in this hotel room dressed like Ernie, beside some guy dressed like Bert, about to walk through the crowded exhibits at Comic-Con, one of the very few men in the world who somehow becomes less conspicuous when he pulls on a giant orange head. . . . "I keep forgetting, when people ask to take our picture," he says as we finally reach the doors of the Convention Center. "It's because I'm Ernie. It's not because I'm me."

—**"Go Ahead, Set Him**

on Fire," by Chris Jones, October 2011

> Clooney and DiCaprio once ran into each other in Cabo and struck up a conversation based on their common interest in basketball. . . . Clooney suggested they might play someday. DiCaprio said sure, but felt compelled to add, "You know, we're pretty serious."

They played at a neighborhood court. "You know, I can play," Clooney says in his living room. "I'm not great, by any means . . . but I know I can play. I also know that you don't talk shit unless you can play. And the thing about playing Leo is you have all these guys talking shit. . . . And so then we're watching them warm up, and they're doing this weave around the court, and one of the guys I play with says, 'You know we're going to kill these guys, right?' Because they can't play at all. We're all like fifty years old, and we beat them three straight: 11–0, 11–0, 11–0. And the discrepancy between their game and how they talked about their game made me think of how important it is to have someone in your life to tell you what's what. I'm not sure if Leo has someone like that."

—**"George Clooney's Rules for Living," by Tom Junod, December 2013**

TURN THE PAGE TO READ A REVEALING PORTRAIT OF A VERY FAMOUS MAN.

A **ZUCKERBERG** **KIND**

THE FAMOUS AND THE POWERFUL HAVE NEW, MORE EFFECTIVE MEANS OF WALLING THEMSELVES OFF FROM US. WHERE, SAY, SINATRA HAD GOONS, TODAY'S TITANS HIDE BEHIND TRANSPARENCY AND FULL DISCLOSURE.

OF
LOVE

AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT BY TOM JUNOD

I forget what I wore for my first encounter with Mark Zuckerberg. I know it wasn't a suit—that would have seemed out of place in the rigorously casual world of Facebook. I probably wore what I usually wear, a pair of jeans and a Gap T-shirt, maybe my black sneakers.

Of course, I don't even have to try to remember what Zuck wore, and my certainty in this regard serves as a case in point—or, as he likes to say, “data.” It works. That whole gray-T-shirt thing of his—it *works*. Not only does he not have to think about what he's going to wear when he wakes up in the morning, I don't have to think about what he wore on the days I spent in his company. I have to try to think about what *I* wore. And I can't think about what I wore without thinking about how he answered the all-too-predictable question about what he wore.

“I'm in this really lucky position where I get to wake up every day and help serve more than a billion people,” he said. “I feel like I'm not doing my job if I spend any of my energy on things that are silly or frivolous about my life, so that way I can dedicate all of my energy toward just building the best products and services... and achieve this mission of helping to connect everyone in the world and giving them the ability to stay connected with the people they love and care about.” Perhaps unnecessarily, he added that Steve Jobs took the same approach to his wardrobe, and that “President Obama, I don't think, chooses what he wears every day, for the same psychological reason.”

Christ. He's good. He's very good. Because, you see, the answer sounded pretty straightforward. He's an important guy. He's

doing important things. He runs one of the most important companies in the world. He wasn't *trying* to compare himself to Jobs and the president, and even if he was, well, he's *helping to connect everyone in the world and giving them the ability to stay connected with the people they love and care about*. And I really don't think he was trying to make me feel bad about myself and what I wore. He was just saying what works for him, what he's figured out.

Still... were the clothes that I was wearing really so silly and frivolous? Was I so silly and frivolous? It seemed, for the first time but not for the last, that Zuck was trying to tell me something, even to teach me something, about how to live. He'd created Facebook at nineteen and made his first billion at twenty-three. Now thirty-one, he is free to live as he chooses, and he chooses to live in an endless succession of identical gray T-shirts, the sackcloth and ashes of the digital age. He used to use his wardrobe to advertise his youth and disregard for convention. Now he uses it to communicate his purity of intention—clothes that can be worn by anyone gradually turning into clothes only he can wear.

Many years ago, when Mark Zuckerberg still had the callowness of youth, he notoriously printed “I'm CEO... bitch” on his business cards. He doesn't do that kind of thing anymore, because he doesn't have to. He's still CEO, and now here he is, talking about the new headquarters that his company has just inhabited in Menlo Park, California. He's going on about how industrial the buildings are, how work-oriented, with huge swaths of open space



and a desk for each of the twenty-eight hundred employees who toil at headquarters. "The building itself is pretty simple and isn't fancy," he says both flatly and enthusiastically, a combination he has made his own.

His modesty is, like everything else having to do with Zuckerberg, Zuckerbergian. He makes it sound as though he relocated Facebook to a Maoist labor camp. In truth, the headquarters were designed by Frank Gehry. They are phantasmagorically fancy, and the difference between their splendor and his description of them only underscores the difference between him and everybody else. This seems not a matter of intention or even of habit but rather of the insularity that is part and parcel of being the most well-connected person in the world.

He is known for not caring very much about money and for living in Palo Alto in the closest approximation of a middle-class lifestyle that \$33 billion can buy; he is also known for having bought all the houses surrounding his own, as well as part of a Hawaiian island. Even so, he tries to connect with people, as an avocation and as a demonstration of principle. He declares himself on the side of openness and transparency, and evinces almost paternal pride over the part Facebook has played in making the world a more open and transparent place. It is all the more disconcerting, then, when he expresses such profound admiration for world leaders who speak through Facebook in order to avoid answering difficult questions.

"I just went on this trip through a few countries in Asia, to India and Indonesia in the beginning, for work on this project Internet.org to help spread Internet access and connectivity," he says on a rainy afternoon in California, his shirtsleeves identifying him as a man impervious to the elements. "One of the things that was really interesting to me in both India and Indonesia is that both countries had elections I think in the last year, and in both of those countries social media played an important role or was an important tool that Prime Minister Modi and President Joko Widodo used in Indonesia in order to connect with people in their country. And when I asked those leaders about it, what they told me was they want a channel to speak directly with the people they serve. They don't want to have to go through someone else who might twist the message.... Using social media, Facebook, and all the other products in order to get that message out directly, I think, is very powerful in a way that can't be twisted by intermediaries."

He allows himself a faint smile. He is not subtle or sly; indeed, a friend of his told me that he has "no capacity for guile whatsoever." But he is also a man forced by circumstance to figure out how to act when putting down his trump card, and that's what he is doing right now. He's speaking not just about Internet.org, which he founded to provide basic digital services to underdeveloped parts of the world, but also about his decision to start talking directly to what he calls "the Facebook community," in a series

of town-hall-style question-and-answer sessions. Once again, I don't think he meant to pull rank, or to remind me of the disparities that exist between us. But I found myself feeling the same way I felt when he characterized the choices that people like me have to make in regard to their wardrobe as "silly or frivolous." I felt again that he was trying to deliver some kind of important life lesson, in this case the simple fact that a man with the power to talk to everybody doesn't have to talk to you.



He's such a positive force that it seems impolite to point out that the effect of Facebook—the effect of Zuckerberg—is to take all that is interesting and reduce it to the blandest, friendliest, least revealing version of life imaginable.

It is the last question. It is also the end of the day, and he *looks* tired, with travel looming ahead of him. He is still not used to traveling. For a long time, he says, he didn't travel that often, and he still prefers to spend his time at Facebook. But Internet.org has changed all that, as well as the town halls. Now he stands in front of a packed house in a Barcelona event space in his customary monastic garb and waits for his moderator to hand the microphone to a young woman in a boxy navy-blue sweater.

He still looks young and perhaps always will. But his appearance has changed in subtle ways since the days when he was an engineer among engineers, coding Facebook into necessity and perhaps into permanence. There is something almost Roman about him now, with his freckles replaced by a vaguely golden hue, the lift gone out of his hair and his curls flattened against his scalp like swirls cut into a statue, his chin tilting back in response to questions and his long, fine nose angling toward the ceiling, his slightly petulant lower lip, and the implacable excellence of his posture. Only his hooded eyes reveal his want of sleep, and only his occasional blushes and sweating reveal that he might possess anything less than total confidence before a crowd. He stays in shape—he says he tries to work out at least three times a week—and it somehow wouldn't be surprising if instead of answering the question he dropped his microphone and flexed.

The woman, however, does not ask a question but rather makes a request that her small, halting, and heavily accented voice fashions into a plea. "This is going to be a historical moment in my life," she says. "And I would like to ask you a favor—if we could take a picture to add to my Facebook wall. Please? Can we?"

He pauses before he answers. "Awww, this is so sad," he finally says, as though he's just witnessed a cute pet video. "If I do that, I'm going to miss my flight. Because I can't just take a photo with you—that's not fair. I'd end up taking a photo with everyone here. And actually, I'm taking off right after this. So here's what you can do. There's going to be a video that is going to have us—me, answering your question right now—and you can take a screen-cap of that, and that's your photo. Okay, let's see if we have time for one more question...."

He is often mentioned in conversations about Silicon Valley leadership as an example of a natural CEO—of a company founder



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who was also ready to lead. Now the applauding crowd sees why. He solved the problem! He came up with a solution! He dashed the hopes of a hopeful young woman yet sent her home with a screen-cap! But there is something else. He is known for his philanthropy but not for his kindness. Indeed, because of *The Social Network*, he is known to many as a borderline sociopath. But today, in Barcelona, I could see him doing the work of being kind. I could see him trying to be empathetic. And I wondered once again if a person who tries so very hard to be good—like Mark Zuckerberg—is the same thing as a good person.

Over the past year, he has done many things, claimed many accomplishments. He has bought WhatsApp and Oculus in a spending spree worth \$21 billion. He has launched Internet.org. He has brought Amber Alerts to Facebook and introduced something called Safety Check, a system through which those in areas enduring national disasters can tell their loved ones they're still alive. He has given millions to Ebola relief efforts and to a fund that helps young undocumented immigrants go to college. With the rollout of Instant Articles, he has accelerated the migration of editorial content to his platform. He was one of thousands of Americans who put a rainbow filter over his Facebook profile photo on the day the Supreme Court made marriage an equal right. And last October, he conducted the first of his town-hall Q&As, in Beijing, entirely in Mandarin.

It is hard to say whether this last thing was the Facebookiest of all or simply the most Zuckerbergian. If you've ever dreaded going on Facebook lest you see yet another post celebrating the excessively accomplished children of friends whose names you barely recognize, you can imagine what it is like to be the Facebook friends of Drs. Edward and Karen Zuckerberg, formerly of Dobbs Ferry, New York, and now residing in Palo Alto. But their son's half hour of Mandarin also grew out of something fundamental about him. Mark Zuckerberg is not simply someone who has spectacularly succeeded; he is also someone who has never failed—someone who, when speaking of disappointment or something he might have done differently, mentions a 2013 redesign of the News Feed that Facebook users didn't like. "It was a humbling moment," he says.

And so it is absolutely characteristic that in addition to doing all he does, Mark began challenging himself with annual New Year's resolutions that are difficult, made in public, and transformed immediately into Facebook fodder. In 2010, he challenged himself to learn Mandarin; in 2011, to eat meat only from animals he killed; in 2012, to write code every day; in 2013, to meet someone from outside Facebook every day; in 2014, to send a thank-you note to someone every day, preferably handwritten; and in 2015, to read a book every two weeks, most of the selections nonfiction and of worthy intention and daunting scope. It is easy to imagine other tech titans buying a company like Oculus or undertaking philan-

thropy equal in ambition to Zuckerberg's; it is more difficult to imagine Larry Page killing a chicken in a chef's kitchen sink, as Zuckerberg did, or Elon Musk sending out 365 thank-you notes.

I did not go with him to Beijing, but in the video that's available on Facebook and all over the Internet, he does not look like any kind of tech titan when he opens his mouth and begins to speak. He looks like a kid again, scared and happy and eager for approval. He had a lot of good reasons to go to China and do what he did: His wife, Priscilla, grew up in a family that speaks Mandarin, and Facebook has been banned in China for the past six years. But that's not why a giddy, guttural sigh and a great chorus of laughter arose from the audience at the sound of the first Chinese words. Zuckerberg might not have spoken

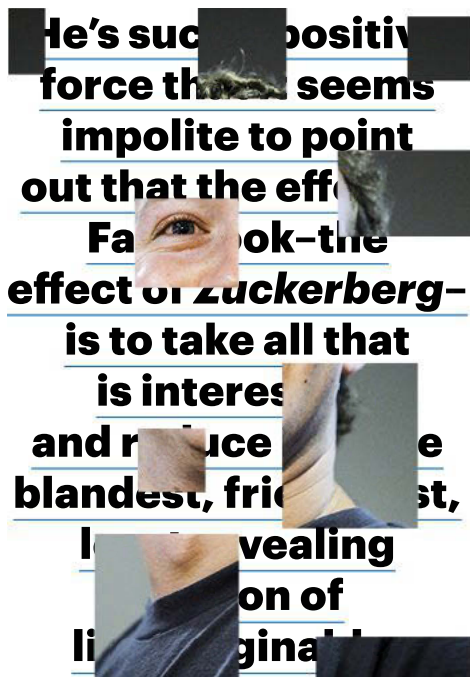
Chinese to a Chinese audience just because he could—because, you know, "I speak Mandarin... bitch." But the Chinese sighed and laughed because he could, and did.

So why did such a successful man subject himself to such an ambitious program of self-improvement? My own theory is that he wanted to make himself more interesting. More precisely, he was, like so many denizens of Facebook, afraid of being uninteresting, afraid of not living up to the expectations he aroused in his friends and his followers. Zuckerberg, of course, does not see it that way and supplies a simple explanation—an engineer's explanation—for his annual resolutions: "I spend so much time running this company, I want to be able to do other things outside of that too," he says one afternoon with the chuckle of a serious man reminding himself to be lighthearted. "I find that New Year's resolutions are a good way

to force myself to do that. I had one resolution that led me to start cooking a lot, something that I do with my wife all the time now."

But that's just it. The resolution he's referring to was the one to eat meat only from animals he himself killed for an entire year. It compelled him to kill a chicken, kill a goat, kill a pig. It required moral courage and spawned experiences that were, by all accounts, profound. But Mark has rarely spoken of it, and now, when he does refer to it, he does so in a way that cuts to the heart of how meaning is made and unmade on Facebook. Killing animals led to him cooking a lot with Priscilla? He might as well have gone off to war and come back saying that it taught him how to build campfires.

It is hard to decide whether Mark Zuckerberg is the most interesting boring person in the world or the most boring interesting one. He's important, yes—undeniably so. And most people would say that the extent of his ambition makes him interesting, because it makes him singular even in Silicon Valley. He wants to use Facebook to connect everybody in the world and is already about a fifth of the way there. But what would Mark do if Facebook didn't exist? "I'd build it," he says with a shy but somewhat mechanical smile.



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And that's what makes him interesting. He thinks enough of his mission to think of himself as destined to complete it. He thinks enough of himself to think that the success of his mission has been foretold.

"Wanting to connect people is a pretty deep thing for me," he says one day, when he's been answering questions for an hour and fatigue has made him uncharacteristically reflective. "It's something that I've cared about since I was a kid. My mom told me these stories—that a lot of boys when they're younger have, like, Ninja Turtles or some toys and they're all, like, fighting? I just wanted to make them connect and, like, form villages and be peaceful and communicate. I was like, 'Why can't you guys just talk to each other and work out your problems?'"

He says he did the same thing with actual members of his family, the ones made of flesh and blood. He's so freaking Californian now, so audibly rooted in the place where American speech was invented, the uptalk and the *awesomes* and the thickened, stoned-sounding vowels. But he's from New York, from a town flung just north of the city, and he tells a story from his childhood with a look of something like wonder on his face. When he was growing up, there was, like, all this *snow*—"and I would kind of force my sisters to have snowball fights, and they didn't want to do that, so instead I made, like, a snowball-fight game. So then everybody was happy. It was a terrible game, but I got to play a game and they got to not get hit with snowballs, and it was just a win all around."

It's not just that he wants to connect everybody in the world. It's that he's *always* wanted to connect everybody in the world. He didn't invent social media; there were other platforms available even as he built Facebook. But he invented something else: ambition and execution. He saw what no one else did, saw all the way to the end, saw that all he'd have to do was make Facebook *useful* and its users would do the rest.

Sure, he's a little earnest and idealistic, and if you spend enough time in his presence, the tedium will make your eyes cross. He knows as much. "I am not a cool person, and I've never really tried to be cool. Our model for Facebook has never been to try to make it particularly exciting to use.... The services we aspire to be like in the world are these kind of basic things that you can rely on that are there.... You go home, you turn on the lights. You're probably not like, 'Yeah! Electricity!' It just needs to work. The same thing with water.... The ability to communicate and connect with people should be that, right? It should be something that people can rely on.... It just should work."

Electricity! Water! Well, *that's* pretty interesting—the sheer balls of it. And surely it's interesting that he bought Oculus in order to introduce virtual reality as a day-to-day communication tool for the masses. And surely it's interesting that when he says, "I believe we'll be able to send full, rich thoughts to each other using technology," you know he's, like, *on* it. And surely it's inter-

esting that he's pledged to give half his many billions to charity. And Mandarin! He speaks Mandarin! Surely it's interesting that he speaks Mandarin; surely it's interesting that on the whole, he just keeps trying to get *better*....

But what makes him interesting is also what makes him, at times, so profoundly boring. Mark Zuckerberg is the product of Facebook just as surely as Facebook is the product of Mark Zuckerberg. He didn't just invent Facebook; he's been on Facebook longer than any other human being in the world. He's a lab rat for any social scientist wanting to determine the effects of prolonged exposure to Facebook on the human heart, mind, and soul. He is *Homo socialis*.

He is our first Facebook friend.



When *The Social Network* was released, he found it "hurtful." Of course he did. The movie begins by

characterizing him as an arrogant asshole and ends by characterizing him as an empty one. It is a hypnotic demolition of a fledgling soul, as thoroughgoing and relentless as its subject. And so Zuck took action because CEOs take action and he's CEO... well, you know. "We took the whole company to go see it I think the day that it came out," he says. "There's this scene in the movie where we're drinking appletinis. No one had ever heard of appletinis before this movie.... For a while, everyone around the office was drinking appletinis, kind of making fun of me in the movie."

Yeah, right: *The Social Network* is about appletinis the way killing animals by your own hand is about learning to cook with your wife. But that is

the Facebook effect, and it's what *The Social Network* got wrong about Mark Zuckerberg. For all its digital trappings, it portrayed him as an old-style alpha—scheming, secretive, charmless, desolate. In fact, he's a new-style alpha: He's buoyant, empowering, optimistic, idealistic, cooperative, endlessly accessible, and overly available. He stands for so many of the right things that to criticize him is to stand for the wrong ones. He gives you so much of himself that it seems churlish and ungrateful to point out that he's given you very little. He's so open that he's completely protected, so nice that you have to "like" him or else feel irredeemably mean. He's found a way to be dominant without being domineering, and he's not Jesse Eisenberg in that movie.

He's Taylor Swift.

Well, maybe sometimes he's Jesse Eisenberg. For his thirty-first birthday this year, he did what he wanted to do—he went home, cooked with Priscilla, played with his dog, Beast, tried to remember to post some photos of Beast on Beast's Facebook page, with its two million followers. "I'm a low-key birthday person," he says. "I'd like to just kind of have people leave me alone on my birthday." Indeed, last year, when he was turning thirty, "I actually arranged it so that I flew to the other side of the country for my birthday. I was like, 'Oh, maybe if I have some busi- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]"



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90] ness meetings on my birthday, then people at Facebook can't bug me or try to do anything or surprise me.' I was wrong. I came back, my assistant had filled up my conference room with balloons. Which was pretty funny, but then—I'm a really stubborn person. So then it was like, 'Oh, that was a funny surprise; maybe should we clear the balloons out?' I was like, 'No, I'm going to just do all my meetings with all those balloons.' Then it gave way to some pretty funny dynamics. Because, you know, the normal reviews that I have, a lot of them are pretty contentious. Product teams will come in and they'll talk about what they want to do or what they think they're doing. And I'll say, 'Are you really doing what people want?' And we'll have this debate, back and forth. There was this particularly contentious review that we had and I'll just never forget it. Because we were sitting there, it was ridiculous, we were all up to our waists in balloons, and everyone was just so sad, and they're all just sitting there and I'm just like, 'You guys have to do better work, you're letting our community down, *we need to do better work!*' And I think we have this wonderful photo of that, where everyone is up to their waists in balloons and everybody is just like, 'Oh, man, what are we *doing?*'"

He tells this story for laughs, but also with a sheepish intensity that signals the dawn, in Mark Zuckerberg, of something like self-awareness. He knows the story's not particularly funny. He knows that it's frankly terrifying, complete with balloons that function in the story like killer clowns, imbued with a meaning counter to what's intended of them. Really, they should be gray—an endless succession of gray balloons. But on Mark's Facebook page, they exist only in color, in astonishing plenty, and they're supposed to make you smile.

He admits that he has not always been open and transparent—and that he has paid the price for not being open and transparent. Indeed, when he and Priscilla were trying to have a baby, he was reluctant to tell anyone about the three miscarriages she'd suffered, fearful that they would mark him and his wife as "defective." He shared the bad news with very few people, and never on his Facebook page. Yet it was only when he began talking about the miscarriages with his friends that he began to understand that they were not uncommon experiences, and that he had every reason to believe that Priscilla would be able to carry a child to term. He had learned, all over again, that "in today's open and connected world, discussing these issues doesn't distance us; it brings us together. It creates understanding and tolerance, and gives us hope." No, he wouldn't reveal what he and Priscilla plan to name their daughter, now that they are expecting, but he did say that "in our ultrasound she even gave me a thumbs-up 'like' with her hand, so I'm already convinced she takes after me."

And he did post the news on Facebook, prompting 1,715,611 of his followers to respond to his announcement by pressing the

"like" button and 111,182 to offer their congratulations. And why not? It was happy news, and Facebook is—and is ruthlessly engineered to be—a happiness machine. In fact, last year, it was disclosed that Facebook had taken it upon itself to experiment with the feeds of a few hundred thousand of its users, adjusting them for emotional content, trying to find out what made them happy and what made them sad. Zuckerberg says that he wasn't trying to be nefarious; it's just that, well, there was concern that "seeing happy posts on Facebook about the moments in people's lives was actually making people sad. . . . We basically ran a relatively small test that didn't show as many happy posts or sad posts, and we measured whether they were posting happy or sad things afterward. "We don't want to make people sad," he says.



He doesn't, and one of the most striking things about him is how happy he himself appears. He has made several transitions in his life—from student to entrepreneur and from entrepreneur to executive. He has always been willing to play the visionary. But over the past year he has started to play the *teacher* whose wisdom is always available even when he is not. And what he knows, above all, is that "liking" things—or maybe just liking them—makes people happy.

"Some people have asked for a 'dislike' button because they want to be able to say 'That thing isn't good,' " he says with a dismissive wave of the hand. "That's not something we think is good for the world. So we're not going to build that. . . ." Instead, he's not only going to connect everybody in the world, he's going to give a "like" button to everybody in the world, and thereby complete humankind's march

to the blissful anodyne—a Zuckerberg kind of love.

"To me," he says during my final session with him, "happiness is doing something meaningful that helps people and that I believe in with people I love. I think lots of people confuse happiness with fun. I don't believe it is possible to have fun every day. But I do believe it is possible to do something meaningful that helps people every day."

It is the kind of thing people say on Facebook, or share when someone else has said it. But Mark Zuckerberg has the money to act on it, and the gray T-shirts to prove that he means it. His friends say that the only way to understand him is to take him at face value—to believe that he is exactly what he appears to be. But can we believe that? Can we believe that someone of such vast wealth and power is as good as the image he works so hard to project? He becomes interesting, in an old-fashioned way, if he isn't. He becomes more interesting if he is. ■

Tom Junod has never spoken to, met with, or occupied the same room as Mark Zuckerberg. All encounters described herein took place through the screen and were with Zuckerberg's virtual, disembodied, and perhaps best self—the friendly visionary who exists on his Facebook page. All quotes are Zuckerberg's.



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F

► Oedipa stood in the living room, stared at by the greenish deadeye of the TV tube, spoke the name of God, tried to feel as drunk as possible. —**Thomas Pynchon, "The World (This One), the Flesh (Mrs. Oedipa Maas), and the Testament of Pierce Inverarity," December 1965**

► Strike spotted her: baby fat, baby face, Shanelle or Shanette, fourteen years old maybe, standing there with that queasy smile, trying to work up the nerve. —**Richard Price, "A Hustler Hustles, That's What He Does," May 1992**

► She said, "Poor Beauty's thirsty." —**Graham Greene, "Beauty," April 1963**

► It is, in the end, she thinks, the shallowest of confessions: all of the truth, none of the honesty. —**Colum McCann, "Treaty," August 2015**

► His real name was Frederic Dobson. —**Vladimir Nabokov (writing as Vladimir Sirin), "The Potato-Elf," December 1939**

► His brain told him this was a terrible and important affair, but his eyes and his feelings didn't agree. —**John Steinbeck, "The Lonesome Vigilante," October 1936**

► Fact: Over three million men in England have slept with ten or more women. —**Nick Hornby, "The Bonkus Mirabilis," September 1995**

► Parker understood why he had married her—he couldn't have got her any other way—but he couldn't understand why he stayed with her now. —**Flannery O'Connor, "Parker's Back," April 1965**

► For the first three years, the young wife worried that their lovemaking together was somehow hard on his thingie. —**David Foster Wallace, "Adult World (I)," July 1998**

► As they wheeled her by, he said, "Now you are going to have to learn how to love something, you wicked woman." —**Joy Williams, "The Lover," July 1973**

► I stand, figuratively, with one wet foot on Plymouth Rock, looking with some delicacy, not into a formidable and challenging

wilderness but onto a half-finished civilization embracing glass towers, oil derricks, suburban continents and abandoned movie houses and wondering why, in this most prosperous, equitable and accomplished world—where even the cleaning women practice the Chopin preludes in their spare time—everyone should seem to be so disappointed? —**John Cheever, "The Death of Justina," November 1960**

► He was part of that great, unchanging order of those who live by wages, whose world is unlit and who do not realize what is above. —**James Salter, "American Express," February 1988**

► He was just a kid at war, in love. —**Tim O'Brien, "The Things They Carried," August 1986**

► The coyote's jaws, serrated grinders, work at the bones of Timmy's hand. —**T. Coraghessan Boyle, "Heart of a Champion," January 1975**

► No, *mein Herr*, I believe you are mistaken: the Wall is Life. —**Joyce Carol Oates, "Ich Bin ein Berliner," December 1982**

► In the pop and hiss of static, you hear voices whispering to you. —**Benjamin Percy, "So Far from Anything," October 2007**

► I have a feeling that someone is going to find out something about me that will mean the end, although I can't imagine what. —**Joseph Heller, "Something Happened," September 1966**

► "She knew I knew she knew I knew she knew." —**Kingsley Amis, "Jake's Libido," February 1979**

► "Is that a thermometer on your tit," he said, "or are you just pleased to see me?" —**Martin Amis, "Chain Fiction," December 1997**

► "Talk into my bullet hole."

—**Denis Johnson, "Steady Hands at Seattle General," March 1989**

► The water was black and warm and he turned in the lake and spread his arms in the water and the water was so dark and so silky and he watched across the still black surface to where she stood on the shore with the horse and watched where she stepped from her pooled clothing so pale, so pale, like a chrysalis emerging, and walked into the water. —**Cormac McCarthy, "All the Pretty Horses," March 1992**

► "Are you glad you saw," he whispered, his face frightened. —**Jayne Anne Phillips, "Bess," August 1984**

► Stop thinking about would-be's and where-else's. —**Philip Roth, "Expect the Vandals," December 1958**

► She says, Think of me as dead. —**Raymond Carver, "Intimacy," August 1986**

► What I didn't tell you was that I knew she was dying and didn't allow myself to think about it—there's your turntable. —**Saul Bellow, "Something to Remember Me By," July 1990**

► He had a signet ring that he liked to press over her eyelids, branding her with his initials so that his ownership would be clear every time she blinked. —**Heidi Julavits, "Marry the One Who Gets There First: Outtakes from the Sheidegger-Krupnik Wedding Album," April 1998**

► It was not her fault that when he went to her he was already over. —**Ernest Hemingway, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," August 1936**

► He was a middle-aged child who had never shed its baby fat, though some gifted tailor had almost succeeded in camouflaging his plump and spankable bottom. —**Truman Capote, "Breakfast at Tiffany's," November 1958**

► Everyone's skin is so particular and we are so largely unimaginable to one another. —**Jim Harrison, "Legends of the Fall," January 1979**

► They both knew how marriage destroyed love. —**Bernard Malamud, "Life**

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Esquire was the Global Media Partner for the 2015 Dad 2.0 Summit, which since its inception, has grown into the preeminent social media conference about fatherhood. Bringing together a unique and passionate group of leading influencers, Dad 2.0 Summit's goal is to upend stereotypes and amplify the voice of the modern, engaged dad. Dr. Michael Kimmel led off the summit with a stirring keynote about changing gender dynamics and the crucial decisions men can make to define their emerging family role. Attendees also heard from Forbes contributing editor Samantha Ettus, Pandora co-founder Jon Kraft, Esquire columnist Stephen Marche, among others throughout the three day event.

Jay Larson, co-host of Esquire Network's "Best Bars In America," closed the event with a rousing talk about how fatherhood is shaping his career as a comedy writer and performer.

For more information about 2016 Dad 2.0 Summit, go to dad2summit.com, or find /dad2summit on Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram.

PRESENTED BY



Is Better Than Death," May 1963

> "If you had fought like a Man, you need not have been hang'd like a Dog." —**Jorge Luis Borges, "The Widow Ching, Lady Pirate," August 1972**

> You could feel the silence freezing around people's mouths. —**John Dos Passos, "The Celebrity," August 1935**

> Only when he had discovered his wife with a stranger in a parked car did he understand that he had never had a stake to which he'd been pleasantly tethered. —**Arthur Miller, "The Misfits," October 1957**

> There wasn't that tireless, irksome, bright-eyed *hope* women kept fluttering at you. —**John Updike, "The Rumor," June 1991**

> She liked drinking, and she liked drinking in the car, which was something you got used to in Montana, where it wasn't against the law, where, though, strangely enough, a bad check would land you in Deer Lodge Prison for a year. —**Richard Ford, "Rock Springs," February 1982**

> She made herself a thermos of Tom Colinses and she drank them all afternoon while her husband attacked the insects with his paper torches. —**Tennessee**

Williams, "Tent Worms," May 1980

> He knew that if he did not find his niche it was possible that he would crack.

—**Norman Mailer, "The Language of Men," April 1953**

> To clarify: It became apparent that we had diverged because he was interested in the present and I was interested in the future.

—**Ethan Canin, "The Accountant," May 1993**

> "Well, kiss my ass!" —**William Styron, "Shadrach," November 1978**

> All right, drink your fool self to death. —**F. Scott Fitzgerald, "An Alcoholic Case," February 1937**

> It was good advice, but hard to follow when you knew your death might come through that door, and soon. —**Stephen King, "The Gingerbread Girl," July 2007**

> This is fiction—a game—of pleasures, of truth and error, as at the sensual beginning of a sensual life. —**Harold Brodkey, "His Son, in His Arms, in Light, Aloft," August 1975**

> It showed a crowd of freaks bending over a dying fat man on a dark and lonely road, looking at a tattoo on his back which illustrated a crowd of freaks bending over a dying fat man on a...

—Ray Bradbury, "The Illustrated Man," July 1950

> We eat hot dogs and almond crunch bars and apply lip balm as part of the pre-sleep checklist. —**Don DeLillo, "Human Moments in World War III," July 1983**

> Sunglasses, tape recorder, fan, umbrella, satchel, used tea bag, disgusting blobular something, my tire pump, man, and this medicinal herb from the Himalayas, the leaves of which bloom only once in a thousand years and I have a shipment of it waiting for me in a subway tunnel, go Horse, go man, out into the real world. —**William Kotzwinkle, "Horse Badorties Goes Out," September 1973**

> Here was the leper! —**James A. Michener, "The Precious Drop," December 1951**

> Even his voice was somewhat beefy, like a T-bone steak made richly audible. —**Aldous Huxley, "Time's Revenge," October 1951**

> She shivered all over like a dog, then took a breath. —**Louise Erdrich, "Fleur," August 1986**

> That was how my great life began. —**Gabriel García Márquez, "Blacamán the Good, Vendor of Miracles," January 1972**

Fischer, Carl

THE MAN WHO HELPED DEFINE THE 1960s AS THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF
NEARLY ALL OF ESQUIRE'S MOST FAMOUS COVERS

OVER THE PAST few years, the covers that defined Esquire in the 1960s have been the subject of documentaries, museum exhibitions, and magazine features. Much of the credit for these covers has gone to George Lois, a celebrated advertising executive and a creative consultant to the magazine through that decade. Yet Lois never touched a camera or developed a frame. Instead he often turned to Carl Fischer, a former art director who photographed sixty covers for Esquire from 1963 to 1972 and created some of the magazine's most famous and controversial images.

Today, Fischer is a spry, aspirational ninety-one. Recently, with his memory clear and his voice fueled by a kind of insistent nostalgia, he held forth for two hours on creating

those still-sharp-to-the-touch images... on *what exactly happened*.

He began to shoot regularly for the magazine when Harold Hayes became editor in chief in 1963, working closely with both Hayes and Lois to capture what he describes as the "inner life" of each subject. "One of the first assignments Hayes gave me was a series of portraits of Southern segregationists," Fischer says. "He said, 'Look, we don't want to be seen as editorializing. We want to be fair and we want to give their point of view, so don't use your goddamn wide-angle lens.' He thought that lens would make them look bad, so while I didn't use it, I did make some little changes that I think made [the segregationists] look as ugly as we all thought they were."

Fischer would go on to photograph movie stars and artists, politicians and athletes—he shot all but two covers in 1968, many of them at his studio in a townhouse on East Eighty-third Street (where he still lives and occasionally works)—and whether photographing a war criminal surrounded by children or a glowering black man as Santa Claus in the heat of the civil-rights movement, he was conscious of the potential weight and impact of each assignment. "They were never just pictures—they always had some kind of meaning or symbolism," Lois often came up with the concepts for images, and then Fischer would bring them to life. But after a decade of collaboration, the two had a falling-out in the early 1970s over Fischer's belief that Lois was taking credit for their

work, even for ideas that were not Lois's own.

After Hayes left Esquire in 1973, Fischer gradually ceased working for the magazine, though he had a long and much-honored career afterward. He seems vaguely amused that the rest of us are still talking about his classic photographs for this magazine. "Hayes always wanted something new and different and wonderful and great. He didn't know what it was. I didn't know what it was. But I would go out and look for it and see what happened."

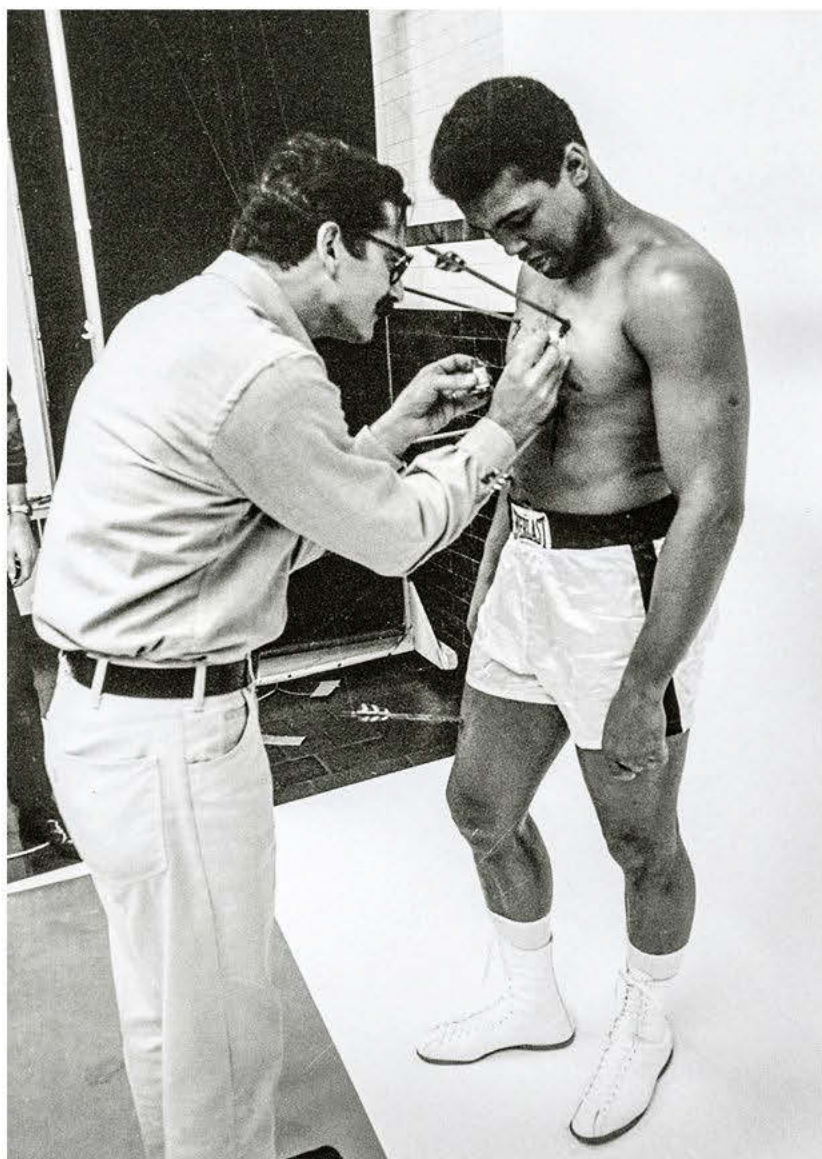
This is what happened...

TURN THE PAGE TO SEE A PORTFOLIO OF FISCHER'S MOST FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHS FOR ESQUIRE AND HOW HE MADE THEM.

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OUTSIDE THE FRAME

The most famous and pointed Esquire covers of the 1960s were photographed by one man, Carl Fischer (above). But the frames he shot on either side of those now-iconic images—some shown here for the first time—are revealing and make those images startlingly fresh again.

CARL FISCHER INTERVIEWED BY RICHARD DORMENT



The Passion of Muhammad Ali

APRIL 1968

• Ali had just gotten his title taken away because he had refused to go in the Army, so he was a martyr. Our story was Let's do him as a martyr. Who's a martyr? Saint Sebastian is a martyr. When he got to the shoot, we explained what it was all about—we never told people what they were going to do before they got to a shoot; they would never show up if we did—and there was a little hassle given the fact that Saint Sebastian is a Christian. Ali said, "I'm a Muslim now." And so we got Chicago on the line and I spoke to Herbert Muhammad, Elijah Muhammad's son, from the Nation of Islam. I told him this was going to be a cover of Esquire magazine, and Herbert Muhammad said, "Oh, that's good publicity. I'll tell him that he can do it." And so Ali did. It was a pretty straightforward shoot, except that the arrows turned out to be a major headache. We'd practiced on a model beforehand, and when we tried sticking the arrows on the body with glue, they were so heavy that they hung down. So we put a bar across the studio's ceiling and hung fishing line to hold up the arrows. It was a pain in the ass, because Ali had to stand very still for a long time, till we got all the arrows lined up at the right height. He didn't complain, though. He was one of the few people in public life who was just like his reputation. He was funny. He was relaxed. He wasn't a bullshitter.



See page 108
for more on
FISCHER, CARL.
Shazam this
photo to see a
gallery of other
images from
Fischer's Esquire
cover shoots.



Shazam this photo to see more of Fischer's cover shoots.



The Final Decline and Total Collapse of the American Avant-Garde

MAY 1969

• I shot Andy Warhol a lot. His mother lived up the block from me on Lexington, and he had a little studio on Eighty-seventh before he moved downtown, and he would be available anytime, for no money. This was actually two shoots. The first, to shoot the can by itself, took a few days, and I dropped marbles in the soup and tried to photograph the marble just as it hit the liquid so I could get a nice hole. Then we invited Andy over, showed him what we were going to do, and had him stand up doing a lot of arm things. [George] Lois sent it out to a retoucher, and the retoucher made one print with Andy in the hole in the soup.



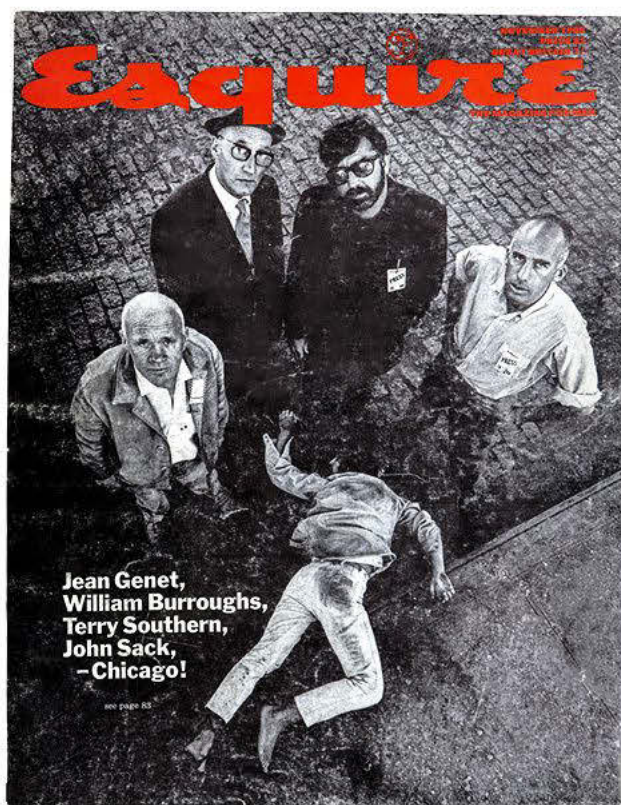


SONNY LISTON AS SANTA CLAUS

DECEMBER 1963

• Everybody knew Sonny Liston was a nasty son of a bitch. Make him Santa Claus? It was just the wrong thing to do. But that was the kind of cover that Harold [Hayes] wanted to do, and that was my assignment—there was no plan B. So I went out to Las Vegas, where Liston lived, and met him in a room at the Thunderbird Hotel, and I explained what we wanted. He said, “Forget about it. I’m not going to put on any god-damn Santa Claus hat.” By the strangest coincidence, the manager of the hotel came into the room and brought his little girl [above], a six- or seven-year-old whom Liston took affection to. So after he refused to put on the hat, I said, “Well, let’s take a picture of what’s-her-name.” He liked her. So we took a couple pictures of her. And then I said, “Let’s put a Santa Claus hat on her.” So we put a Santa Claus hat on her. And then: “Let’s take the pictures with the two of you together, and let’s take the Santa Claus hat off her and put it on you. Just for one shot.” Little by little by little, we took a whole bunch of pictures of the two of them. And then little by little got rid of her.





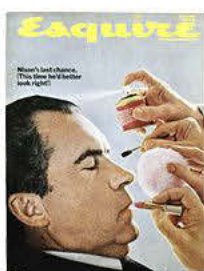
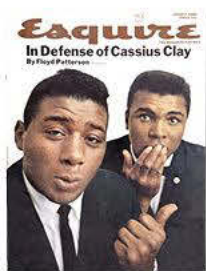
CHICAGO!

NOVEMBER 1968

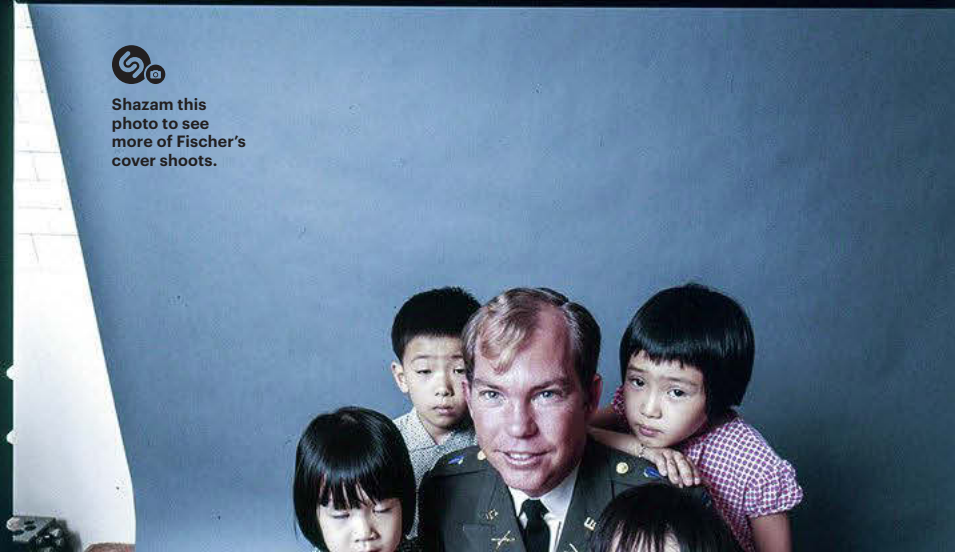
• The magazine was running a story about the fact that journalism had become so intrusive, so for the cover I shot a crucifixion scene—Jesus on the cross, and all around him and on top of a truck were reporters with video cameras and microphones. I thought it was going to be a terrific cover [re-created from the original image, above], but this all happened at the same time as the Democratic convention in Chicago in 1968. All hell started breaking loose and the police were beating up protesters, so Harold said, “I’m going to send four writers to Chicago. We’ll do a quick story, and I want you to do a picture of the writers [from left: Jean Genet, William Burroughs, Terry Southern, and John Sack] with some beat-up protester.” We all jumped on a plane, got to Chicago, and met in the lobby of the hotel that night. I said, “I’m going to go out to find a location to shoot the four of you. You guys be ready in the morning.” So my assistant and I went out and walked around

the neighborhood. I found this great cobblestone street, and I climbed up on a mailbox and had my assistant lie down on the street to mimic a beat-up protester. Just then the police pulled up and asked, “What are you doing?” I said, “Oh, I’m just taking pictures,” and I showed them my press pass. Now, the police hated the press. The press was saying they were beating up protesters when they thought they were keeping the peace. So when they saw I was press, they called in the paddy wagon and took us off to jail. Sometime in the middle of the night, they told us we could go. I got back to the hotel, and we decided there was no point trying the shot in another place in Chicago. The next day, we all flew back, and I knew a place on 155th Street that had cobblestone just like the one in Chicago. We shot the picture and faked Chicago—the guy on the ground is a model—and Harold wanted it for the cover. The cover of Jesus on a crucifix was never used.

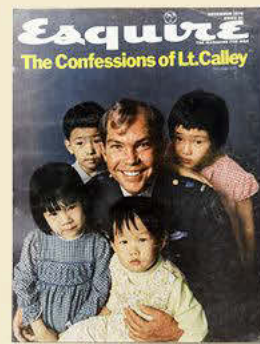
Six more from Carl Fischer



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Shazam this photo to see more of Fischer's cover shoots.



The Confessions of Lt. Calley

NOVEMBER 1970

● I got a call from Harold or Lois—it would have been one or the other—explaining that we got Lieutenant [William] Calley and he was coming to the studio, and that I had to get a half-dozen Oriental children, from about two to six, to photograph with him. Everybody knew about My Lai [the massacre in Vietnam for which Calley was convicted of murdering twenty-two civilians], and I felt very shaky about the whole thing. Calley came to the studio not knowing the concept, and somebody, it was Lois or Harold, said, "Here's what we're going to do; this is going to show that you're not a monster." I don't know all the details of the conversation, but to this day I don't understand why he ever did it, except that he probably thought it would make him look good. The kids came in. This kid went here. That kid sat on the lap. *Put your arm around her. Look directly at the camera. Look good. Look happy. Look pleasant.* Calley was very nice. Quiet. I didn't like him, and I didn't believe he was innocent. But, you know, like Nazi guards at Auschwitz, it was my job. I was uncomfortable doing it, but I don't think I would've turned down an assignment from Harold because I didn't agree with it; I respected his opinion, and I could see why this was his kind of cover. It seemed like a good, controversial cover.

KODAK SAFETY FILM

Fitness

See *Men's Health*.



Fitzgerald, F. Scott

It was when he washed up that he made his big splash at Esquire. "The Crack-Up" was a confession—of having fallen down, fallen apart, fallen from grace. Yet it wasn't needy or hysterical—the opposite, in fact, its tone strikingly free of self-pity. And though self-revelation was, ostensibly, its aim, its sole and entire point, there was as much concealing of self going on as revealing. That Fitzgerald had suffered some sort of breakdown was clear; that he also suffered from alcoholism, however, was not.

The three essays that make up the collection appeared in successive issues—February, March, and April 1936—and were an immediate sensation. An immediate scandal, too. Fitzgerald's peers were almost beside themselves with disgust, could hardly wait to trash it. Hemingway, particularly incensed, called it "whin[ing] in public" and castigated Fitzgerald for "tak[ing] a pride in his shamelessness

of defeat." In writing "The Crack-Up," Fitzgerald was openly admitting to feeling like a failure, something men at the time simply did not do. More—and here's the real kicker—he made failure seem compelling, magnetic, sexy. After reading him, who could ever look at success—so robust, so wholesome, so *bland*—again? He changed what turned people on. The he-man-Hemingway type was out. A new type of male, a less, well, masculine type of male—the sensitive rebel, alienated and androgynous, as personified by James Dean and Elvis Presley and, slightly later, Mick Jagger and, a lot later, Johnny Depp—was on its way in.

"All songs are sad songs," said critic Dave Hickey, an observation equally true of poems, and a poet is what Fitzgerald fundamentally was. And unrequited melancholy, not love, was his great subject: "I remember riding in a taxi one afternoon between very tall buildings under a mauve and rose sky; I began to bawl because I had everything I wanted and knew I would never be so happy again." It's the subject of *Gatsby* and *Tender Is the Night*, of "The Crack-Up" also, only nakedly.

With the essay, Fitzgerald didn't just break the rules, he created a new mode of expression or, at least, reinvigorated an old one: the personal essay. Its influence can be seen in the works of Norman Mailer and Hunter S. Thompson and, perhaps most conspicuously, Joan Didion—"[My husband and I] are here on this island in the middle of the Pacific in lieu of filing for divorce"—who outdoes the master at self-disclosure that discloses little, intimacies at one remove. David Foster Wallace, too. Hemingway may have been Big Papa, but it was Fitzgerald who fathered New Journalism. —LILI ANOLIK



To read "The Crack-Up," Shazam the Fitzgerald illustration above.



Girls, Varga

These pinup girls, drawn by Alberto Vargas ("Vargas Girl" just didn't sing, so they struck the s) and featured in Esquire from 1940 to 1946, were minimally dressed, sometimes in military or work attire (see RACY). Their long limbs and slim waists boosted the morale of World War II soldiers, who cast them on the noses of fighter planes and pinned them to their foxholes. Unlike their predecessors the Petty Girls (also published in Esquire), the Varga Girls didn't express feeble minds and gold-digging schemes in their captions but rather the active lives of women supporting men in the war effort. One Varga Girl sounded a bugle horn, while another economized because "taxes crush the Axis." A sleeping Varga beauty's closed eyes were a memory of waking up next to a wife. Miss December 1944 made a wish for peace. The Varga Girl was an emblem to a nation consumed by war, and now she's evidence that World War II entered all aspects of American lives—even their fantasies.

Turn the page for a classic example of what all the excitement was about.



Foster, Jodie

Two-time Academy Award-winning actress and former Esquire intern. After the attempted assassination of President Ronald Reagan in 1981, investigators found a two-page letter to Foster from gunman John Hinckley, stating that he planned to shoot the president to win her love. (Hinckley became obsessed with her after watch-

ing Taxi Driver, followed her to Yale, and stalked her for seven months.) **A year later, Foster wrote about the experience: "Why Me?" December 1982** John Hinckley's greatest crime was the confusion of love and obsession. The trivialization of love is something I will never forgive him. His ignorance only prods me to say that he's missing a great deal. Love is blissful. Obsession is pitiful, self-indulgent. This is a

lesson I've learned. I'll always be wary of people who proclaim their love for me. I know what love is. Do they? I've even been obsessed, which is—you'll pardon the expression—insane. But any emotion carried to excess is insanity. Does that make it a legal defense? If so, we all stand acquitted. Why are people so afraid to admit that they have it in them? I could pull a trigger. Am I crazy?



Shazam Foster's photograph to read her essay on John Hinckley.



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@KDKUIPER, BANGKOK | Amazon asked if I'd bring the Kindle Paperwhite on my trip to Thailand. After wandering the crowded streets of Bangkok, I found my way to the floating market on the Chao Phraya river and got lost in the Sonchai Jitpleecheep series.

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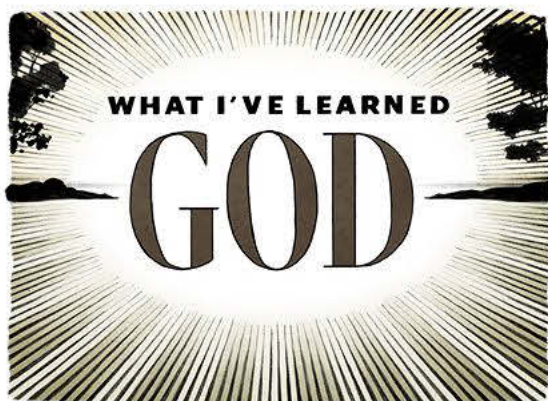
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The January 1944 issue Varga Girl (see preceding page). Accompanying this image was the caption "I'm dreaming of my soldier boy / Who's in the South Pacific, / And there each Miss is garbed like this / (The heat must be terrific!)"



G

H



► If you talk to God, you're praying. If God talks back, it's schizophrenia.

—**Phil Spector, September 1999**

► God doesn't care that I have a sandwich on Yom Kippur. He cares that I helped a blind man across the street.

—**Joan Rivers, May 2007**

► People think I had a

clear mind and thought my way through it. I didn't. I prayed. Man, we need a boat—a boat come floating up the street! We needed a truck, a truck come up the street. I needed somebody to put this movie out so the whole world could see the footage. Here come the filmmakers! How could I

believe that God was not involved in that?

—**Kimberly Roberts, Hurricane Katrina survivor, January 2009**

► Did God give me this idea? Who knows? I didn't suddenly have a view of God's face, if that's what you mean. In science we just don't talk about it much. You say, Well, I had an idea. In the religious world people talk about revelations. They are not so basically different.

—**Charles H. Townes, December 2001**

► Love is huge. But if you're talking about men and women, it's got to start with the most initial obvious attraction that warthogs go through. Look at that ass! That's what keeps the world spinning. There's your God. —**Chevy Chase, October 2010**

H

Hemingway, Ernest

Longtime Esquire contributor whose non-fiction and fiction, including "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," appeared in twenty-eight of the first thirty-three issues of the magazine. Won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1954; killed himself in 1961; was eulogized by Esquire's founding editor, Arnold Gingrich, this way: "One of the best friends this magazine ever had, and that at a time when its need of friends was the greatest. . . . We had Hemingway for a start, and with his knowledge and blessing, used the fact that we had him as a talking point to enlist others."

TURN TO PAGE 120 TO READ STEPHEN MARCHE'S VIVID ACCOUNT OF HEMINGWAY IN CUBA, THEN AND ESPECIALLY NOW.

PROMOTION



CLASSIC

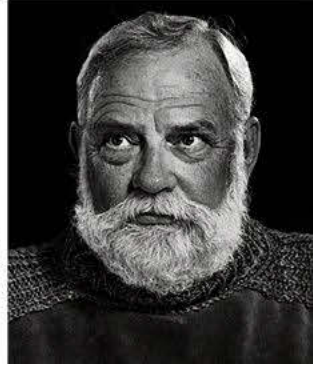
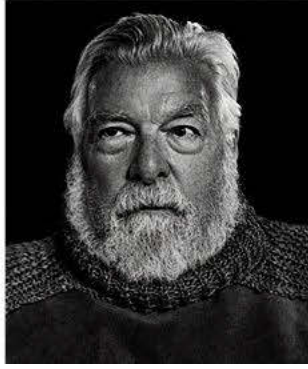
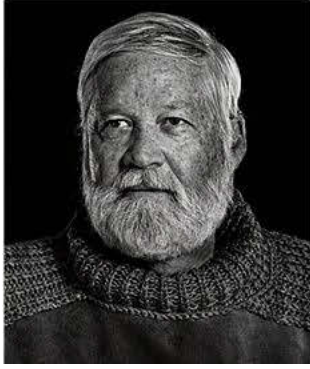
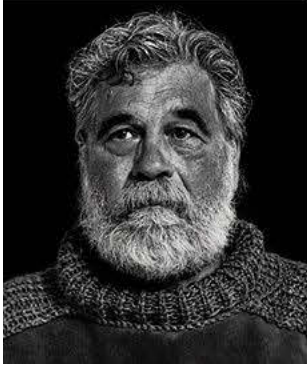
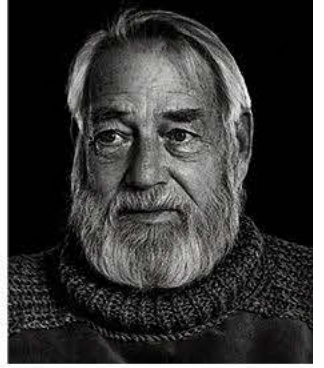
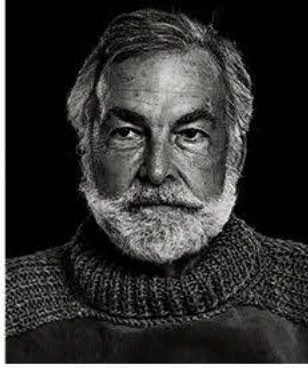
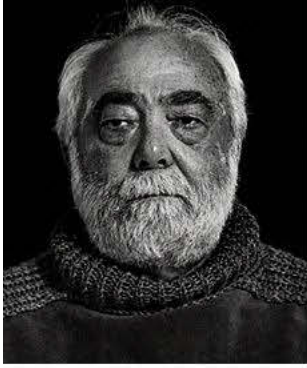
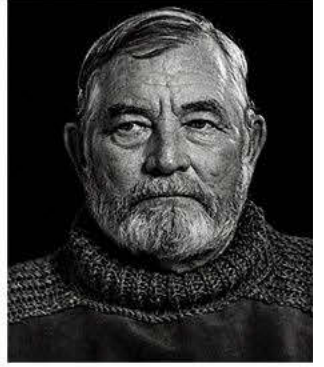
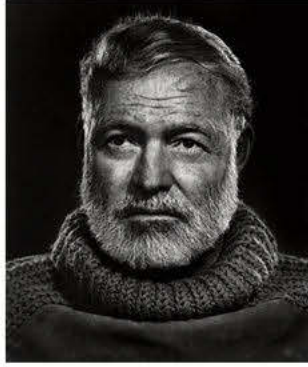
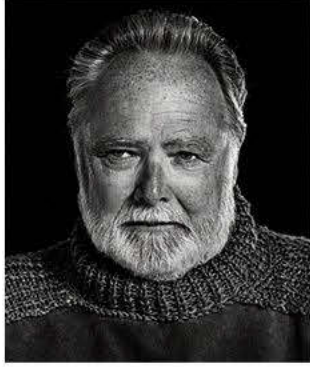
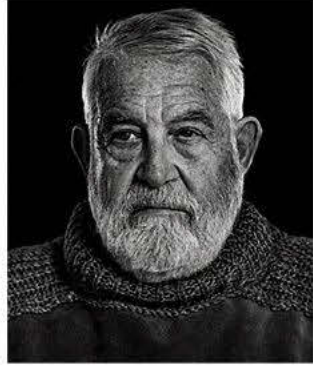
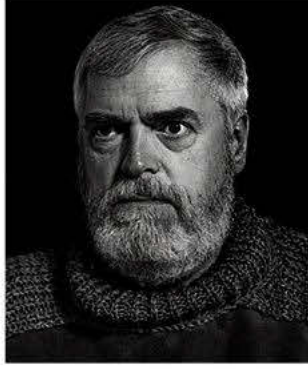
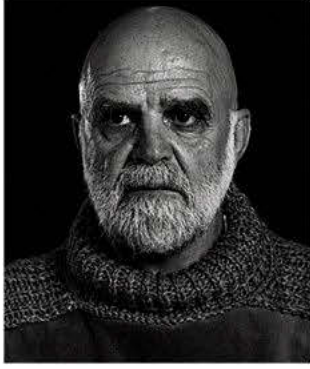
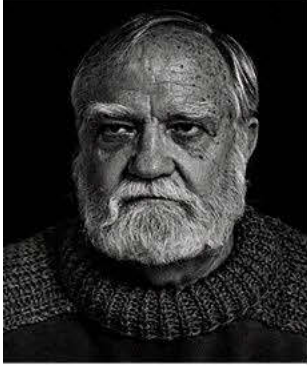
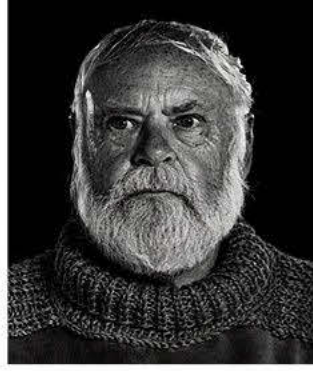
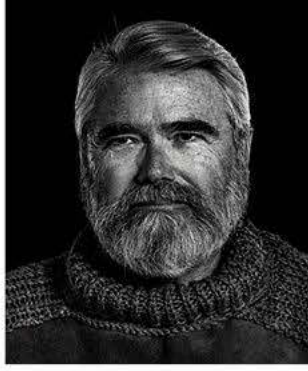
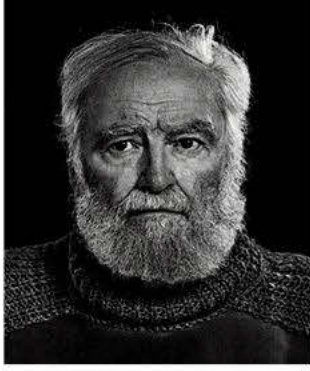
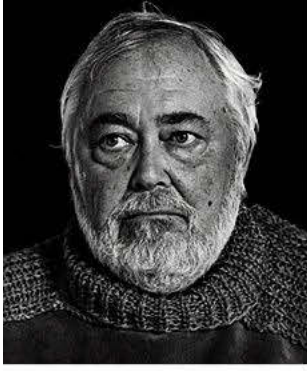
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The GHOST of HEMINGWAY

You may hate Papa, but you can never escape him

BY STEPHEN MARCHE

Of all the dead white male writers, Ernest Hemingway is the deadest and the whitest and the malest, vanquished as an icon and relegated to the losing side of so many histories. He is an embarrassing cliché. Even here in his home, La Finca Vigía, he is a monstrous joke.

The house is low and flat and white, and despite the hustlers and the unloading tour buses and the small bar cranking sugarcane for overpriced pineapple drinks surrounding it, the place retains most of its dignity. The desks, at which he never wrote, look like he could work on them today if he suddenly gave up the habit of a lifetime and decided to write sitting down. The original sofa Clark Gable slept on because the beds were too short is still there, and the pool in which Ava Gardner swam naked—"the water is not to be emptied," Hemingway told the pool boys—sits empty. The rooms are stuffed with memories, which happen to be some of the greatest written memories of the twentieth century: an enormous Cape-buffalo head redolent of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," the bullfighting posters that could serve as covers for *The Sun Also Rises*. With the windows thrown open, Hemingway's house is both airy and compact, calm and full of life.

Then the U.S. senators show up and Al Franken can't stop cracking jokes. He mugs with a gigantic set of wapiti antlers in the

small dining room, eking out a laugh from an audience of aides. Switching from slapstick to character work, he tries out an impersonation of a real estate agent, whispering conspiratorially to a bystander that he likes the place but the kitchen needs remodeling. At the dog cemetery—yes, Hemingway had a small dog cemetery, right beside the swimming pool—Franken notices a grave marked LINDA. "Was that one of the mistresses?" he asks the guide, who joins in the mild, polite laughter American big shots are entitled to. Franken senses a comedic win. "Do me a favor," he presses. "One out of every ten tours, you should tell them that's his mistress."

As the senators drift back from the dog cemetery, down a shaded stone path back to the main house, I ask Franken what everybody here is asking himself: What's going to happen to Cuba now that the embargo is about to lift? The man takes a stab at being a U.S. statesman in a foreign country. "Well, I think it's about to change," he tries ponderously, with professional noncommitment. Then he can't stop himself, looking up with that smile borrowed from the Joker. "I just wanted to get here before the Chipotle."

Hemingway wrote his first piece for Esquire a thousand is— and there's still a copy of the May 1935 issue poking from a magazine rack in the living room of La Finca Vigía. Hemingway in Cuba made Esquire and Esquire, before that, made Hemingway in Cuba.



Contestants in the Hemingway Look-alike contest, held annually at Sloppy Joe's, Key West, Florida. Shazam any photo on the opposite page to read "The Snows of Kilimanjaro."

Before the magazine had a name, Arnold Gingrich, its founding editor, traveled from Chicago to New York to stalk Hemingway, eventually bumping into him at a rare-book shop he was known to visit. "It is not too much to say that, at the very earliest point, he was our principal asset," Gingrich remembered in his column after Hemingway killed himself in Idaho in 1961—far, far from the Havana he loved.

It seems Hemingway wanted a \$7,000 boat. He had \$3,500 from his second wife, Pauline, who was recovering from a terrible Caesarean birth and was determined not to get pregnant, and because she was Catholic and didn't believe in birth control, they had only coitus interruptus, and she gave him money for the boat because she needed to bind her husband to her in some way. Gingrich managed to find most of the rest—to bind Hemingway to *Esquire*—and together they bought *Pilar*, a marlin-fishing vessel built to Hemingway's specifications that sits on a dry dock at his house in Havana now.

The history of the star magazine writer begins with this purchase.

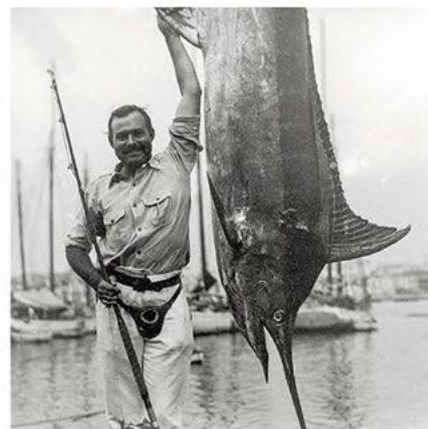
Here's a boat. Go write about the sea.

Was Hemingway an asshole or a piece of shit? The distinction matters. Anybody can be an asshole from time to time, but a piece of shit is a piece of shit forever. Existence or essence?

Even a cursory look at Hemingway's intimate life, the life he kept from his writing, shows that it's one or the other, very probably the latter. If you were his friend, he was more than likely to betray you. If you were his kid, he was going to ignore you. If you were his wife, he was going to beat you. His monstrosity was at least half of him. A fishing rod and a pen and his prick were much the same device to him: a stick for poking the darkness, a weapon with which to encounter and defeat the world. Hemingway's love for nature was in destroying it. The rhinoceroses hunted in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" are now so near extinction they have armed guards to protect them from the kind of person Hemingway was. The thousand-pound marlins that Hemingway wrestled from the Gulf Stream have more or less vanished; the waters off Cuba have been emptied of the beasts he craved killing.

His manliness has also been depleted by time. The macho of Hemingway now appears so obviously as a front. Gertrude Stein knew it when they met in Paris. "When I first met Hemingway he had a truly sensitive capacity for emotion," she wrote, "and that was the stuff of the first stories; but he was shy of himself and he began to develop, as a shield, a big Kansas City-boy brutality about it, and so he was 'tough' because he was really sensitive and ashamed that he was." That was the modus operandi of another generation: the grandfather who came back from the Second World War and never spoke about it, the uncles who drank themselves and their secrets into oblivion. Hemingway kept up the front of the hard man to hide the thorny vulnerabilities within him.

Now men have figured out another trick: We act weak to hide the hardness of our hearts. We display vulnerability to preempt judgment. We have been overwhelmed by sanctimony; the public



Hemingway's boat, *Pilar*, which *Esquire* helped pay for; with a marlin in Havana Harbor in 1934, the year after *Esquire* launched; and sixteen years later with a shotgun, perhaps the one he used to take his own life in 1961. *Shazam* the photo of *Pilar* to read the first story Hemingway published in *Esquire*.

shaming of the Internet means that outrage is the dominant tone of the dominant medium of our time. Somehow we have drifted, all of us, into the general assumption that the appropriate response to everything—even comedians and R&B songs, never mind novels—is to test them against the established pieties of the moment. In this miasma of affected virtue, correctness becomes paramount in our personal lives as well. How many men do you know who live oh-so-correctly? Not embarrassed, not saying the wrong thing, not saying it in the wrong way; virtuous and useless. The new sanctimonies of the Left and the Right are much the same; they have the same result, anyway: certified writers who leave no trace behind and approvable men and women who amount to nothing. The would-be blameless ones.

The problem with sanctimony is not that it's wrong but that it doesn't acknowledge the fundamental messiness of human nature and of life as it's lived. Breathing in Hemingway is like breathing in the foul Havana air, half-perfume, half-diesel. He is rawness and boastfulness and bloody-mindedness and he once shot himself while he was trying to shoot a shark and he never had a kind word to say about the men and women who established his career and he slept with vulnerable strawberry-blond girls and he patrolled the waters off Havana for German submarines in a fishing boat like some boy's own adventurer

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: GAMMA-RAPHO/GETTY; ERNEST HEMINGWAY COLLECTION/JOHN F. KENNEDY PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY AND MUSEUM, BOSTON; FOTORESEARCH/GETTY

and he took strange young men who showed up at his door on monthslong fishing expeditions and he tipped big with his wives' money and he despised Fulgencio Batista and he shot lions and he wrote books. It's all there in *The Sun Also Rises*: Go and watch a man kill a bull and then watch the man who killed the bull fuck a woman. Call it life.

Hemingway's first piece for Esquire was "Marlin off the Morro: A Cuban Letter," a great essay crackling with that electric Hemingway stuff. It appeared in Esquire's first issue in fall 1933. "The 468 pounder was hooked in the roof of the mouth, was in no way tangled in the leader, jumped eight times completely clear, towed the boat stern first when held tight, sounded four times, but was brought to gaff at the top of the water, fin and tail out, in sixty-five minutes." Readers ate it up. Esquire, at the lowest point of the Depression, sold half a million copies a month at fifty cents a copy, mostly on the strength of Hemingway. During the thirties, Hemingway wrote twenty-six articles for Esquire, along with classic short stories like "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." He left in 1937 to write for the short-lived left-wing magazine *Ken*, also edited by Gingrich, mostly on the Spanish Civil War, but even when he was gone Esquire kept printing him. In the forties, Esquire reprinted the entirety of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," all of the thing's nearly ten thousand words, but accidentally called F. Scott Fitzgerald by his real name for the second time. Hemingway was pissed.

When you think *novelist* now, the first word that pops into your head is *meek* and the second is *wounded*—definitely not *pissed*. Writers today are Brooklyn and Hemingway was Havana.

From a brand perspective, Jonathan Franzen is the closest thing to a Hemingway-sized writer now living. When I e-mailed him to ask about his thoughts on Hemingway, he was polite but wrote that he didn't want to talk about him; he just didn't care enough. I assumed Cheryl Strayed, a writer who, like Hemingway, reckoned a wild identity in the struggle with nature, would hate him. He was, after all, a hunter and a prick, exactly the kind of dangerous man she had to avoid on her journeys as chronicled in *Wild*, but she only vaguely remembered him from high school English class. She recalled, distantly and fondly, the sad beauty of "Indian Camp"—like a long-dead great-great-uncle whose vices as much as his virtues bring out a sentimental but distant attachment. He didn't matter enough to hate him.

Of all the great modernist writers, Hemingway is the least admired but the most imitated. Serious readers worship James Joyce. They worship Kafka. They worship Borges. But nobody tries to write like them, not in America, anyway. And yet every section of the bookstore shows Hemingway's influence. "When you find a good line, cut it" was Hemingway's advice to the writers of the future. In his lack of metaphors, emphasis on curt description, strong active verbs, and masses of dialogue, he has had more influence on someone like Elmore Leonard than on even Raymond Chandler or Jim Thompson. Two of the greatest film noirs of all time—*The Killers* and *To Have and Have Not*—are Hemingway stories.

He has been equally influential on the high-lit crowd. He invented youthful Americans suffering anomie and wandering interesting cities without explanation, a pattern followed at regular intervals ever since, the latest examples being Tao Lin's

Tai Pei and Teju Cole's *Open City*. The self-writing of Karl Ove Knausgaard, Ben Lerner, and the rest—the literary trend of our hour—draws a peculiar kind of strength from inverting Hemingway's project. Their trick is that they tell you about the banality of their lives and do so in such a boring way that it must be true.

Just to enumerate those under Hemingway's influence—Raymond Carver or James Salter or Cormac McCarthy, say—kind of misses the point. It's not like writers are reading his books and admiring the sentences and imitating them or imitating his imitators. Because they no longer have to. The man is gone—a violent white male chauvinist, better left in the rear view of history. But his style lives on. In high schools across the country, clear, concise writing is simply taught as good writing. Hemingway—if not his name, then his style—became the rule.

If anything, it's the Hemingway proposition—that a writer should live a life worth being written about—that today's novelists still wrestle with. He was there at the origin of our particular crisis of authenticity: the realest man alive and then, soon after, the fakest, writing his life but only a tiny fraction of it, the tiny fraction that he wanted the world to see.

Paul Hendrickson's *Hemingway's Boat* includes a letter Gregory Hemingway wrote to his father: "When it's all added up, papa, it will be: he wrote a few good stories, had a novel and fresh approach to reality and he destroyed five persons—Hadley, Pauline, Marty, Patrick, and possibly myself. Which do you think is the most important, your self-centered shit, the stories or the people?" Sixty-five years later, Gregory's question can have only one answer: The stories mattered much more than the people. The people, except for Patrick, are all dead. The stories aren't.

Like his clean, pared-down style, his stories live. They haunt. Last summer, I saw my son sitting on a dock, his feet dragging in the water in the light of lazy contemplation, and I thought of that line from "Indian Camp": "In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing, he felt quite sure that he would never die." I heard that my grandfather had finally moved into a veterans home and I thought of that line from "The Killers," spoken by a boxer about to be killed: "I'm through with all that running around." A friend's baby died from SIDS and I thought of that line from *The Old Man and the Sea*: "A man can be destroyed but not defeated," and I wondered if it was true. Literature survives for the crude reason that, in the crises of our lives, it is useful. Hemingway remains useful.

Hemingway is a very useful guide indeed, for bars and hotels and fishing in Havana. The Hemingway experience is not so much a movable feast here as a desultory amusement park. In the Ambos Mundos hotel, you pay two dollars to visit the room, untouched since his departure, where Hemingway wrote *A Farewell to Arms* and *Green Hills of Africa* on a standing desk scavenged out of a stout piece of square wood, with a pair of rotating screws underneath for raising and lowering the height. In the opening of "A Cuban Letter," Hemingway described the view: "The rooms on the northeast corner of the Ambos Mundos hotel in Havana look out, to the north, over the old cathedral, the entrance to the harbor, and the sea, and to the east to Casablanca peninsula, the roofs of all houses in between and the width of the harbor." It is exactly the same today. A photograph of Hemingway and Fidel looms over the bed.



A bronze statue of Hemingway at his regular barstool at El Floridita. His standard drink, a Papa Doble: 2 oz white rum, ½ oz fresh lime juice, 1 tsp fresh grapefruit juice, 1 tsp maraschino liqueur. Shake well with ice.

They make mojitos at La Bodeguita del Medio the way they make burgers at a church picnic—without fuss, to be knocked back without thinking about it too much. Here, the first wave of American tourists has already landed. Not just the adventurous ones who used to come through Canada or Panama and made sure their passports weren't stamped. I'm talking little blond girls from California who look at the handmade beaded-handle purses on the street and discuss plans for mass-manufacturing imitations in China—not really for the cost savings but “for the consistency of the product.” “You know what these people need to learn is to bring the drinks faster,” a lighting designer from Milwaukee drunkenly slurs in my ear. “That's where the money is.” A northern Californian, sporting a guerrilla hat with the red star on it and a shirt with Obama's face transposed onto the image of Che, explains his choice of men's wear: “You need to leave the house with a narrative.” He was having “a Commie weekend.” You can buy an apartment in Havana, they say breathlessly, for ten grand. What's that going to be worth in fifteen years?

At El Floridita, the self-proclaimed “Cradle of the Daiquiri,” a life-sized bronze sculpture of the man watches an endless procession of tacky, excellent bands play Cuban music that tour groups might recognize as Cuban, and the drinks are the outrageous price of six dollars a pop. Which means that two drinks and a tip comes to the monthly salary of a typical Cuban worker. El Floridita may be tacky and touristy, but it is a hell of a fun bar. Smoking a cigar in the afternoon as you sit in a cool, dark place slowly drinking syrupy cocktails through a little pink straw is its own shadow of paradise. El Floridita is the kind of bar where you find yourself buying rounds for strangers and then they're buying rounds for you, and eventually you're taking photographs with a bunch of fishermen as they storm the small stage to dance with slim-hipped women in fuchsia dresses with plastered-on smiles, and then you realize it's only three in the afternoon. Hemingway is always there, smiling benevolently from the corner. Everyone wants a picture with him. Everyone wants to throw an arm around

him. He dignifies the proceedings—the sinful patron saint of alcohol and fishing stories.

Here's the thing: When you are in Havana, you are not seeing cars like the cars Hemingway saw. You are literally seeing the *same exact* cars. Hemingway suits this out-of-timeness—his relics are sacred in the most direct way. Hemingway left his Nobel prize medal in the sanctuary of El Cobre, the Cuban equivalent of Lourdes, outside Santiago de Cuba, on the southeastern coast. It, too, is a crumbling city with dark corners and several different pasts. The Hemingway business sells his essence of life, but that essence is not so different from Cuba itself—raw and unhinged and trapped in several different histories, and handmade and gorgeous and fleshly and occasionally cruel. He called himself a “Cuban *sato*”—a Cuban mutt—in an interview with Cuban television after he won the Nobel, telling them that *The Old Man and the Sea* was “based on Cojimar, more or less my town.”

The American Hemingway failed. The American Hemingway killed himself in Idaho. He got tangled in the wires of his self-mythology and finished with the line “The world is a fine place and worth the fighting for and I hate very much to leave it.” The Cuban Hemingway never failed. He didn't need to defend the world. The Cuban Hemingway somehow is more alive now that he's dead. He has just left Havana and will probably come back any moment. You can still imagine him bringing old friends and some dancer he just picked up to the bar for a long afternoon binge. You can picture him writing in the mornings and then strolling off to the nearby woods for a bit of shooting. You can imagine him setting off for a day of wrestling with the sea. The ghost of Hemingway in Havana is a benevolent spirit. He watches over fishermen. He brings tourists into bars to pay for expensive drinks.

Good old Arnold Gingrich, a blithe, life-loving spirit and an excellent writer on fishing himself, built the Hemingway industry and fell victim to it. In an editor's note he came to regret, Gingrich compared his star writer to Cézanne for changing the “way of seeing” in American literature. Later, he married one of Hemingway's mistresses, a volatile strawberry blond, the lovely and glamorous Jane Mason, whom Hemingway reduced to the wealthy bitch wife in “The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber” (intended for *Esquire* but published by *Cosmopolitan* in 1936). *To Have and Have Not* contained a nasty portrait of Mason too, and while Hemingway and Gingrich were out fishing, the editor brought up the slander against his future wife. Hemingway thought she should be flattered to be mentioned at all. Gingrich remembered the scene in *Esquire* and later in his memoir:

“It's a little like having Cézanne include your features in a vil-lage scene,” [Hemingway] pointed out modestly.

I thought he was kidding, so I asked, “you aren't mixing your métiers, by any chance?”

“Not really,” he went on evenly. “After all, what I can't get through your Pennsylvania Dutch skull is that you're not dealing with some penny-a-liner from the sports department of the Chicago Daily News. You're asking for changes in the copy of a man who has been likened to Cézanne, for bringing a ‘new way of seeing’ into American literature.”

I almost fell out of the boat. This outsized ham was quoting me to my face, and without giving me any credit.

In 1963, Gay Talese wrote about the first wave of his disciples in “Looking for Hemingway.” For a particular breed of spoiled Ivy League dilettante, Hemingway was a cipher for Romantic-period literary escape from East Coast proprieties. The greatest networker of them all, George Plimpton, led these disciples. “One lonely night, before returning home, George took a walk through Montparnasse down the same streets and past the same cafés that Jake Barnes took after leaving Lady Brett in *The Sun Also Rises*,” Talese wrote. “George wanted to see what Hemingway had seen, to feel what Hemingway had felt. Then, the walk over, George went into the nearest bar and ordered a drink.”

James Baldwin knew all the wannabe Hemingways and saw through them all. “They also used to go to Montparnasse, where all the painters and writers went, and where I hardly went. And they used to go there and hang around at the cafés for hours and hours looking for Hemingway,” he told Talese. “They didn’t seem to realize that Hemingway was long gone.”

By 1967, *Esquire* was already reporting on the parricides of Papa—critics and scholars and other novelists who were starting to dismiss the work because they so evidently needed to dismiss the man. *Esquire* joined in with the others as his aura declined. In 1981, James Wolcott declared the release of *Hemingway’s Selected Letters*, at 948 pages, as “the last big bang of the Hemingway industry, the last log to be kindled in his honor.” Malcolm Cowley defended him. So did James Salter. But it’s all a piece of the fundamental sadness that in America, everything that grows too big must be taken apart and sold for pieces. Today, you can buy Hemingway glasses and watches. You can buy Hemingway furniture. Hemingway is just another goddamn lifestyle, with another goddamn industry to feed and feed off it. Like any brand, it has a shelf life. What you buy, you eventually throw away.

Here is what Cuba has said in resisting the American blockade over the past fifty-three years: We cannot be bought. And for better and mostly for worse, they have not been bought. And neither has their Hemingway. The opening of Cuba is not really an opening of Cuba. It’s an opening of America. Cuba isn’t tearing down any walls. America is. In Cuba’s new openness, America will find in Havana a glorious, fetid human mess, and it will find in Hemingway its appropriately messy, appropriately glamorous ghost.

On any given evening, the Malecón, the five-mile promenade along the Havana seawall, is the most interesting street in the world. The housing crisis in Havana is so severe that some families sleep in shifts, so in the evening, in the relief of the cool, the city eases out from its cramped neighborhoods and moves to the collective street. It is a spectacle of secular love. There are young bodies draped over each other, and middle-aged bodies ensconced in each other like stacked folding chairs, and old bodies tucked beside each other like worn bricks. There are stone-eyed fathers and sons silently sharing rum, mothers and middle-aged daughters arguing over the hang of a blouse, brothers screaming at each other about the minutiae of baseball. Political critique plays out in jokes. “Cuba has eleven million people and six million police.” “We have three sources of information: Fidel, Fidel, and Fidel.” What is secret in other cities is forced into the open here: An old white man lugubriously makes out with a young black woman; a girl pulls away from the bite of an overeager mouth; a family stops short, all at once, frozen in the shared, unspoken memory of another time by the strumming of a passing guitar. A few in the crowd

face the sea, where ninety miles or so into the darkness, the United States of America lurks.

In Cuba, the memory of Hemingway is the stand-in for the memory of America, the loved and despised other country, the adored enemy, the closest place that is impossibly far away. His house, La Finca Vigía, is the rare case of a cultural artifact of genuine geopolitical importance. On the Cuban side, generations of preservationists have struggled against the embargo. It’s not just the total lack of funds that has made the preservation so difficult; it’s also the fact that most of the necessary equipment is produced in the United States—it was illegal to export Bookkeeper-brand paper preservative to Cuba, for instance. Then, in 2001, Jenny Phillips, who is, among other things, the granddaughter of Hemingway’s editor, Max Perkins, visited Cuba and enlisted the aid of Jim McGovern, a congressman from Massachusetts, to help preserve this legacy. They began working with the Cuban authorities and the State Department to find ways to bring in American equipment and expertise. In 2002, the Finca Vigía agreement was signed. To everybody’s surprise, Fidel himself showed up at the signing. (Due to the risk of assassination, Fidel’s visits tend to be surprises, with commandos hiding out in the trees.)

“I gotta be honest with you,” McGovern says today, “it was a little bit surreal. That I was sitting there, signing a document with Fidel Castro. And I was thinking, I hope I’m not violating the Logan Act or something.” Hemingway is synonymous with the hope of reconciliation between the U.S. and Cuba. “He’s the one thing we have in common. Everything else we fight about. The one thing that people cannot disagree about is Hemingway.”

The embargo is still affecting the work of the house. Hemingway’s old Chrysler needs pieces they can’t yet bring in legally. There’s a space for the Kenmore stove that he used in the kitchen. I assume some tourist who works at Chrysler and another who works at Kenmore will show up soon and just send them the parts. But they can’t yet. I asked the director of the museum, Ada Rosa Alfonso, a woman with an auntlike sense of personal pride in the place, how many tourists she was expecting when the embargo lifted. They have eighty thousand visitors now, she explained, lighting a complacent cigarette, and they were expecting twenty thousand more. Surely she meant two hundred thousand more? No, she meant twenty thousand. To my discredit, I laughed. Ada Rosa didn’t laugh. She shrugged.

“You cannot fit America into Cuba,” she said. We will see.

No one is having a better afterlife than Ernest Hemingway. No one is enjoying eternity more. Late into the night at El Floridita, drunk Quebecers plant kisses on his bronze cheeks. A Shenzhen businessman places a lit cigar to his lips for a laugh. In a quieter moment, in between sets, a middle-aged man with sloppy drunken eyes slides over to the statue. This man, I can tell, is an American because he regards Hemingway as his equal. He appears to be having some kind of conversation with the dead man, telling him his secrets, describing his divorce.

“I like to listen,” Hemingway once said. “I have learned a great deal from listening carefully. Most people never listen.”

He remains as omnipresent as ever—the Papa we hate but always come back to. In a dark tourist bar, on a tumbledown corner of one of the most isolated cities in the world, with everything about to change and everything about to stay the same, Papa listens, waiting for the rest of his countrymen. ■



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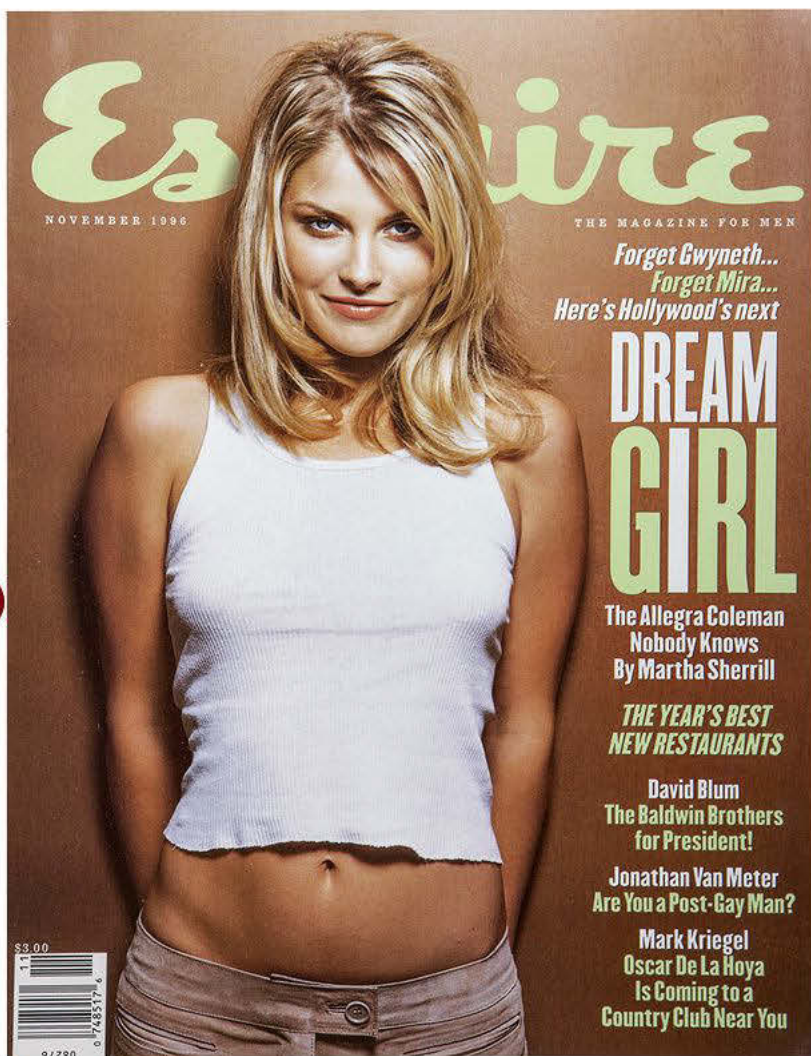
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HOAX

ALI LARTER, ACTRESS,
ON BEING "ALLEGRA COLEMAN," "ACTRESS"

IN NOVEMBER 1996, *Esquire* introduced the world to Allegra Coleman, the world-weary twenty-two-year-old beauty who hung out with Deepak Chopra and Nic Cage and swiped roles from A-listers. And who, it turns out, didn't exist:

I was only twenty. It was the very beginning of my career, when I was still just modeling. I had worked with the photographer, Troy House, before, and he told me that *Esquire* was creating a fictional actress to comment on the whole phenomenon of the Hollywood ingenue.

So we went down to the Santa Monica Pier for the shoot, and I just kind of acted out what I thought would be inappropriate behavior in that kind of situation. It was so much fun to sink my teeth into the drama of it. And then all of the red-carpet photos and movie stills were super-imposed. What I thought was so brilliant about the article was how it was just one shade away from reality. If you just skimmed it, you could almost believe it. But if you read it and then you believed it, well, that's your issue. But of course, most people don't

really read articles in Hollywood. So people were calling, like, "Is that Allegra? Who is that?" But I did actually meet my manager through this cover, and I'm still working with him today. After the piece came out, I remember coming into the offices to meet the editor in chief, Edward Kosner, and he was just laughing and enjoying the controversy. I don't think they realized how much attention it would get. That thing opened so many doors for me, and I ran right through them. No regrets at all.

—AS TOLD TO JULIA BLACK



Shazam the image below to read the original excerpt from *All the Pretty Horses*.



Horses, All the Pretty

Cormac McCarthy credits *Esquire*'s 1992 excerpt with pushing him through to a mass audience. The story includes this editors' note: Tales abound about Cormac McCarthy. That he lives under an oil derrick in west Texas. That he never talks. That he used to be a vagabond, roaming the decrepit back streets of Knoxville, Tennessee. That he was a truck driver, a ditch-digger. That he composes his fiction in motel rooms, walling himself in with stacks of arcane reference books. That he's got a floor piled high with unpublished novels. Apocryphal? Who knows? Who, in the end, really cares? It's his work that has inspired such legendmongering. Nobody talks about bad novelists this way.

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

2001

JUST WATCHING THEM DIE IS PROBABLY EVEN EASIER

The American Heart Association issued new, simplified instructions designed to make learning CPR much easier. Some steps that were cut out include looking for a pulse, trying to position one's hands perfectly atop the breastbone, and the Heimlich maneuver.



FALL 2015
Bleecker Chrono in navy
MACY'S
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COACH
NEW YORK

I Interacting with the Ladies

ADVICE WE (MOSTLY) NO LONGER FOLLOW



HOW TO HANDLE A "CATFIGHT"

"When I see one of these coming on I first remove all the loose objects from the bar, such as ashtrays, glasses, bottles and plates." —May 1934

2015 update: Invest in break-resistant glassware and when a fight occurs, quietly back out of the room.



HOW TO LIE SUCCESSFULLY TO A WOMAN

"Keep it short, simple and emphatic. Overelaborate prevarication will arouse instant suspicion, and her self-respect will impel her to trap you." —July 1962

2015 update: Not lying also works.



HOW TO COMPLIMENT A WOMAN

"Don't compare her with other women. Blatantly tactless is the

'I always thought my wife had the best [eyes, breasts, legs, et cetera], but yours are terrific.'" —May 1982

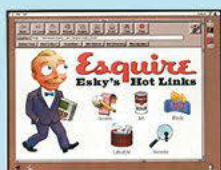
2015 update: We got nothin'. Solid advice.



HOW TO GET OFF A BUS OR TRAIN WITH A WOMAN

"Unless she's bigger and stronger, the man should always precede the woman off a bus or train so that he can turn back to offer a helping hand." —May 1985

2015 update: Turns out women know how to get off buses and trains by themselves.

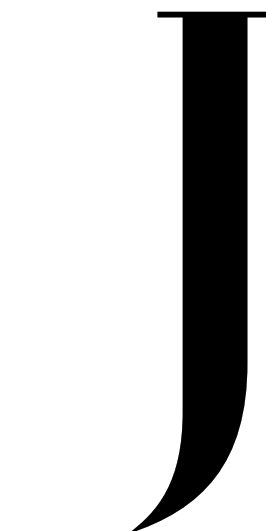


Internet, The

A parallel universe of information that has dissolved all meaning-

ful communication into an undifferentiated mass of content. Oh well. Esquire stepped into this parallel universe in 1995—along with *The New York Times*, eBay, and Amazon—with the launch of its first Web site (left). Readers could click on Esquire's favorite "hot links" to "roam on-line from site to site in cyberspace." ("These

hot links are what the Web is all about... who you are is reflected by the links listed on your home page: that's the whole point of a point of presence.") Among the links: Paul's Hot-tub, a site that tracked the water temperature of a hot tub (presumably owned by a man named Paul) in Ypsilanti, Michigan. Happy twentieth anniversary!



Jazz, Esquire All Stars

An annual honor conferred by the magazine on jazz musicians from 1943 to 1947, based on a poll of critics led by jazz composer and producer Leonard Feather. It dominated the field during those years, elevating performers and styles—like bebop—to prominence with related concerts and albums, including Coleman Hawkins's recordings of "Esquire Bounce" and "Esquire Blues."



LEONARD FEATHER

COLEMAN HAWKINS





A sculpture of Jobs created for Esquire in 2012 by Adam Beane. Shazam the tinted box at the bottom of this page to read Joe Nocera's now-classic 1986 profile.

motion: pushing back his hair, propping up his chin, buried snugly under his armpits. When he hears something that intrigues him, he curls his head toward his shoulder, leans forward, and allows a slight smile to cross his lips. When he hears something he dislikes, he squints to register his disapproval. He would not be a good poker player. His speech is also mannered, full of slangy phrases. "If we could pull this off," he is saying enthusiastically, "it would be *really, really neat*!" "The original idea was good," he is saying about some failed project at Apple. "I don't know what happened. I guess somebody there *bozoed out*." Around the room there are knowing smirks. To *bozo* is a favorite Jobs verb, but where he once used it mainly to describe some bit of stupidity perpetrated by, say, IBM, he now uses it just as often when he's talking about Apple.

IN 2008, ESQUIRE PROFILED Jobs again, without his cooperation, on the occasion of his first public appearance in several months—at Apple's annual Worldwide Developers Conference—amid rumors about his health.

"Steve Jobs and the Portal to the Invisible,"

by Tom Junod, October 2008:

And that's why the spectacle of Steve Jobs introducing the iPhone 3G in June was so moving. It wasn't just that he was withered, and that his black mock turtleneck was bunching up like a flag on a listless day; it was that Steve Jobs was withering within the *idea* of himself. Gaunt as a pi-

Jobs, Steve

WHAT IS GENERALLY CONSIDERED *the best, and last, intimate profile of Jobs published in a magazine* was written by **Joe Nocera for Esquire's December 1986 issue—"The Second Coming of Steven Jobs":**

(Jobs had been fired by Apple a little more than a year earlier and was starting his new computer company, NeXT.)

One moment he's kneeling in his chair, the next minute he's slouching in it; the next he has leaped out of his chair entirely and is scribbling on the blackboard directly behind him. He is full of mannerisms. He bites his nails. He stares with unnerving earnestness at whoever is speaking. His hands, which are slightly and inexplicably yellow, are in constant

rate, dressed in what had heretofore been the vestments of his invulnerability, he was still speaking in the voice of a boy-inventor from a Mickey Rooney movie, he was still talking about Apple's "really great... really beautiful..." products, he was still the Alpha Adolescent, he was still making his bid in the only way he knew how. And the bid—for immortality, for influence, for a multiplication of himself both within and without the terms of himself—was, in the form of the improved iPhone, there in the palm of his hand, which is precisely where he's always wanted it... Except it was clear that, in this case, he had started something he might not be able to finish. Not just because he was so sick, but rather because the iPhone was so alive.

JUST a Little More from Woz

See BLUE BOX, SECRETS OF THE LITTLE. The teenage Steve Jobs and his Berkeley-student friend Steve Wozniak were obsessed with blue boxes—electronic devices that could hack into long-distance phone lines for free by mimicking the phone company's high-frequency

tones. Wozniak used it for prank calls, among other things. He once called the Vatican, he says, pretending to be Henry Kissinger, and almost got to the pope before a suspicious bishop called the real Henry Kissinger.

But it also became Jobs and Wozniak's first business. "So Steve

said, 'How much does it cost to build it?' Wozniak recalls, "and I said, 'Seventy-five dollars.' He said we could sell it for \$150. And back then that was like \$1,000 or \$1,500 today, and we said, 'How could that be!'"

They went from Berkeley dorm room to dorm room and sold

their (illegal) blue boxes for \$150. "We'd do our presentation," he says, "where I was the emcee talking about all the folklore of phone phreaking. Steve was there to do the sales and money. You've read books about Steve Jobs [version] 1 and Steve Jobs 2; this was Steve Jobs 0."

K



Ken, aka Wisdom or Knowledge

A short-lived offshoot of Esquire that was published in the late 1930s with the purpose of producing explosive and controversial magazine features, such as Ernest Hemingway's dispatches from the Spanish Civil War and a first-person report from a Los Angeles prostitute.

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

2005

CONFIRMING WHAT WE'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT ABOUT BARNARD

On her Web site, Martha Stewart described the West Virginia minimum-security prison where she is serving her five-month sentence as "like an old-fashioned college campus—without the freedom, of course."



KENNEDY, JOHN F.

THERE EXISTS NO PHOTOGRAPH in which he is not immaculate. Take the Esquire cover from November 1973, ten years after his death. The shirt he is wearing while eating an ice cream cone on summer holiday is somehow the ideal shirt for eating an ice cream cone on summer holiday. He was more than a classic, more than an icon of style; he was a specimen of casual elegance whose nonchalance was almost cosmic. And America basked greedily in the reflected glow of that perfect confidence. It made him president, and it made him the ideal subject for Esquire magazine.

The remote glamour of John F. Kennedy has only been amplified in the half century since his death. In 2015, he is as separated from real life as the carved saint in the niche of a medieval cathedral. Ask who he really was and the answer now is a gauzy sense of the new frontier and American tragedy, idealism destroyed. His glamour cloaks him in an aura of invulnerable splendor. At best, he is half history, half myth today.

But if you want to see him in the flesh, at a time before he was pure iconography, the pages of Esquire magazine are where to turn. Very early on, even before his 1960 presidential bid, Esquire writers sensed a strange vulnerability in the man. In the 1957

ILLUSTRATION BY AARON SHIKLER. REPRODUCED COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND DAVIS & LANGDALE COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK



SUGAR RAY

Signature

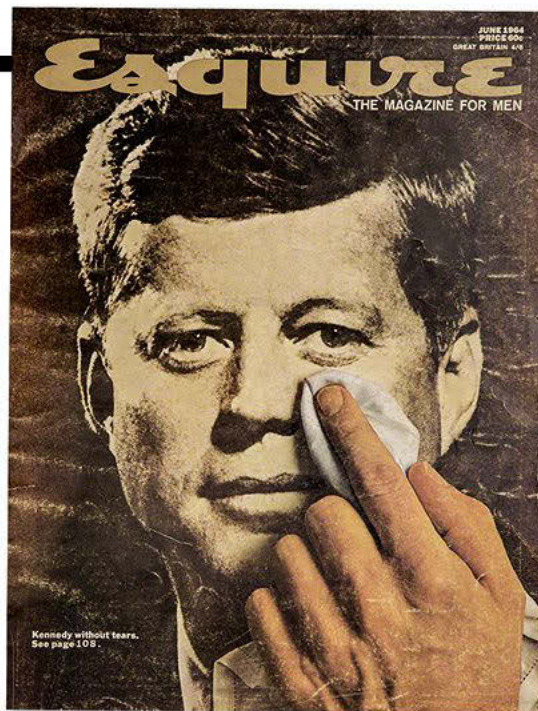
SKECHERS
SPORT
WITH MEMORY FOAM



piece “Who Will Win in 1960?” he was singled out for the novelty of his triumphant appearance on television at the Democratic convention in 1956: “He reached the publicity stratosphere with one rocket burst of television and stays there, floating effortlessly like a satellite, worrying the hell out of other, earthbound Democratic hopefuls.” Even then they knew that his strange suspension of the gravity of American politics was only temporary. “Time consumes Kennedy’s greatest asset—youth,” a headline declared in 1959. Little did the writer know how accurate that prediction was.

Camelot was always built on clouds, even before it was built. In 1960, Norman Mailer described JFK as the first “hipster candidate” and recognized, with a mixture of hope and trepidation, the birth of a new type of politics revolving around his appearance. In “Superman Comes to the Supermart,” Mailer detected a strange depression hovering over the delegates at the 1960 Democratic convention, which at first, given the allure of the man they were there to nominate, seemed inexplicable. Then Mailer saw Kennedy himself. “I understood the mood of depression which had lain over the convention, because finally it was simple: the Democrats were going to nominate a man who, no matter how serious his political dedication might be, was indisputably and willy-nilly going to be seen as a great box-office actor, and the consequences of that were staggering and not at all easy to calculate.” That reality has swallowed us so thoroughly and for so long that we can no longer see it properly. It is worth remembering nonetheless: There was a time when Americans elected their candidates for qualities other than their image—the time before Kennedy.

Celebrity culture overwhelmed political culture. Kennedy and his family—a collection of catastrophes somehow described as a dynasty—satisfied a democratic people’s eager craving for aristocracy. His assassination made it impossible to prevent his elevation into an American deity. That moment of death and resurrection was reflected in *Esquire*, too. The January 1964 issue was at the printing press when Kennedy was killed, and desperate editors blocked the Kennedy jokes in the Dubious Achievement Awards with blue ink. In June 1964, Tom Wicker wrote “Kennedy Without Tears,” an act of resistance to the mythmaking that was under way. It was the last possible moment to point out Kennedy’s obvious failures—his reluctance for civil-rights legislation, the Bay of Pigs, Vietnam. He was a C student not just at Harvard but as president. Yet even Wicker, by the end of the piece, was swept up in Kennedy’s genius for self-projection. “So with his football coach’s will to win, with his passion for ‘the ability to do things well,’ Kennedy had had his dreams and realized them,” he wrote. “But I believe he stood on the sidelines, too, even while the game was going on, measuring his performance, wryly remarking upon it. . . . Perhaps he knew all along that events would control,



June 1964

action overwhelm, means fail to reach ends.”

There is a certain self-mourning to these early accounts. The writers recognized, if dimly, that the old world was passing and with it the way of grasping at reality with words. Image would now be everything. In the face of Kennedy’s photogenic command, nothing any mere writer could put on paper would matter much. Mailer and Wicker were watching the style machinery as it was built, for a moment both outside and inside, and that’s as much as you can ask for from a witness. But everyone who followed was in the grips of an obsession with the Kennedy iconography.

This obsession remains more or less inevitable. No one has been written about in *Esquire* more regularly or more thoroughly than John F. Kennedy (including “JFK at 86,” by Charles P. Pierce, in 2003, and “The Flight from Dallas,” by Chris Jones, in 2013). No one has appeared on more *Esquire* covers. His photographs are his true legacy—the touch football with his family; that awkward, sexy conversation with Marilyn Monroe; the pause to fix a cuff link at the ambassador’s ball in London in 1938; the unthinking smile from the Lincoln convertible in Dallas, just before. No one flipping through the glossy pages cares what he did, or what he believed, or even, really, who he was. He was just too beautiful.

Wicker thought Kennedy was capable of watching himself from the sidelines. We’re all like that when it comes to Kennedy. It’s impossible not to believe, even if you know it’s unreal.

—STEPHEN MARCHE



October 1968



November 1973



June 1977



November 1991



January 2010





L



Libel

In 1972, *Esquire* settled a lawsuit brought by William F. Buckley Jr. that claimed an article by Gore Vidal published in 1969, “A Distasteful Encounter with William F. Buckley Jr.”—written in response to an earlier article Buckley had written about Vidal (they hated each other)—had libeled him. *Esquire* paid a reported \$115,000 to Buckley for his legal expenses. When the Vidal piece was reprinted in a 2003 anthology, *Esquire’s Big Book of Great Writing*, Buckley threatened to sue again, this time receiving \$65,000 in legal costs and damages and a commitment from the magazine to destroy any copies of the anthology not already distributed.

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

1972

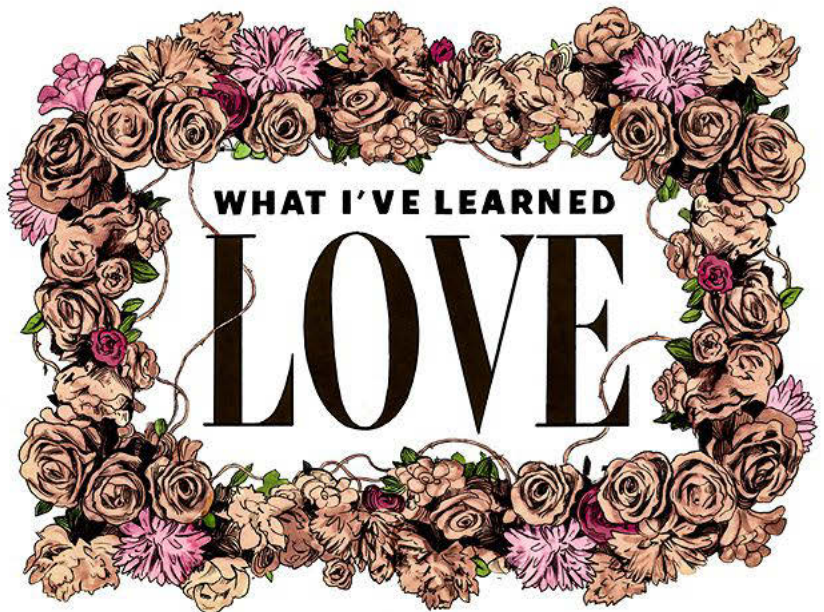
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WILLIAM HALL DRILLED SEVEN HOLES IN HIS HEAD WITH A POWER DRILL... AND LIVED!

William G. Hall of Shrewsbury, England, killed himself by drilling eight holes in his head with a power drill.

1996

WE DIDN’T KNOW THE OLD BOY HAD IT IN HER

According to his valet, Prince Charles had sex with Camilla Parker Bowles in the bushes outside a royal residence in western England while Princess Diana slept inside.



- ▶ Wisdom and love have nothing to do with each other. Wisdom is staying alive, survival. You’re wise if you don’t stick your finger in the light plug. Love—you’ll stick your finger in anything. —**Robert Altman, February 2004**
- ▶ As to love, I’m reminded of when I was a child growing up with my grandparents in eastern Kentucky. One morning, I was looking out the window and seen my grandfather walking up the sidewalk. He goes into my grandmother’s bedroom and hands her a flower and tells her her face looks like a beautiful May morning. To me, that’s love. —**Larry Flynt, March 1999**
- ▶ Love is not enough to save a relationship. —**Garry Shandling, January 2003**
- ▶ The most horrendous feeling ever is to lose a child. My first daughter, Barbara, was tall, skinny, had a heart like I had. She went to live with her mom, and she did drugs. And so I said, “Barbara, you’ve got to go to rehab.” And she said, “I’m not going to do that, Dad, because if I do, then out of all the Chapmans, I’ll always be remembered as the one who went to rehab.” Because I loved her so, so much, I didn’t make her go. I loved her so much that I loved her to death, because two weeks later she got killed in a car accident. Forever I will live with, “I could have saved her.” If you really love them, you’ve got to really love them. —**Duane “Dog” Chapman, January 2009**
- ▶ When I was about to become a father, my friend Burgess Meredith said, “You’re gonna find something wonderful—someone you love more than yourself.” For self-centered people, it’s a great blessing. —**Peter Boyle, October 2002**
- ▶ When all dust settles, love covers all. —**Jesse Jackson, January 2009**

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Loved, Women We've

SOME REPEATEDLY. A FEW FROM THE BEGINNING.

THANK YOU. For showing us how you make a sandwich and teaching us how to make a pie. For letting us follow you down makeshift red carpets and meeting us in hotel lobbies when you had other places to be. For sitting down to tell us about how you grew up on a military base in Japan—or about the hooked rug on your wall memorializing two pigs named Jack and Pete. For let-

ting us photograph you with a drone. Because it was fun and so are you, Chrissy Teigen. To Sharon Stone. To Angelina Jolie. To Helen fking Mirren! And especially to Mary-Louise Parker, for making us pose naked in front of a camera so that we too would know what it feels like to bare ourselves. To all of you, for being smart and funny and decent. We are grateful. Thank you.

—ESQUIRE

ROBERTS: LANCE STAEDLER; OPPOSITE PAGE: CRUZ: LORENZO AGIUS; PARKER: GEORGE HOLZ; JOLIE: ISABEL SNYDER; SWINTON: JONATHAN GLYNN SMITH



"She was the one with the giant... mouth, like Carly Simon only not that big. Funny nose too, kinda turned up at the end.... Has these great eyes too. Dark. Big. Look right into you. Very warm."
—On Julia Roberts, March 1989

"European Hollywood crossover in the Sophia Loren mold, but Spanish."
—On Penélope Cruz, August 1999

"No! We were not going to fall for another obscenely young and tender actress sidling up to our subconscious and murmuring sweet as sin: 'Love

me, gimme a Tony, make me reeeeeeally famous.' Then we saw *Prelude to a Kiss*, and thought, 'Anything you want....'"
—On Mary-Louise Parker, August 1990

"If she were going to place a personal ad, it would read, 'Leave me alone.' Or it might say, 'Look-

ing for a very secret, very straight night of reckless abandon to do all the things I've never done before.'"
—On Angelina Jolie, February 1998

"She is a soldier's daughter who admits to being moved by the sound of marching bands."
—On Tilda Swinton, November 1996

M



M Mailer, Norman

Wrote more than a dozen stories for Esquire, beginning with his short story "The Language of Men" (April 1953) and including his classic examination of JFK, "Superman Comes to the Supermart" (November 1960), plus a regular column in 1963. He wrote his novel An American Dream as a serial, under deadline, for the magazine in 1964. But it was—especially with editor in chief Harold Hayes—a long love/fk-you relationship: June 12, 1970

Dear Harold,

About a year ago some kid who started to work for Esquire came over to me and suggested I do a piece for Esquire on Fidel Castro and I said "Do you know what would happen? I would spend two months getting ready to do the piece and then a lot of time in Cuba and then I would work at writing the piece for a few months and maybe it would be the best thing I'd ever done and then Esquire would print a picture of Fidel Castro on the cover with Richard Nixon's asshole installed on his forehead."... [T]here's a philosophical gulf between us. Don't you remember how, even in the good old days, we never knew what to say to each other?

Ciao,

Norman Mailer



Male Genitalia, Euphemisms for

- "Lemons dropped into an old plastic shopping bag."
—Chris Jones, "What Kind of Underwear Should You Be Wearing?" February 2014
- A wooden ruler whereupon inch mark six is incorrectly identified as seven and inch mark seven as ten.
—Cover, "The Truth About Male Vanity," March 1997
- "The dowsing rod of his manhood."
—Scott Raab on Don Zimmer, "The Slow Boil," May 1999
- A plug-in industrial drill atop a pair of spherical appendages.
—Photo from "The Package," January 2000
- "Fine bobbing nest of himself." —Tom Junod on Mr. Rogers, "Can You Say ... Hero?" November 1998
- A saguaro twice as tall as the white-clad man standing between the large, fleshy stem and two secondary cactal protrusions. —Photo from "The White Brigade," April 1993



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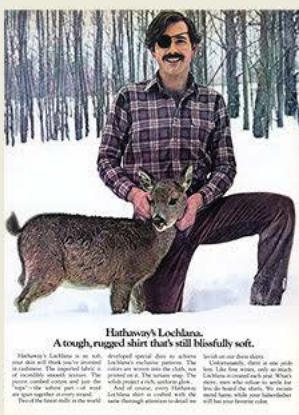
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Man, The '70s

URNS OUT HE WAS A PROPHET



GOD BLESS you, '70s Man. You've got a crow on your shoulder and an eye patch on your face. (How did you lose your eye, '70s Man? Was it a whiskey-related sledding accident? Did that

crow peck it out?) You feel comfortable in turtlenecks and plaid and nature, but you're just as happy sitting atop a Plexiglas cube wearing only sunglasses and knee-high socks. You like

blonds and a shitload of ice in your drink. (You'll have another, thanks, sweetheart.) '70s Man, God bless you. For your musky masculinity. Your misguided confidence. Your sincerity. For

begetting Ron Burgundy and the Most Interesting Man in the World and Ron Swanson and the Old Spice Guy. For laughing with us once you got the joke.

—ANNA PEELE

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MODERN TRAIL ESSENTIALS

OUTFITTING FOR THE UNKNOWN

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/ ' MÄ-D RN / ' TRÄL /

1. the course of direction in which a well-connected life moves

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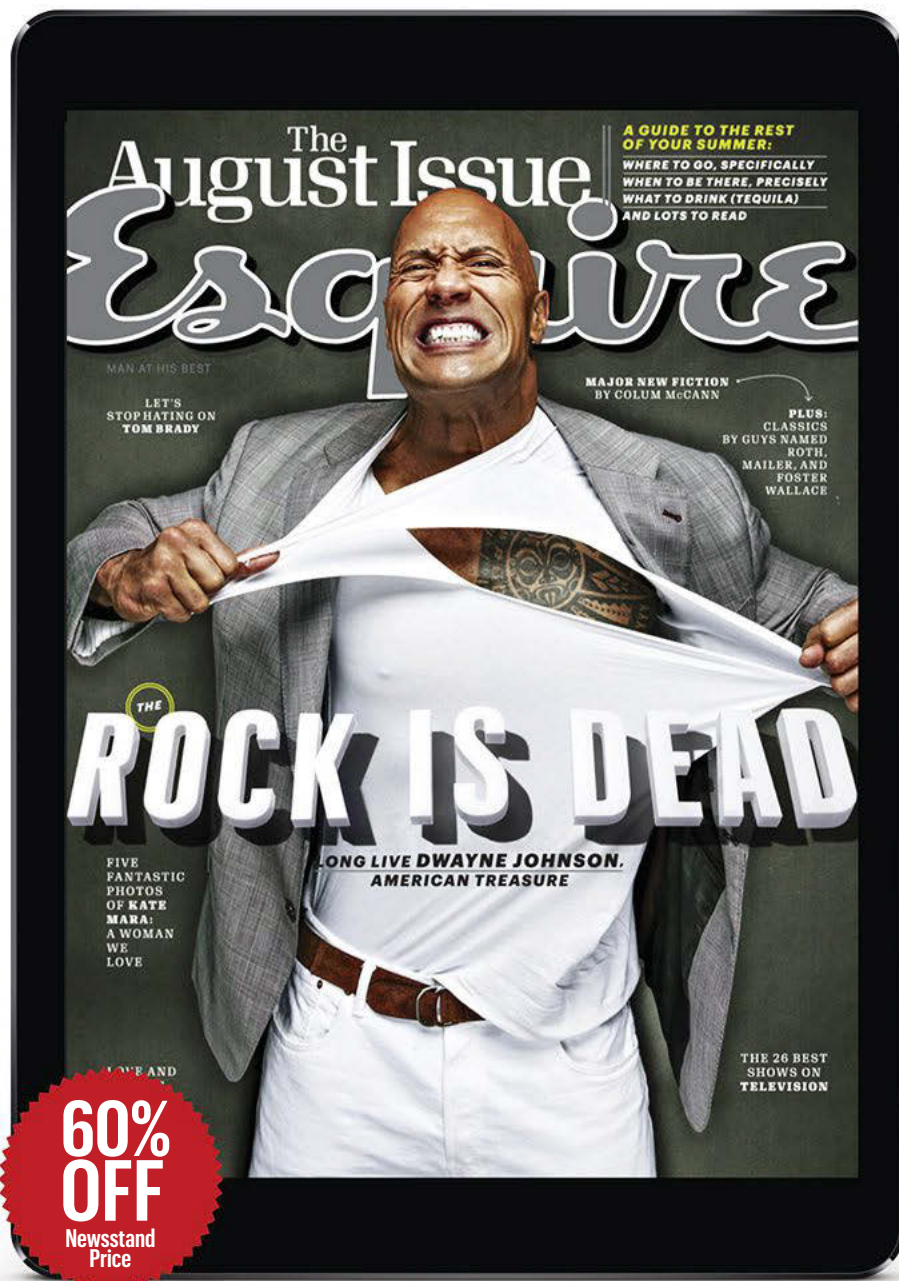
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MANHOOD, A Brief History of Recent

THE AGENTS AND ENGINES BEHIND WHO WE ARE NOW AND HOW WE GOT HERE.
WE START, OF COURSE, WITH...

M

John F. Kennedy, handsome, arrogant, ambitious, egotistical, highly capable, and capricious, takes the presidential oath of office. **Roger Maris** breaks **Babe Ruth's** single-season home-run record. Former fighter pilot **John Glenn** goes further and farther than any American before him, circling the earth in a capsule the size of a commercial washing machine. **Johnny Carson**, a vaguely young, safely middle-aged man, takes over *The Tonight Show*. **James Bond** bests **Dr. No**. JFK stares down the Soviets in Cuba. (Thirteen months later, he is murdered. Men everywhere weep. Little boys watch.) **LBJ** moves into the White House, pissing in the bushes to assert his territorial imperative. **Cassius Clay**, imperial and imperious, beats **Sonny Liston**, becomes heavyweight champion, renames himself **Muhammad Ali**, and refuses to fight in a war he doesn't believe in. **Luke Jackson** eats fifty hard-boiled eggs. **Martin Luther King Jr.**, graceful and brave, murdered. **Bobby Kennedy** murdered. **Neil Armstrong** takes one small step. **Alexander Portnoy** masturbates into calf's liver. In a largely pointless but uncomplicated effort, **Evel Knievel** sets a world record by jumping over nineteen cars, calling himself afterward "the last gladiator of a new Rome." **Thomas Eagleton** goes to a shrink, somehow becomes less of a man. **David Bowie** appears as the gender-dysphoric **Ziggy Stardust**, ultimately a more culturally resonant figure than Bowie himself. *The Godfather* premieres, a father and three sons. All four of them end up being assholes, except maybe *the Godfather* himself, who dies while raising tomatoes. **Bobby Riggs** taunts **Billie Jean King** and loses to her in the "Battle of the Sexes." **Bob Woodward** and **Carl Bernstein**, the world's most extraordinary desk jockeys, take down **Richard Nixon**, thus ending the theater of the

imperial presidency. Klutzy former Big Ten football player **Gerald Ford** takes over. **The fall of Saigon**: America, first-time loser. **Bruce Jenner** wins gold. **Rocky** runs the stairs. **Jimmy Carter** becomes president, delivers a televised address in his sweater. (People seem to care.) **Tony Manero** gets down. **Alvy Singer** makes Annie Hall laugh. **Harvey Milk** is assassinated in his office. Real loss. **Roman Polanski** skips town after sleeping with a thirteen-year-old, never to return to America. No real loss. **Ted Kramer**, workaholic ad exec and onetime crappy father, decides he *wants* to take care of his son. **Darth Vader** is slowly revealed as another kind of crappy father. **Ronald Reagan** defeats Carter, celebrates the release of the Iranian hostages on his first day in office. (The theater of the imperial presidency is reborn.) **The Miracle on Ice**, **Raging Bull**. **John Rambo** throws a rock at a helicopter. **Michael Jackson** moonwalks. **Sally Ride** crashes the boys' club. **The Cosby Show** debuts. America has a new dad. (More on him later.) **Rock Hudson** announces he has AIDS. (He dies.) The same year, **Mel Gibson**, a walking hand grenade, is named *People* magazine's first-ever Sexiest Man Alive. **Mike Tyson** sweeps through a legion of handpicked club fighters in one year to become heavyweight champion of the world. **Bill Fucking Buckner**. **Gary Hart** gets caught, loses. **Michael Dukakis** takes a ride in a tank. **George H.W. Bush**, kinder and gentler, becomes president. **Howard Stern** becomes king of all media. **Homer J. Simpson** settles in. **Magic Johnson** announces he is HIV-positive. (He does not die.) **Clarence Thomas** is accused of sexual harassment, is confirmed to the Supreme Court anyway. **Norman Schwarzkopf** and **Colin Powell** reignite our appetite for war. Carson retires, giving way to a theater of bickering rival aspirants—the earnest, eager-to-please fella and the tirelessly

ironic wiseass. (America chooses sides.) **Bill Clinton** gets caught, wins. **Michael Jordan** leads the Bulls to a third consecutive national championship. He weeps and then, naturally, becomes a middling minor league baseball player. Tyson bites the top off **Evander Holyfield's** ear and spits it out. **Viagra** receives FDA approval. Clinton is impeached. Clinton survives. **Fight Club** premieres. **Lance Armstrong** wins the Tour de France. **Tony Soprano** goes to a shrink, remains very much a man. **Bush v. Gore**. (The loser wins.) On a sunny Tuesday in New York City, the **FDNY** runs toward two burning buildings. **Rudy Giuliani**, America's Mayor. **Jack Bauer** saves his first day. **Tom Brady** wins his first Super Bowl. **Elon Musk** sets his sights on Mars. **George W. Bush**, Mission Accomplished. (Although, of course, not.) **Brokeback Mountain**. **Mark McGwire**, **Sammy Sosa**, and PEDs—baseball survives. **Robert Downey Jr.** becomes **Iron Man**—he survived. **Barack Obama** makes the world seem blazingly new for a minute, and then the **Great Recession** falls on working Americans like a wet circus tent. **Sully Sullenberger** lands a plane on the Hudson. **Captain Phillips** outlasts the pirates. **Bernie Madoff** is convicted. **LeBron James** outgrows his roots. Armstrong admits to doping. LeBron goes back to his roots. Brady wins his fourth Super Bowl. Brady is suspended for cheating. **Brian Williams** loses his anchor chair. **Bill Cosby**, unmasked. **Jon Stewart** goes out on a high. **Gay marriage**, legalized. **Caitlin Jenner** introduces herself to the world. Think of her all those years, in the prison of a male body, winning, and with everyone watching, surviving. All this, and more.

—TOM CHIARELLA

TURN THE PAGE FOR A PHOTOGRAPHIC ANTHOLOGY OF THE LIVING MEN (AND WOMAN) WHO HAVE MOST OBSESSED THIS MAGAZINE.

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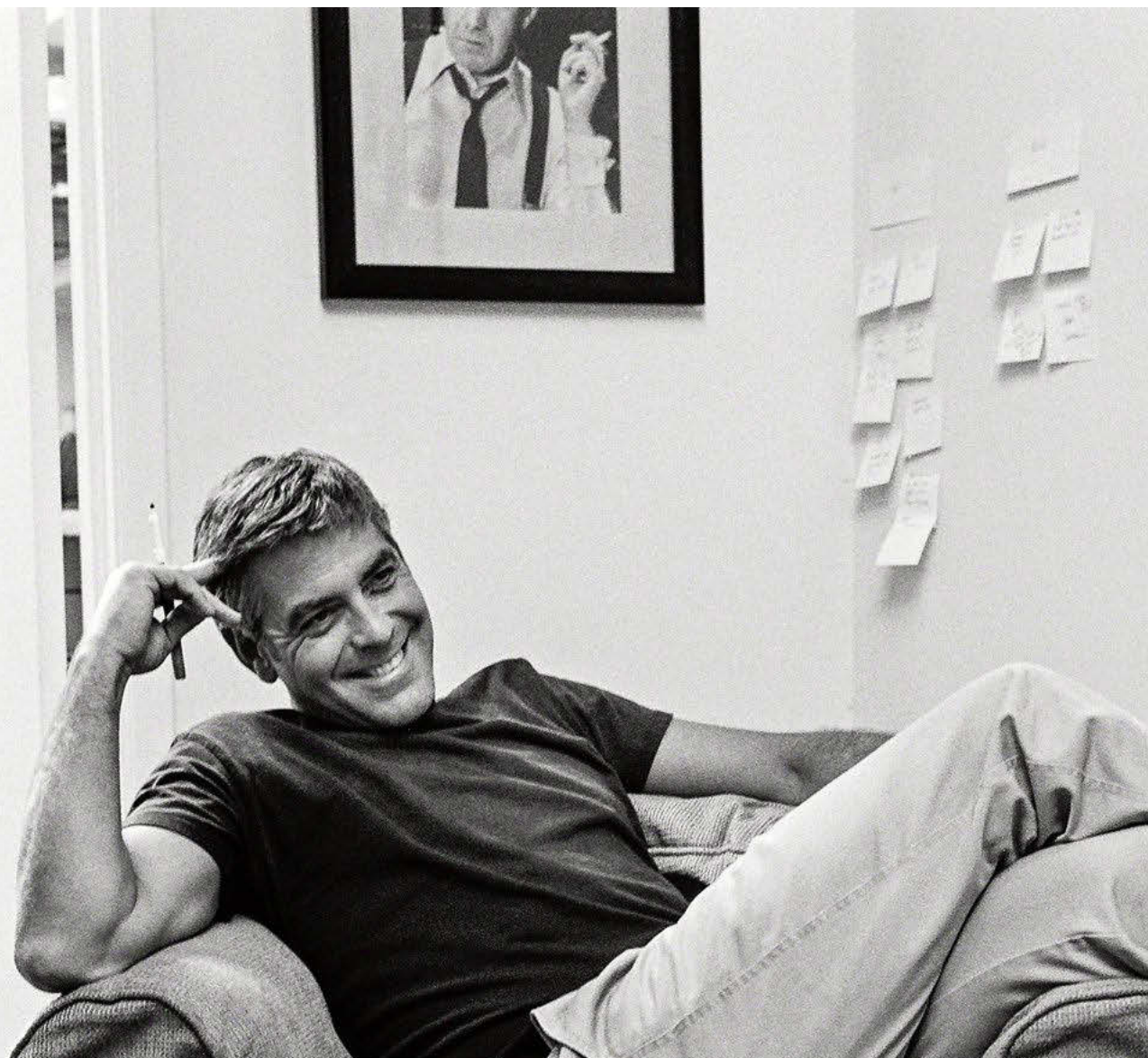
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Shazam this photo to read about A. J. Jacobs's unforgettable encounter with Clooney.



George Clooney

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES, LOS ANGELES, 2004

He might be the best celebrity storyteller in twenty-first-century America. If you interview George Clooney, you barely have to do a thing. Whatever the topic, the man has a story. You might ask how tall he is. He'll say five-foot-eleven—and then tell you about the time Donald Trump called him a homunculus.

"I saw Donald Trump on *Larry King*, and he was saying, 'Clooney is a very short guy. I mean, he's a tiny guy . . . I don't want to knock the guy, but he's very small.' I met Donald Trump once . . . I guess I looked about three-foot-five sitting at the table."

Ask Clooney about Scientology and he'll tell you about the time he filled out a Dianetics questionnaire using his buddy's name and address—and gave all the worst answers about drug addiction and alcoholism. You might get to hear the one about the Coen brothers and the sex pillow. Or the one about the sunglasses and the penis and Pat Boone's camera. Or the funeral and the stripper.

Are Clooney's stories true? I'd wager about 85 percent true. Does he use them as a shield against getting too intimate? Yes. But who cares? There aren't a lot of raconteurs like him around anymore. It's an old-fashioned word, *raconteur*.

And he's a bit of an old-fashioned celebrity. A movie star with brains and charm and not too many shadows. And inevitably a little shorter than you think.

—A. J. JACOBS





THE MEN OF OUR TIME:

Esquire Legends

No great man is merely great. He is also flawed in innumerable ways. We've written about men—their greatness and their weaknesses—for as long as there has been an Esquire. Often it's because there is something about them we strive to emulate. Other times it's because they changed the world or some part of it. On occasion we've become a little obsessed (see KENNEDY, JOHN F.). Sometimes the duration of a person's influence has compelled us to revisit him time and again. (Woody Allen, for instance, was first on Esquire's cover in 1964. He's been on five additional covers and has also been a regular subject of stories, most recently in 2013. Fifty years in Esquire.)

After a thousand issues, we asked ourselves which of the (living) men we've covered stand out for having not just interested us but *affected* us. We settled on eleven and then added one extra human.

The man to the left has appeared on more covers than anyone else here, closely followed by Clinton, W.J.; Allen, W.; and Ali, M. None of them are close to perfect, but that's why we are probably not done with any of them.

A full-page photograph of Robert Downey Jr. He is standing in the middle of a wide, paved street, possibly a movie set, with his arms outstretched and hands in the 'rock on' or 'V' sign. He is wearing a dark, long trench coat over a blue and white striped t-shirt and khaki pants. His mouth is open as if shouting or singing. In the background, there are hazy, multi-story buildings under a bright sky. The overall mood is one of triumph or liberation.

Robert Downey Jr.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
GREG WILLIAMS,
20TH CENTURY FOX LOT,
LOS ANGELES, 2007

It's so easy to imagine this world without Robert Downey Jr. He was all but dead for the six long years he spent in cuffs, rehab, or prison. He was addicted to black-tar heroin, which back then he preferred to working.

"It's like I've got a shotgun in my mouth," he told a judge in 1999, "with my finger on the trigger, and I like the taste of the gunmetal."

He did a yearlong bit in a California state pen—and then he eventually got clean. Mel Gibson paid to get him bonded for *The Singing Detective* in 2003, which was followed by a long string of small jobs. He got married again. Work was steady. He was still a fluid, fearless actor, with more range, more depth, more honesty as a grown man. But when *Esquire* put him on the March 2007 cover, absolutely nobody thought of Robert Downey Jr. as a box-office star, much less an action hero.

Seven billion bucks' worth of movie tickets later, Downey's a multifranchise megastar at fifty years old, with a three-year-old son and a one-year-old daughter. He proved that any swinging dick can hit bottom and stick, and every one of us can make it back. —SCOTT RAAB

Elon Musk

PHOTOGRAPH BY
DAN WINTERS,
SPACEX HQ,
LOS ANGELES, 2012

A leading light of a Silicon Valley seed fund told me recently that kids who come to him with dreams of changing the world with squiggles of code don't want to be Steve Jobs anymore, or even Mark Zuckerberg. They want to be Elon Musk. Never mind that Zuckerberg's ambition of "connecting everyone in the world" is more attainable than Musk's ambition of dying on Mars. Never mind that Musk's rocket ships blow up and his Tesla proves he's absorbed the lessons of Jobs but not of Henry Ford. Never mind that he can be singularly unpleasant. We now look to our tech titans for what we used to find in our artists, and Musk is one of the few among them who is actually making something and whose dreams extend into the physical world.

How many more rocket ships does he have to blow up on the way to making his—and our—dreams come true? It matters no more than how many canvases Picasso went through on his way to *Guernica*. Elon Musk dies on Mars and he's the greatest performance artist since Jesus. —TOM JUNOD



Bill Murray

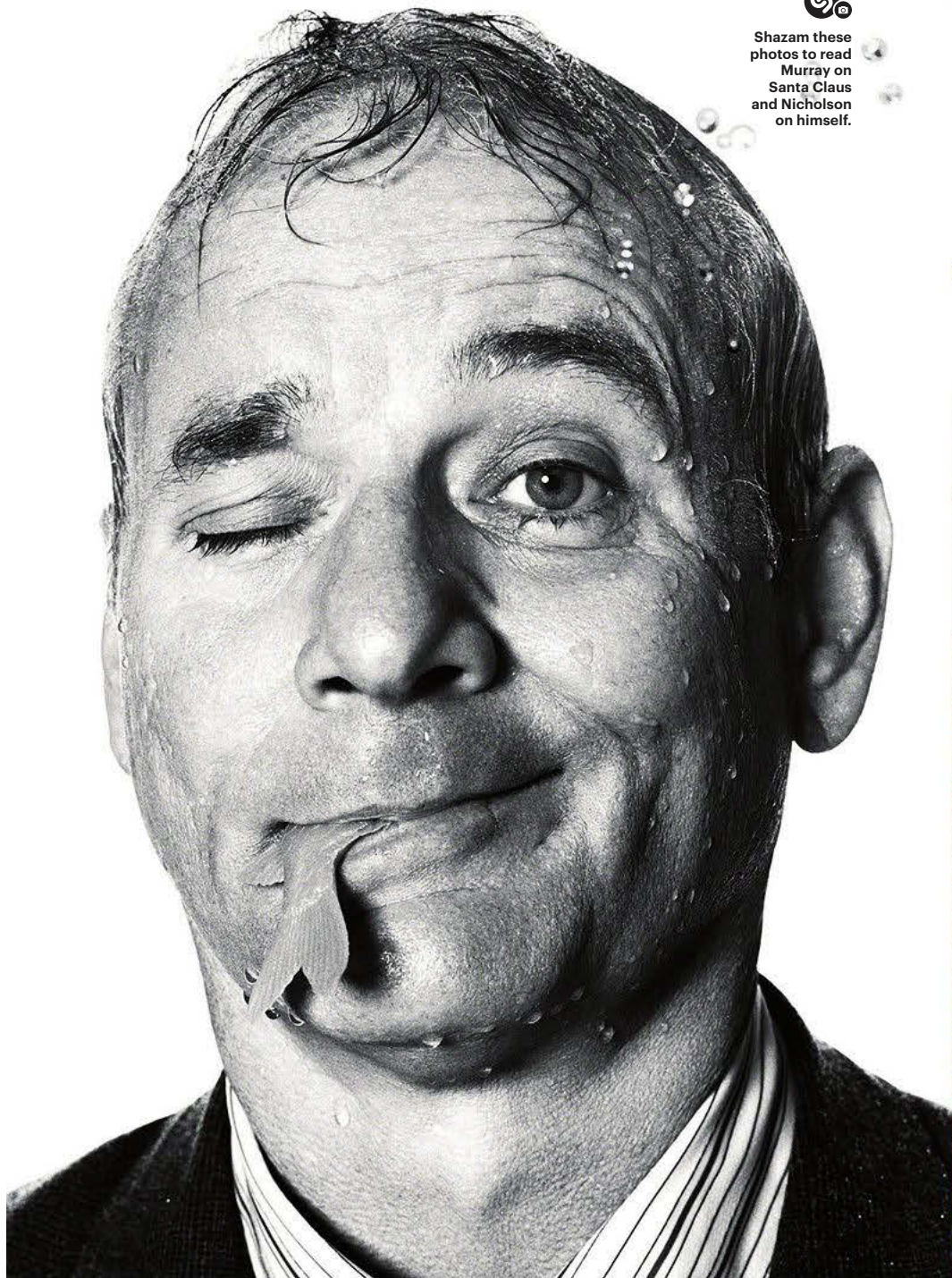
PHOTOGRAPH BY
JAKE CHESSUM,
NEW YORK CITY,
2004

Since God's very existence must be taken, if at all, entirely on faith, we are given Bill Murray to love and love us back. I don't claim that he's Jesus—more than one poor soul has spoken of encountering a churlish Murray, not that Christ didn't suffer blue days, too. Murray's more akin to Santa Claus, whom he played on our cover in 1998, if Santa had grown up in blue-collar Chicago as one of nine kids.

Truth is, Santa doesn't need us. Murray does, and he needs us more than once a year. He doesn't merely walk among us—he insists. He may or may not sneak up on folks, reveal himself, and whisper, "No one will ever believe you," but he does pop up at bachelor parties and karaoke joints, sometimes in foreign countries. When he's goofing on a golf course or in the Wrigley Field bleachers, he's not pimping any movie—no movie star has ever cared less about Hollywood fluff or more about his own freedom. In his mid-thirties, he walked away from showbiz for four years; to this day he has no agent, no publicist. He's out there because he loves the golf. And the baseball. And the beer.

He's one of us—one of the luckiest and best of us, an improv player living in the moment after more than forty years in the public eye, ever more beloved. To call it love may sound silly and shallow, but I've seen Murray tip when no one else was looking. Jesus would've wept.

—SCOTT RAAB



Shazam these
photos to read
Murray on
Santa Claus
and Nicholson
on himself.

Jack Nicholson

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES, NICHOLSON'S HOME, LOS ANGELES, 2003

The role closest to Jack Nicholson's true persona may well be Melvin Udall from *As Good as It Gets*, the 1997 romantic comedy for which he won his second Oscar for best actor. (His twelve Oscar nominations make him the most nominated actor in history.) He portrayed a misanthropic writer whose obsessive-compulsive disorder alienates nearly everyone. Udall wears the same sort of sunglasses Nicholson is well known for wearing. "Once you've experienced negative territory in public life," Nicholson told me in 2004 as he chain-smoked and sipped milky coffee at his

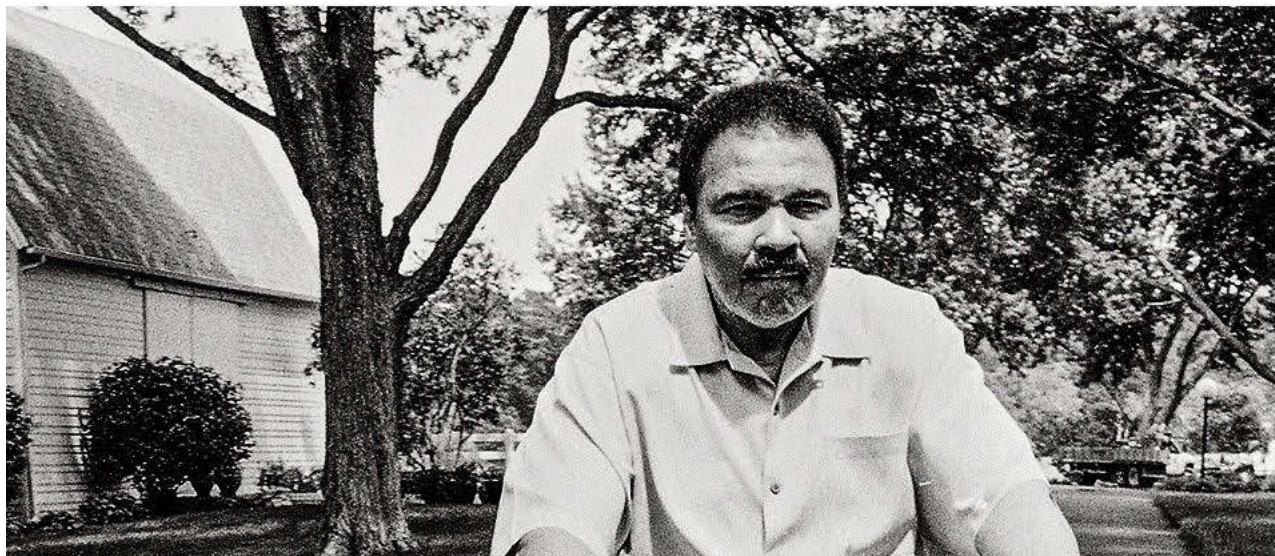
house in Los Angeles, "you begin to accept the notion of shields."

With his rose-colored shades and sarcastic sneer, his devilishly rubber brow, Nicholson—now seventy-eight—paved the way for two generations of cool guys. "I can't look into the eyes of everyone who wants to look into mine," he continued that day. "I can't emotionally cope with that kind of volume. Sunglasses are part of my armor."

And for more than half a century, Nicholson has been part of ours.

—MIKE SAGER





Muhammad Ali

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEIFER,
ALI'S FARM, BERRIEN
SPRINGS, MICHIGAN, 2003

Almost two decades ago, when Muhammad Ali, shivering with palsy, made his surprise appearance in Atlanta to light the Olympic torch, we suddenly heard what a "symbol" the man had become, and even ludicrous speculation that he had "made peace" with the Olympics, having once thrown his gold medal into a river because he was angry about how things were for black folks back in 1960. It is something just short of a crime against history that this man has been used the way he has been used because he can no longer speak for himself.

There simply has never been an athlete who has so deeply affected all levels of society the way he has. There simply has never been an American athlete whose life has so vividly represented the awful complications of this country's history the way his life has. He was a brilliant athlete, first and foremost, someone who rearranged the paradigm of his sport more than any other athlete while still honing his craft to a bright, diamond edge. (The combination that knocked out George Foreman is one of the few perfect athletic moments you will ever see.) But he also had an innate strength, and as shrewd an eye for the nation's broken promises and lost opportunities as anyone else who was pointing them out at that turbulent time. He originally was named after one Cassius Marcellus Clay, the "Lion of White Hall," a Kentucky abolitionist so tough that, once, after being shot, he got up, wounded his assailant with a knife, and threw the man over an embankment into a river. That was the name he gave up to become Muhammad Ali, a measure of the roiling, unceasing tide of race that flows under everything in this country. He can no longer speak clearly, but we cannot let him go quietly into history. He cannot be a muted chapter in the country's story. —CHARLES P. PIERCE





Tom Brady

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTHIAS VRIENS-McGRATH, NEW YORK CITY, 2008

The ultimate survivor. Tom Brady will always win. I don't mean that as a compliment. I mean it in the sense that if Lucifer walked the earth, he would be someone very much like Tom Brady and he would be impossible to kill.

A sixth-round pick in the 2000 NFL draft, Brady dispatched Drew Bledsoe like an aw-shucks assassin and has ducked and escaped brutality mostly unscathed for fourteen seasons since. He's won 160 regular-season games and three* Super Bowls, but, of course, he looked for a trivial edge in the relative air pressure of footballs. I'd wager he's done far worse, things per-

haps obscured by his having been surrounded by people even worse than he is (hey, Aaron!). What would actually surprise you about Tom Brady? I could tell you whatever I wanted about Tom Brady, however glorious or sinister, and you would believe it.

In that way, Tom Brady is the New England Patriots, and the Patriots are the National Football League, and the National Football League is the U. S. A.: Each is capable of anything, and that includes ugliness in the name of beauty perhaps most of all.

—CHRIS JONES

**Does the fourth one count?*





Woody Allen

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER, NEW YORK CITY, 1964

To hear Woody Allen tell it, the moment he truly grasped the irreducible fact that he and everyone he loved was doomed, life itself turned down a one-way dead-end street. His father worked side jobs, including as a bookie for the Mob, and his mother smacked him often. He tuned out. He learned magic and card tricks and found himself at the movies, every day and often all day, for years.

Out of this he created a persona, the nebbish, as lasting and influential as Chaplin's tramp. But he wasn't a nebbish, ever; he was a schoolyard jock and a Brooklyn street hustler. Also a genius: As a teenage joke writer, he outearned his old man. He wrote for Sid Caesar. He became a brilliant stand-up, so popular he'd guest-host for Johnny Carson. Some of his short humor pieces, collected in four volumes, are as perfectly crafted as anything by his hero, S. J. Perelman.

This is the man who became—year by year, movie by movie—America's greatest filmmaker, bar none. He bestrides fifty

years of cinema like a colossus—a wan, depressive colossus whose work includes some of the best comedies ever filmed and many of the most ambitious American movies ever made, every one a disappointment of greater or lesser severity to him. The entire arc of his life's journey has swept him fifteen miles, from Brooklyn to Manhattan's Upper East Side, in nearly eighty years. His art has taken him from dancing with Death to facing it square. He wanted more.

He wants more still—to make *The Bicycle Thief*, *The Seventh Seal*. For this, he has been mocked by fans and critics who want more films like his “early funny ones” rather than his serious stuff.

Woody Allen doesn't care. He has another movie to make. Same deal when Mia Farrow ruined his personal reputation beyond repair by accusing him of molesting their seven-year-old daughter, after Mia found out about his love affair with Soon-Yi: He had another movie to shoot. And another. And another. And another. —SCOTT RAAB





Shazam this photo for Charles P. Pierce's crackling first profile of Obama, or the photo of Allen for a classic 1994 story.

Barack Obama

PHOTOGRAPH BY
MARK MANN,
THE WHITE
HOUSE, 2013

In the end, it seems, he knew us far better than we would ever know him. That is going to be the enduring mystery of Barack Obama, the forty-fourth president of the United States. In 2008, the country elected him in a wave of emotion and relief. It preened itself in his golden rhetoric. He never stopped reminding America that its greatness and its goodness were both still within reach, with the right amount of effort and a profound turn of heart. Then, because his very presence in the White House created a new and baffling mystery in the great American paradox of race and freedom, he confounded expectations. In his first term, he carried himself like a lame duck, and was accused of being both too conciliatory toward his political opponents and too ruthless toward the country's perceived enemies overseas. In his second, he has behaved like a man fresh to power. He knew what the country was capable of, moment by moment, almost second by second, because he understood us far better than we would ever understand him.

—CHARLES P. PIERCE





LeBron James

ARTWORK BY XAVIER
VEILHAN, 2008

We might as well say it: He is the most dominant player in the history of basketball. LeBron James will never be the most popular, like Mike, Shaq, or Bird. He will never have the elegance of Magic, the grace of Kareem, the back-to-the-basket command of Wilt or Russell. But at six-foot-eight and 250 pounds, with the skills of a combo guard and the shoulders of a fullback, he is unstoppable on his way to the basket, deadly from midrange, a wizard of a passer whose gifts exceed those of any other player who has ever stepped onto the hardwood.

Put him one-on-one against any legend and he'd win—provided fouls were being called. James would take the smaller guys to the hole. He'd step out on the bigs. Magic would be the best matchup—two guys who play all five positions. But surely James's brute force would win the day.

At thirty, he's won two NBA championships and earned four MVPs. After returning to Cleveland last season, he reached the finals against Golden State playing one-on-five. Yet he continues to dominate, even if he doesn't always win.

Since entering the league as a teenager, James has experienced adulation and derision.

All the while, he has come proper—no celebrity drama, no arrests, no sexual assaults or DUIs. And even though we realize every team around him is really just a four-man supporting cast, he never fails to repeat his mantra: *trying my best to help my guys*.

What more can we ask?

—MIKE SAGER

Angelina Jolie

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARC HOM, LOS ANGELES, 2007

We loved her as a wild child, with her tattoos and vials of blood and feral, doomed beauty. She had the chops; nobody could deny that. She had force. She made James Dean look like a whiny little pussy. She was Young America racing her black car through the night, and we watched with a mixture of lurid fascination and parental concern. Then the strangest thing happened—she reinvented herself as a badass action hero, and somehow it made perfect sense that the most vulnerable woman in the movies could become the most invulnerable. She

was America, after all, and the nation was at war. She was always a hardworking actress who tried everything from detective films to sci-fi to *Kung Fu Panda*. She talked about quitting a lot, but she never did. As she acquired clout, she used it to make socially engaged films. And gradually she settled down to raise a family and give enormous amounts of money and time to humanitarian causes. In a troubled time, America's most troubled daughter grew up and turned into a solid citizen.

—JOHN H. RICHARDSON



Shazam the photo of Jolie to read John H. Richardson's early haunting profile, or the image above for a vivid profile of James.



THE MEN OF OUR TIME

Bill Clinton

PHOTOGRAPH BY PLATON, NASSAU INN, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, 2000

Among political figures, only President Kennedy has appeared more often on this magazine's covers. Even as Hillary takes over the stage, Bill remains a powerful and enlivening public force. And is likely to remain so, even into the administration of his third successor. We spoke with him again recently.

On July 2, 1964, when Lyndon Johnson turned to his aide Bill Moyers after signing the Civil Rights Act and said, "I've just handed the South to the Republicans for a generation," Bill Clinton was seventeen and had already decided to run for public office, as a civil-rights Democrat. It was as a southerner whose moral imagination had been awakened by the racism all around him that Clinton would shape his political career—in a canny, treacherous, and open rebellion against the values that prevailed in the place that created him. And so it would be that Clinton—the greatest political talent of his generation, the one his opponents feared most and most ardently sought to destroy—not only would learn to survive but would become the embodiment of American potential in the late twentieth century. He would take those survival skills with him onto the world stage, which meant that he would have fixed principles but everything else would be negotiable. This approach often vexed both his opposition and his allies as he led the world during the first chaotic decade after the fall of global communism and faced the rise of global jihadism, genocide in the hearts of Europe and Africa, economic globalization, the realignment of Congress, the birth of the Internet, and his own political mortality. But by the end of his second term, when he appeared on the December 2000 cover of *Esquire*, he had the highest approval rating of any departing president in history.

We recently sat down with the former president to talk about how the world has changed in the fifteen years since he left office. (For the full interview, go to esquire.com/clinton.)

—MARK WARREN

ESQUIRE: Mr. President, the world became a very different place after your presidency. Was 9/11 the pivotal point for the time in which we now live? What in your mind has been its effect, and how long will the effects of that day play out?

BILL CLINTON: Well, let me just say a few words about the time I served and then the impact of 9/11. Because of the economic growth we had and because it was the only period where prosperity was broadly shared through every sector of the American economy, America was in a very strong position to try to take the end of the cold war and build new partnerships of all kinds, which I tried to do. We did have terrorist threats, many of which we defused and prevented from getting worse, sometimes through skill, sometimes through luck. You gotta get lucky in this business, 'cause it ain't like baseball; you don't get credit for saves. You're supposed to win 100 percent of the time, and it's difficult to do. So when 9/11 happened, it was such a shock to us that there were a lot of short- and long-term consequences.

We tended to believe that the right thing to do had to be something big, because what happened to us was big. So I personally have always believed insufficient attention was paid to fixing little things. Like, there were two FBI agents, in Arizona and Minnesota, who did call the FBI office and say, "We've got all these guys up here flying airplanes and they're not practicing taking off or landing; there's something wrong here." And it apparently just went into a file, and nobody did anything about it in the central office. I always thought more should have been done about immediate information sharing.

And when I went before the 9/11 Commission, I remember telling them, "Look, I'm gonna save you some time. I'm not interested in covering my backside. If you find something I did wrong, by all means tell it and let's figure out what to do about it." I'll give you an example: After Oklahoma City, I issued an executive order that required greater cooperation between the FBI and the CIA, and I asked them to put a senior officer in each place doing that job. But because there had been a history going back to Watergate of the president taking a hands-off attitude toward the FBI, I didn't micromanage [that effort] the way I otherwise would have, and they basically didn't do very much with it. So as the 9/11 Commission reported, the CIA knew some things, the FBI knew others. The hijackers were in this country a long time before this happened. Several months, anyway. So I think that one of the things that I worried about after 9/11 was that we were gonna try to find big, potentially bureaucratic, and maybe overly intrusive ways of dealing with this instead of identifying the cracks in a more nimble system.

The president's first national-security responsibility is to prevent big, bad things from happening. This is a big, bad thing. And it's worth a lot of effort to do that, but at all costs you have to try to do it without compromising the future of our children and the character of our country, which is a free place. So we've been debating that ever since. I think that debate is healthy, just like I think the debate's healthy about moving away from "three strikes and you're out" and other erosions of judicial discretion, and ending the distinction between sentencing laws for crack cocaine and cocaine. I think all that's good. So I think we may have overreacted a little bit after 9/11, but we were trying to keep big, bad things from happening. And thank God no big, bad thing has happened again.

But it's an ongoing battle. Because the things that benefit us about globalization also burden us with great responsibilities. So I see this thing going on in some form or fashion for another



twenty or thirty years. And the reason that I believe on balance the Iranian nuclear agreement is good for the country is not because I think that Iran is gonna turn into, you know, a “Kumbaya” partner, but because there are at least four other Arab states that have the capacity to become nuclear powers. And it costs a lot of money, and it’s difficult to develop, maintain, and secure a nuclear arsenal, and you always have a lot of loose nuclear fuel, which can be sold, stolen, or given away and turned into suitcase bombs. I felt much better when [secretary of energy] Ernie Moniz went over there and became part of the deal, because he had been part of my administration and we had worked a lot on that. I’ll never forget it, he came to see me—he wasn’t yet secretary of energy, but he was in an executive position, and I knew him and trusted him; he is a brilliant man—and he said, “Look, what we have to worry about is somebody putting a Girl Scout cookie’s worth of fissile material in Timothy McVeigh’s fertilizer bomb.” And so we tried to identify every country in the world that had that

get up thinking tomorrow is going to be like yesterday, that’s a very bad thing. This is why I think it’s so important that the nation-states that are functioning work harder on shared prosperity, shared opportunities, and shared security, because that’s the great battle here.

You can’t make all this stuff happen without technology, without relatively open borders and without other people being able to use the same technology for more selfish and more lethal ends. And that’s basically where we are.

On balance, I feel good about it because we can’t turn back the clock. We’re moving toward an integrated, global society. And I think you see the rapid progress in America on the gay-rights issue, and the less rapid but in a way equally moving progress made after the terrible killings in Charleston, South Carolina, thanks to a blistering four-minute speech by a direct descendant of Jefferson Davis. That’s moving history in the right direction. It’s coming together instead of tearing apart. I’m for the coming together. I’m against the tearing apart.

ESQUIRE: When I say “the people who have defined our time,” who or what comes to mind?

CLINTON: Well, for me, as a baby boomer, it’s the people who led the great movements to try to make America a more just place, a better place. The civil-rights movement, the women’s-rights movement, the gay-rights movement, and the environmental movement. The idea that the world is going to have to become more accepting of diversity—and the people who don’t agree, ISIS.

The world is becoming more interdependent, and national borders

“The nongovernmental movement is going to be filled with good actors . . . and also bad actors that can be very successful. You could argue that ISIS is the most successful NGO—it’s like the Gates Foundation versus ISIS, you know?”

much, which is a lot because of biomedical research, and then go and tell those countries what he had found with his simulations and work out arrangements with each country about what to do, because nobody wanted that to happen.

I consider it a major—I don’t know if *achievement* is the right word—but I think it’s a major development, given the penetration of the Pakistani military and security forces by people that we knew were sympathetic to the Taliban and then became sympathetic to Al Qaeda, that to the best of our knowledge, none of their fissile material has ever been given away, sold, or stolen. And I just didn’t want five more headaches, and I didn’t think it was good for the people in the Middle East. So now, if this deal is approved, then the ball is in Iran’s court. We’ll have to see what they continue to do, and we’ll have to continue to respond to it. But buying ten years without an Iranian nuclear weapon is a lifetime-plus in global affairs. I understand why the Arab states are worried, I understand why Israel is worried, and they’re absolutely right. But I just don’t think there’s any way Israel would be more secure if there were four or five new nuclear powers in the Middle East and you had all that fissile material floating around that anybody could get a hold of.

The real dilemma for all of us over the next twenty years is going to be that the future is going to have way more positive possibilities because of our interdependence, but also continued opportunities for hacking, for cybersecurity problems, and for the spread of deadly technologies, with a lot of confused, undereducated, and unemployed young people in the world, and with a global shortage of jobs for young people, opportunities to do destructive things. Young people are more vulnerable to the siren songs of fundamentalism and the social media. And if they

look more like nets than walls. The nation-state will continue to be very important, but there will be more and more and more unique, previously unforeseeable partnerships required. Alliances by issues, hard choices. How can you make a deal with Iran on nuclear capacity if they’re still gonna sponsor Hamas and Hezbollah? How can you break down barriers between government, business, and NGOs when you should and keep the barriers when you shouldn’t? All these questions are going to present problems, and the nongovernmental movement is going to be filled with good actors that some nations are increasingly trying to control—China and Russia, for example—and also bad actors that can be very successful. You could argue that ISIS is the most successful NGO—it’s like the Gates Foundation versus ISIS, you know? They’re a nongovernmental organization.

So in the modern world, the ideas that will shape our time will be the intersection of science and technology, medicine and health and technology; the ability to eradicate poverty—we’ve already exceeded the poverty goals in the first Millennium Development Goals; the ability to identify and lend dignity and importance to every life, because there will be fewer people that need to live and die anonymously in the world; and the ability to find ways to cooperate against the forces that are using the same exact technologies and mobility and porous borders to try to gain a very different future. Boko Haram, Al Shabab, Ansar Dine, ISIS, et al. And underneath it all, in the twenty-first century we will be called upon, I think and I hope, to resolve the oldest dilemma of human society, which is “What does it mean to be a human being?” Our identity crisis. Which is more important, our differences or our common humanity? ■

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N



New Journalism, Greatest, Least Known Practitioner of

The exuberant and ageless John Sack was the only American journalist to witness combat in every American war from Korea in the early fifties to Afghanistan in 2002. The “embed” arrangement—which attached a journalist to a particular military unit—was virtually invented for Sack.

While he was covering the Korean War for *Stars & Stripes*, his status as a correspondent ended after he stowed away overnight aboard an American landing ship to interview Chinese prisoners of war and was arrested by the American military police when the ship docked in Pusan, South Korea. Facing court-martial charges, Sack was reassigned to a mail room in Tokyo. A month later, he was ordered back to Korea as an infantryman, the Army being unable to charge him with a specific violation.

He helped create both New Journalism, utilizing the techniques of literature in topical reporting, and modern writing

about war. It was in Korea that he began to lose faith in traditional reporting methods. Sack recalled covering a press conference in Seoul in which a government official denied rumors of an ammunition shortage. “I was sitting there thinking, Bullshit. Of course there’s an ammunition shortage. I know there’s an ammunition shortage.” A week earlier, he had been in a battle during which an American tank crew had run out of shells and was told at the ammunition dump, “Sorry, we’re all out; we don’t have anymore.”

Despite his firsthand knowledge, Sack was compelled to print the denial, which he considered a moral outrage. And so he began a long career of seeing things for himself and simply telling the truth. His honesty and brilliant writing changed journalism.

Sack wrote for *Esquire* for more than forty years; he died at age seventy-four in 2004, less than two years after writing his last war story from Afghanistan.

His epic three-part series on Lieutenant William Calley, the only soldier court-martialed for the massacre of civilians at My Lai, led to him being indicted for refusing to turn over his reporting materials to assist in Calley’s prosecution. In defense of his position, he said, “I am a journalist, not an agent of the government.”

But it was his 1966 masterpiece, “M,” in which he intimately covered the experience of one Army platoon from basic training to combat in Vietnam, for which he is best remembered. Perhaps the greatest single piece of war reportage ever published, it was also—at thirty-three thousand words—the longest story ever published in the magazine:

Then it was that the incident happened. A cavalryman, seeing a sort of bunker place, a hut above, hole below, and hearing some voices inside it, told Demirgian to throw a grenade in. Demirgian hesitating, -----, a soldier we

have met before, though not by name, jumped from his APC and flipped in a hand grenade himself. It rolled through the door hitting a sort of earthen baffle before it exploded, and ----- gasped as ten or a dozen women and children came shrieking out in their crinkled pajamas: no blood, no apparent injuries, though, and ----- got onto his carrier again, it continued on. The next APC in the column, with Yoshioka aboard, drove up to this hovel, and a Negro specialist four, his black rifle in his hands, warily extended his head in, peering through the darkness one or two seconds before he cried, “Oh my god!”

“What’s the matter?” said a second specialist, a boy on whose machine gun Yoshioka was assistant.

“They hit a little girl!” and in his muscular black arms the first specialist carried out a seven-year-old, long black hair and little earrings, staring eyes—eyes, her eyes are what froze themselves onto M’s memory, it seemed there was no white to those eyes, nothing but black ellipses like black goldfish. The child’s nose was bleeding—there was a hole in the back of her skull.

Twenty-five years later, during the first Gulf War, Sack was the sole journalist allowed in an armored vehicle during what is still described as the largest tank battle in history. Without Sack’s report, the world would never have known the true chaos of that battle. “C Company,” December 1991:

“Watch what you’re shooting at!” Burns cried on the radio, for he couldn’t see the Iraqi. “Be careful!” Burns cried, and tata-ta! the Iraqi exploded in so many parts that a boy who was watching thought, Why are they shooting that rag? “God damn it! Get under control! I told you to ask permission first,” said Burns, who still couldn’t see the supposed rag and was practically singing as the rounds went by. “Explain to me: What the fuck are you doing?”

“I covered your back door!” the boy in back of Burns radioed.

“I have told you to ask permission!” said Burns. “Now that is the last fucking time!”

In the gloom below him sat Anderson, thinking, My God! We’d have eaten a rocket before you’d have told him, “Fire.” Anderson wanted to shout to Burns, “Do you know what you sounded like? A fucking blooming idiot, and the whole company heard you!” But discretion prevailed, and Anderson didn’t shout, and Burns didn’t grasp that a lot of C, tuning in, was totally appalled and was thinking seriously of Gizmo, the plan to bump him off.

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

1981

THEN HE STABS THEM
WITH KNITTING NEEDLES
AND MAKES THEM
INTO SOCKS

Mass murderer Charles Manson said he spends his time in prison pulling apart socks with his teeth and making the yarn into dolls.





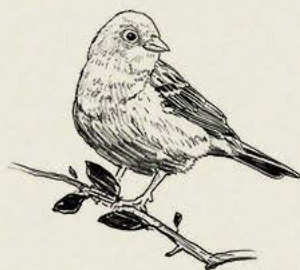
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O



Ortolan

The forbidden delicacy of France, chosen by former French president François Mitterrand for his final meal as he lay dying of cancer in 1995. This is what it tastes like.

"The Last Meal," by Michael Paterniti, May 1998

The bird is surprisingly soft, gives completely, and then explodes with juices—liver, kidneys, lungs. Chestnut, corn, salt—all mix in an extraordinary current, the same warm, comforting flood as finely evolved consommé.

Yes, quidbits of meat and organs, the succulent, tiny strands of flesh between the ribs and tail. I put inside myself the last flowered bit of air and Armagnac in its lungs, the body of rainwater and berries. In there, too, is the ocean and Africa and the dip and plunge in a high wind. And the heart that bursts between my teeth.

It takes time. I'm forced to chew and chew again and again, for what seems like three days. And what happens after chewing for this long—as the mouth full of taste buds and glands does its work—is that I fall into a trance. I don't taste anything anymore, cease to exist as anything but taste itself.

And that's where I want to stay—but then can't because the sweetness of the bird is turning slightly bitter and the bones have announced themselves. When I think about forcing them down my throat, a wave of nausea passes through me. And that's when, with great difficulty, I swallow everything.

P

PRESIDENTS

THE THIRTEEN MEN WHO HAVE HELPED BEND OUR HISTORY—A BIT OR A LOT—AS OBSERVED FROM HERE

FDR

"Life Because of Father," by James Roosevelt [son of and former staff assistant to FDR], November 1957

[President Gabriel Terra of Uruguay]...said that, while our secret-service men would be riding in the front seat of the old-fashioned touring car and his cavalry would be riding beside it, "There's a little angle behind the rear seat where an assassin can take a pot-shot at whoever is riding there."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," chuckled father to relax him, "we'll put Jimmy in the jump seat directly in front of you and if anyone gets hit, it'll be Jimmy."

TRUMAN

"Harry Truman Chuckles Dryly,"

by Robert Alan Aurthur, September 1971

The grief-stricken Mr. Truman holds back the news of Charlie Ross from daughter Margaret who that night is to sing her debut concert in Washington. After a restless night Mr. Truman rises at dawn to scan the painful headlines, then hurriedly turns the newspaper to the Paul Hume review of Margaret's appearance.

"She is flat a good deal of the time..." Hume wrote. She "cannot sing with anything approaching professional finish."... What Harry S. Truman did was snatch up a pen and pad of White House notepaper and address the following to Mr. Hume: "I never met you, but if I do you'll need a new nose and plenty of beef-steak and perhaps a supporter below."

EISENHOWER

"The Use and Abuse of Billy Graham," by Marshall Frady, April 1979

Eisenhower lay desperately ill in a hospital suite at Walter Reed and Graham was summoned to his bedside....

Eisenhower said to [Graham], his eyes watering, "Billy, give those old doughboys in Vietnam a message from me. Tell them there's an old soldier back here at Walter Reed who's pulling for them and wishes he could be there with them." But then, his eyes welling over, his voice faltering...he implored Graham, "How can I know I'm going to heaven? How can I be sure, Billy, absolutely sure, that my sins are forgiven?" Graham reached out and held Eisenhower's chill hand firmly while "I told him his whole past was forgiven."... And with that, says Graham, "he looked up at me with the tears still in his eyes but with that famous grin and said, 'Thank you, Billy. I'm ready.'"

JFK

"Kennedy Without Tears," by Tom Wicker, June 1964

When Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson of Canada arrived at Hyannis Port in the Spring of 1963, his reputation as a baseball expert had preceded him. The resident White House baseball nut was Dave Powers, an Irishman of jovial mien.... After a chilly Cape Cod dinner, Pearson followed Kennedy into seclusion, only to find it shattered by a summons to Powers.

"Dave," the President said, "test him out."

Whereupon Powers put the Prime Minister through an exhaustive baseball catechism, while the President rocked silently in his rocking chair.... Back and forth flowed the batting averages, managers' names, World Series statistics... until finally it was Dave Powers, not Mike Pearson, who tripped on some southpaw's 1926 earned run average.

"He'll do," Kennedy said then, with some satisfaction. After which he and Pearson hit it off famously and jointly equipped Canada with nuclear warheads.

O

P



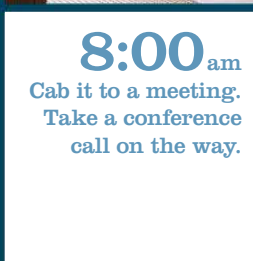
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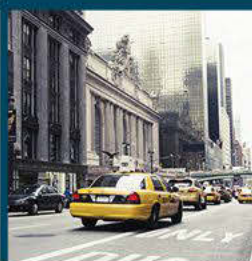
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7:05 am
Post-workout
breakfast in
the room.



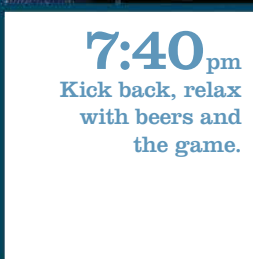
8:00 am
Cab it to a meeting.
Take a conference
call on the way.



4:10 pm
Deal done.
Pregame check-in.

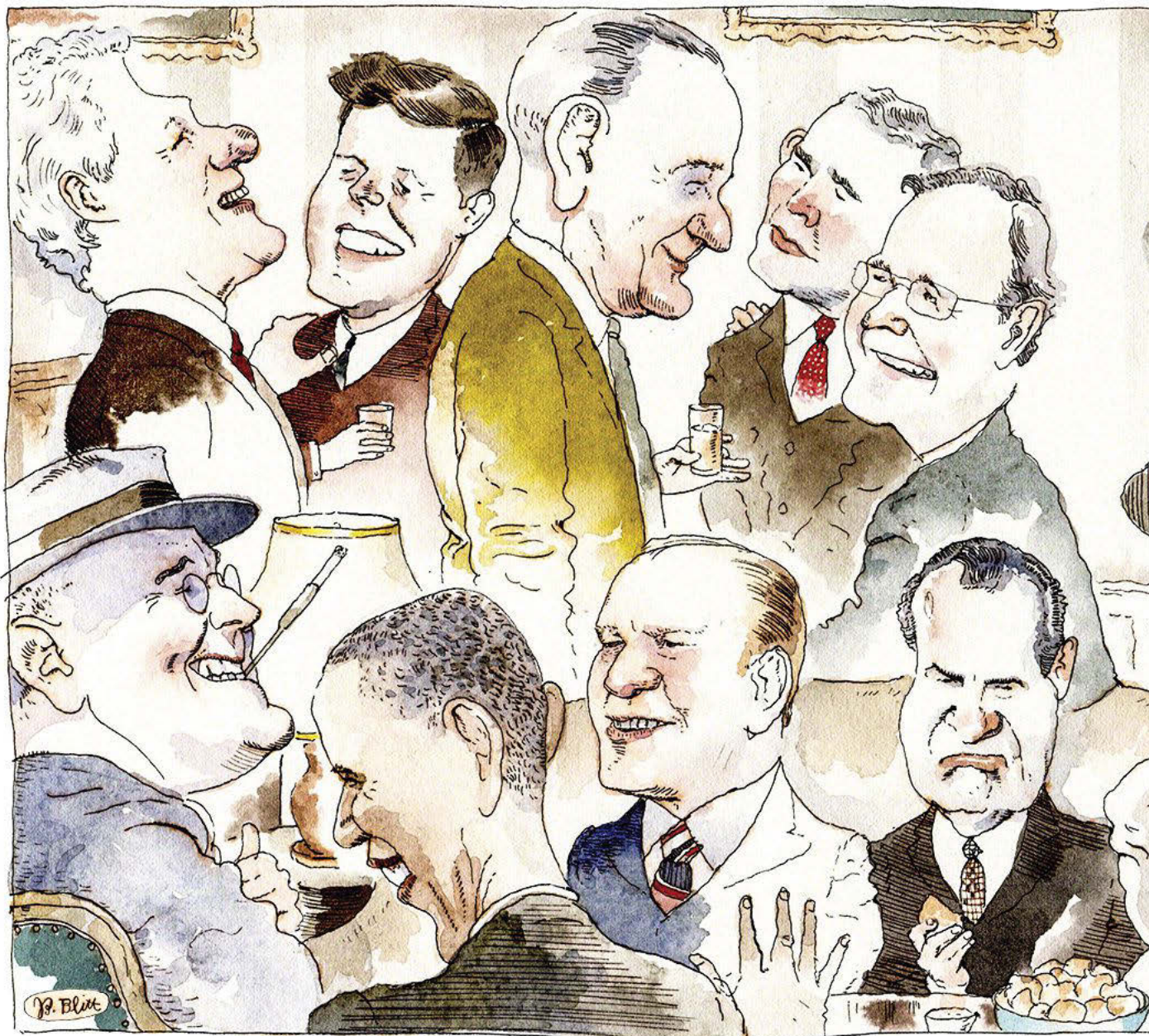


6:15 pm
Meet the team
for dinner.



7:40 pm
Kick back, relax
with beers and
the game.





P

Q

LBJ

"The President's Heart,"

by Anonymous, August 1964

Johnson has always thrived on stress. He has chosen the stressful as a way of life. He enjoys it... If Johnson were now suddenly eased out of the Presidency his reaction to the enforced idleness would be serious. It would be, for him, the ultimate, intolerable stress.

NIXON

"Nixon in Heaven,"

by Garry Wills, July 1994

I remember a story Father John Cronin told me of Nixon's vice-presidential days, when Cronin was a secret advis-

er... to Nixon: "One day, Dick sent me to his home in the suburbs to get some papers.... When I knocked, Pat opened the door and said... 'He can't get back in by sending a priest!'"

"I went back and said, 'What did you get me into?' He said, 'Oh, I didn't think she'd say anything to you. We were just having a little problem now.' But I noticed, then, that Nixon was not going home at night. He kept a hotel room in the District for nights when he had to stay late at the Senate, or for other reasons. And he was just living there."



Shazam this illustration to read "The Use and Abuse of Billy Graham," by Marshall Frady.

FORD

"What I've Learned," interviewed by Wil S. Hylton, January 2003

Deep Throat? I have no idea. That's the least of my worries.

CARTER

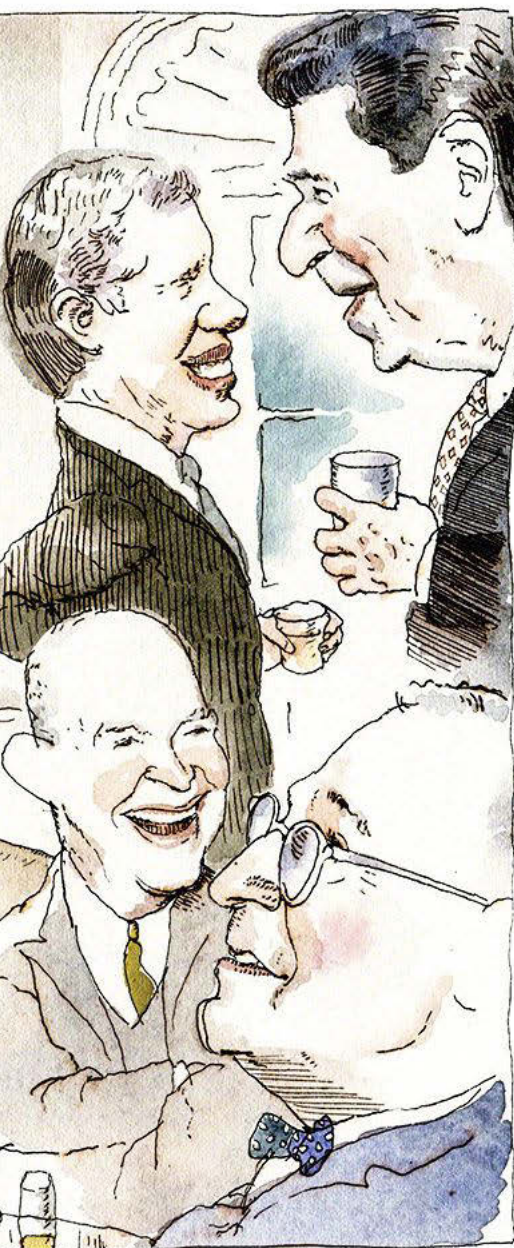
"Eyes on the Prize,"

by Gregory Jaynes, October 1995

On January 4, 1981, Carter taught his last Sunday Bible class in Washington....

...[He] found the defeat "incomprehensible." Not only had he been rejected, as he

ILLUSTRATION BY BARRY BLITT



wrote in one memoir or another, but the country “had chosen a horse determined to run back as fast as possible in the opposite direction.” He got back to Plains to find that his peanut-related concerns had tanked. He was a million dollars in debt. And he had a thoroughly citified daughter, Amy, twelve, who was having such a miserable time of the transition that she was outside, up in a pecan tree, and she wouldn’t come down for supper.

REAGAN

“Dutch Reagan, All-American,”
by Joel Kotkin and Paul Grabowicz,
August 1980

The movie people didn’t *change* him, they

just captured his essence, polished it, and presented it over and over on the screen. “He still plays it today,” [his brother] Neil says, smiling.

GEORGE H. W. BUSH

“What I’ve Learned,” interviewed by
A. J. Jacobs, January 2011

I never said, Now that you’re president, here’s what you’ve gotta do—no advice like that. He had his own people around him, good people. I had my chance.

CLINTON

“Big Lick Linksmanship in Clintonville,”
by Alex Shoumatoff, February 1993

[Lobbyist Paul] Berry had roomed with Bill in the late Seventies, when Bill was running for attorney general. “... He lived on bananas and peanut-butter,” Berry said. “He would wipe his finger in the peanut-butter jar, so I had to get my own jar and hide it, and he’d steal every clean shirt I had....”

GEORGE W. BUSH

“Mrs. Hughes Takes Her Leave,”
by Ron Suskind, July 2002

“A lot of it has to do with his mother,” [Laura Bush] says.... She describes how the death of his younger sister, Robin, at the age of three, prompted seven-year-old George to want to replace her, to be his mother’s best friend, to ease her pain. He became Barbara’s boy, often passing up baseball with the gang to stay with her, lore having it that he would stand at the front door in Midland and say, Can’t right now, fellas, I have to play with my mom.

OBAMA

“The Cynic and Senator Obama,”
by Charles P. Pierce, June 2008

He left an impression as a stubborn, stiff-necked grinder with a gift for changing tactics on the fly. His very first meeting [as a community organizer] at Altgeld Gardens did not go well, Pastor Love recalled. An arrogant city bureaucrat got everybody’s back up. Half the people wanted to walk out, and the other half wanted to deck the guy. “Barack wouldn’t quit,” Love said. “He pulled us off to the side and he said, ‘Well, we messed that up. We didn’t see that coming. We need to strategize right now about how to deal with stuff like this and hold people accountable so this kind of thing doesn’t happen again.’”

Q

Questions that we’ve asked in headlines: Answered

What’s good in Paris? (1935)

Le Jardin du Petit Palais.

Do animals think? (1938)

Yes.

**What shall we do about
football? (1940)**

Still working on it.

**Are we becoming
paranoid? (1940)** No.

And how are you? (1940)

Eh.

Are husbands helpless? (1947)

No.

**What is the most beautiful
body in the world? (1949)**

Lake Superior.

Whither the beard? (1955)

Hither.

Do you know too much? (1962)

No.

**Why do the heathens
rage? (1963)**

Do they?

**Can a sixty-two-year-old
writer with a history of heart
trouble find fulfillment
running with the bulls in the
streets of Pamplona? (1970)**

Probably not, no.

**Want to know what college
men are like today? (1977)**

No.

**If you had two days
with Halle Berry, what would
you do? (2007)**

Frisbee golf. Forage for mushrooms. Experimental theater. A little volunteer work—soup kitchen or something. DJ class. Share a very large steak. Compare our dads. Architecture tour. Recount our worst dates ever! You first! Just be silly.

What is a man? (2009)

This again? Christ.

R Race

AND RACISM HAVE BEEN A SUBJECT AND AT TIMES A FEATURE OF THIS MAGAZINE, AS WELL AS THE SOURCE OF SOME OF ITS MOST MEMORABLE WRITING

AN AERIAL VIEW OF NEW HARLEM will disclose a radical landscape: vast, cleared ranges of space with fifteen peaks rising into the sky. These fifteen widely separated conical structures will house a half million people. . . . Where we are physically is enmeshed with our deepest consciousness of self. There is no evading architecture, no meaningful denial of our position. You can build to defend the endurance of man, to protect his existence, to illuminate it. But you cannot build for these purposes merely in spasmodic response to past and present crises, for then crises, like the poor, will be with us always. If man is to have not only a future but a destiny, it must be consciously and deliberately designed.

From "Instant Slum Clearance," by June Meyer, an endorsement of the plan of futurist designer R. Buckminster Fuller for "a total solution to an American dilemma" (April 1965).

That article appeared less than a year after the Harlem race riots of 1964, and it envisions a future in which most of the capital of black America is razed and redesigned as parkland and cloverleaf highways, while the people of Harlem, who are hardly mentioned in this strident manifesto, are reengineered into tidy two-bedroom apartments in steel-and-glass super-public-housing Christmas trees towering a hundred stories over the remains of their old neighborhood in Manhattan. In that the piece advocates for the social and physical destruction of the most famous black neighborhood in the country by eminent domain, it is a provocation and a complete outrage. And both of those words—*provocation*, *outrage*—capture much of the writing on race and the constellation of issues around race that have appeared in Esquire from the start. If you didn't know who the putative author, June Meyer, was—and Esquire didn't bother to tell anyone—you wouldn't have known that she was better known in the world as the Harlem poet and activist June Jordan, who actually was codesigner with Fuller of "Skyrise for Harlem," a project thoroughly of its time, a time when the conditions of black America were so terrible that utopian space housing was seen as the only way out for America. It was exactly what

you could expect to find in Esquire in that the idea and the story were both whimsical and deadly serious. Esquire was straining toward the future, and in the pre-civil-rights era, in hundreds of stories on race, could fairly be described as one part racist—Esquire was always finding himself in a boiling pot being stirred by somebody with a bone through his nose—and two parts enlightened, publishing Langston Hughes's most famous poem, "Let America Be America Again," July 1936:

*Let America be America again.
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he himself is free.
(America was never America to me.)*

And "Fifth Avenue, Uptown," by James Baldwin, July 1960:

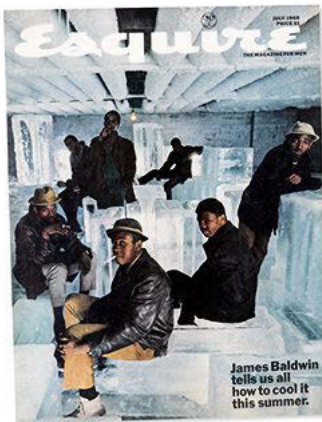
*When we reach the end of this long block,
we find ourselves on wide, filthy, hostile Fifth
Avenue, facing that project which hangs over
the avenue like a monument to the folly, and
the cowardice, of good intentions. All along the
block, for anyone who knows it, are immense
human gaps, like craters.*

*These gaps are not created merely by
those who have moved away, inevitably into*

some other ghetto; or by those who have risen, almost always into a greater capacity for self-loathing and self-delusion; or yet by those who, by whatever means—War II, the Korean War, a policeman's gun or billy, a gang war, a brawl, madness, an overdose of heroin, or, simply, unnatural exhaustion—are dead. I am talking about those who are left, and I am talking principally about the young. What are they doing?

And the great Richard Wright's short story "Big, Black, Good Man," November 1957:

"Good evening." The black giant's voice filled the small office. Olaf sat up slowly, not to answer but to look at this brooding black vision: it towered darkly some six and a half feet into the air, almost touching the ceiling, and its skin was so black that it had a bluish tint. And the sheer bulk of the man! His chest bulged like a barrel; his rocklike and humped shoulders hinted of moun-





**HART
SCHAFFNER
MARX**

MADE IN THE USA

tain ridges; the stomach ballooned like a threatening stone; and the legs were like telephone poles. The big black cloud of a man now lumbered into the office, bending to get its buffalolike head under the doorframe, then advanced slowly upon Olaf. He was like a stormy sky descending.

"You got a room?" the big black man asked.

These are just a few among so many others on the wound of race in America that refuses to heal. It was the so many others that often got the magazine attacked, as it was by a newspaper publisher from Alabama in 1964, for its "bright, clever, entertaining, illogical, radical left-wing writing."

Orsen B. Spivey of the *Geneva County Reaper* continued (in an editorial that was reprinted in full in the March 1964 issue): "Blithely they continue to slam 'bigotry in the South' in every issue, usually by means of Hitler's 'big-lie' technique, assuming that integration of the races and Federal control of every facet of society is virtually an accomplished fact and only a batch of Southern Slobs, in their pitiful ignorance, are holding out against the establishment of a universal utopia in which everyone is color-blind except Martin Luther King and Esquire, Inc."

Through the explosion of civil rights and assassinations and race riots, through the "era of big government is over," through the whole process of lurching toward racial equality, through the election of a black president, Esquire has looked steadily at race and culture and especially at the stubborn intersection of race and poverty.

From the jaundiced backside of civil rights came David Bradley's "Black and American, 1982," May 1982:

I am a black. . . . Somehow I had gotten the idea that I had within me attributes and talents that could produce many colorful effects, and that the measure of my success as a person would be the extent to which I could bring my internal pigments together to create a multicolored personality that would be visible to the world outside. Perhaps because I was raised on Sunday school ditties and Bible verses, I thought I had a little light and that I ought to let it shine before men. The notion was naive, silly, and quixotic. I have given it up.

And just as June Meyer's utopian vision of Harlem was born of a riot that started when a police officer shot a boy, so too was the story of Michael Brown Sr., "I Should Have Been There to Protect Him . . .": The Intimate Story of Michael Brown Sr. and the Agony of the Black Father in America," by John H. Richardson, January/February 2015:

It is Thanksgiving at Mike Brown's house, three days after a grand jury declined to bring charges against the policeman who killed his son and his city exploded in riots. His wife, Calvinia, and her mother and various daughters and sisters and cousins bustle around the kitchen preparing the feast. The men gather downstairs in the man cave, watching the Eagles school the Cowboys. Because they're Americans and this is the day Americans consecrate to gratitude, the Brown family tries to stick to easy topics—food, sports, music, children, absent relatives—everything but the nightmare that has changed their lives forever. Soon they will take their places around the table. Soon they will bow their heads and pray. Soon they will declare the things that still make them, despite everything, thankful.

Brown's house is an ordinary ranch in a pleasant, safe neighborhood a few miles from where his son was killed, completely average except for one thing—down in the man cave the walls are decorated with photos of Brown's dead son, a tapestry of his dead son, a photo of a mural dedicated to his dead son. Hanging on the corner of the TV is a black necktie with his dead son's face peeking out at the very bottom, like a bit of sun under a long black cloud. Brown leans against a pillow bearing his dead son's face. Mike-Mike, they called him, as if saying his name once weren't enough to express their love. . . .

... Tonight, everyone wrote on the tablecloth except for Brown. But what would he write? What can he possibly be thankful for at a time like this?

He thinks for a moment. Some answers in this world are easy—for Cal, obviously. His mother-in-law, who made her. And being able to get up every morning to fight for Mike-Mike.

The other answers are all in the future, in the ideal America that never quite comes, in the endless struggle that will deliver us—as it is delivering Brown—to grace.

—MARK WARREN



Racy

And "risqué" were among the complaints brought against Esquire by the U. S. postmaster general, as noted by Supreme Court justice William O. Douglas in a landmark 1946 ruling against the postmaster's decision to revoke Esquire's permit for second-class postage. The postmaster had claimed the magazine did not "contribute to the public good and the public welfare." In a unanimous decision, the court ruled the postmaster was not empowered "to prescribe standards for the literature" or "to determine whether the contents of the periodical meet some standard of the public good." The decision effectively recognized pinups and salacious humor—and, really, the objectification of women—as socially acceptable. It is widely believed to have led to the rise of even racier publications than this one.



Reynolds, Burt

When Jack Nicholson backed out of his nude cover for Esquire's October 1972 issue at the last minute, a story on male impotence received top billing. We just needed the most masculine man in America to volunteer to be the face of it, and there was only one man

LANDS'END

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for the job. Fortunately, he said yes.

I was working on a picture called *White Lightning* when I was approached by a guy from *Esquire* who said they wanted to do this cover with me. I got the joke right away and said yes. We went into the back of this photography shop in town, and they had it all lit up. It was summer in Arkansas, where it's about 112 degrees inside, so at least it wasn't in the cold! We had a few laughs—and I think I had a few drinks. I liked the photographer, Dan Wynn, a lot. I think the best thing you can do when your masculinity is being brought up so constantly is just to have fun with it. And fortunately, the public really reacted well to it. Johnny Carson and I were very close, and he was always kidding me about it. But I always had fun with him. I mean, every place that I went on, that kind of a show or a talk show, or any publicity that I was doing for a picture, they brought it up. It was fun. I'd worked with Jon Voight on *Deliverance* that year, and he and I have remained very close friends. We always have a million laughs. And he's somebody that kids me about all that stuff. I keep telling him that they would have asked him to do the cover, but he wasn't masculine enough!

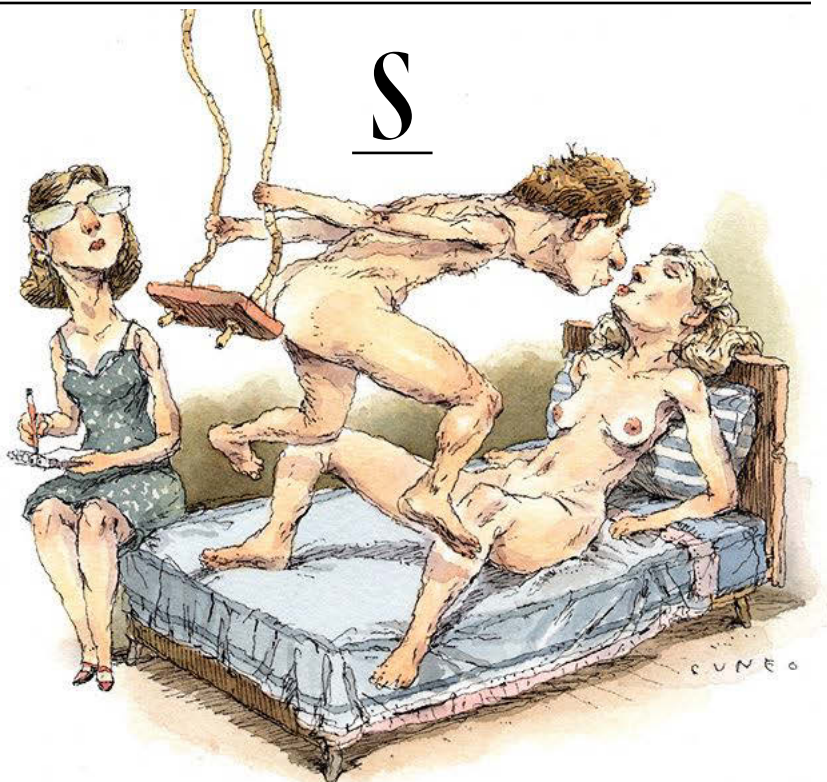


Rooster

Paul Sedaris, younger brother of writer David Sedaris, "You Can't Kill the Rooster," June 1998:

Asked how he came up with the name, [Paul] says only, "Certain motherfuckers think they can fuck with my shit, but you can't kill the Rooster. You might can fuck him up sometimes, but, bitch, nobody kills the motherfucking Rooster. You know what I'm saying?"

Sedaris wrote about Paul and other members of his family in a dozen essays for the magazine in the late 1990s and beyond, including "Me Talk Pretty One Day" (March 1999) and the unforgettable "Big Boy" (November 1999).



SEX

AS *ESQUIRE*'S sexual authority, I took the occasion of our 1,000th issue to dive deeply into the annals (which I keep, leather-bound, by my bed) and present our stance on sex, both current and from behind.

We have never been afraid to trudge through the sexual trenches. A report on the nightclubs of occupied Germany would have pleased Hitler tremendously: horny German women trying, with their crotches, "to split the Allies.... [and] spread pure Nazi ideologies, which remain strong." Nice try, *fräuleins*, but *nein!* I think it goes without saying that *Esquire* remains proudly anti-Nazi-slut. Additionally, the amount of reportage from deep inside the group-sex world and New Jersey assures me that *Esquire* is

open-minded about open marriages. *Esquire* is pro-foot-job as well, although an excerpt from a Frenchman's World War II memoir describing his affair with an insatiable foot-jerker is our first and last word on the subject.

As expected, significant space has been devoted to blowjobs. A David Foster Wallace story about a wife who wants to give great head so much that she buys a dildo and practices (I think we showed great restraint by not making this the subject of every article after that) would have you believe that *Esquire* has an unshakable belief in the merits of fellatio. But a few years later, we published "The Demise of the Blowjob: And the Rise of Cunnilingus." The latter might be gaining, sure, but I think a

blowjob is still a thing you can get at most places.

We're intrigued by affairs, fictional or otherwise, or in the case of Philip Roth's novel *Deception*, about an affair had by a fictitious Philip Roth, both and neither. We've asked cheating men why men cheat (because it's fun and they like it) and cheating women why women cheat (because it's fun and they like it), and we've proposed that in order to fuck someone forever, one has to fight with someone forever. And after a blissful cruise through my twelve years of sex advice (which went down like a fifty-year-old port, by the way), I stand by everything, particularly the stuff about herpes. (I just think you guys would be more comfortable on your island, that's all.)

Upon closing the annals and wiping them off, I'd say we're in good shape. Nothing we can't explain away. Our stance on sex is that we're still basically for it, so keep your questions coming. (But no more about masturbation curing diseases, please. It still doesn't.)

—STACEY WOODS



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Shaving

THE ESQUIRE
SHAVING HALL OF FAME



Jessica Simpson
(face, May 2008)



Virna Lisi
(face, March 1965)



Scarlett Johansson
(legs, November 2006)



Playboy: started in 1953 by Esquire copywriter Hugh Hefner, who left the magazine after being denied a five-dollar-a-week raise.



Memphis Belle: legendary World War II B-17 bomber, named after an Esquire Petty Girl illustration painted on fuselage.

Esquire NETWORK The magazine on TV.



MOVIES:

Breakfast at Tiffany's
Based on Truman Capote's story in Esquire (November 1958). Unintended consequences: George Peppard's career; *The A-Team*.

Dr. Strangelove
Writer Terry Southern and director Stanley Kubrick met when Esquire assigned Southern to profile Kubrick.

Apocalypse Now
Inspired by Michael Herr's Vietnam stories.

Bonnie and Clyde
Screenplay written by former Esquire staffers Robert Benton and David Newman.

Urban Cowboy
Adapted from a 1980 feature story. Unintended consequence: Rise of line dancing.

Apple Inc.:
See JOBS, STEVE.

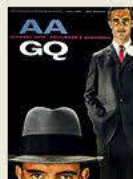
The Internet:
Sure, why not.

SPAWNED, WHAT ESQUIRE HAS

A SELECTIVE INVENTORY OF
THINGS THE MAGAZINE HAS
BEGOTTEN OVER THE COURSE
OF 999 ISSUES



A-Rod-Jeter feud:
First public sniping appeared in a 2001 Esquire profile of A-Rod, in which he said, "[Jeter] never had to lead. He can just go and play and have fun."



GQ: started as a fashion-focused spin-off of Esquire in 1957.

The ESQ watch:
Designed by watchmaker **Movado** since 1992. Swiss timing, Esquire style.



Esquire and Jefferson's Manhattan Barrel Finished Cocktail: Premixed manhattan in handsome bottle. Pour, garnish, enjoy.

PROMOTION



A BRIEF HISTORY OF

SHAVING



From the venerable straight razor to the revolutionary Lexington Collection™

Power Razor, a clean shave has always been a gentleman's first choice in grooming. Join The Art of Shaving® for a glance back in time on the quest for cutting edge perfection.



THE RAZOR'S EDGE

A look at the evolution of the sharpest grooming trends through the decades.

Early 1900s

The effective yet hazardous straight razor falls out of favor when production of the Gillette® safety razor and blade begins in South Boston. By the end of World War I, some 3.5 million razors and 32 million blades were put into military hands.

Fact

Alexander the Great found that hirsute soldiers were at a disadvantage due to excessive enemy beard grabbing and insisted his troops maintain clean-shaven faces.



Nineteenth-century gents were regulars at the barber shop.



"Manufacturers are certainly doing their best to make the daily grist of mowing the map an easier and quicker performance. Blade users will welcome one of those little box sharpeners which will condition any double edged blade for at least a couple hundred perfect shaves." *ESQUIRE, OCTOBER 1938*



Shave in the direction of growth when applying a straight razor at home.

1950

Max Braun dramatically improves on electric shaving when he introduces his revolutionary shaver foil technology. Able to do away with the finest and shortest hairs, Braun razors became something of a futuristic grooming staple for the mid-century man.

Fact

The average man will spend about 3,300 hours of his life shaving.



"Ten years ago, there were approximately a half dozen firms making men's toiletries. Today, there are over 200, with the number increasing rapidly. American males spent close to fifty million smackers last year, on behalf of better grooming. Why? Because the field is becoming specialized." *ESQUIRE, OCTOBER 1946*



1985

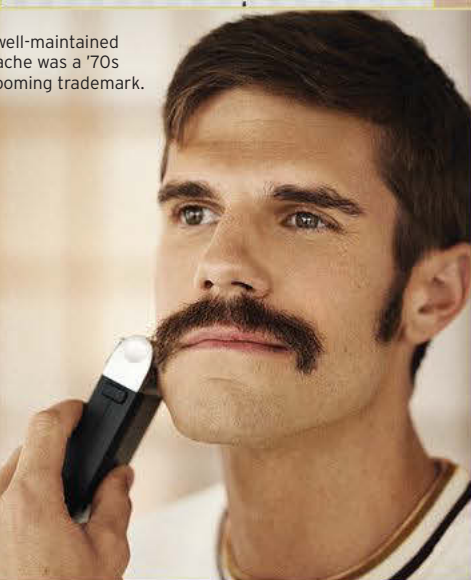
The lubricating strip slides into the spotlight when the Atra Plus is introduced by Gillette.



1971

Gillette introduces the TracII, its closest shave to date and the first twin-bladed razor. Over the following decades, Gillette would debut three- and even five-bladed razors, promising unparalleled Gillette comfort and closeness.

Well-maintained
ache was a '70s
grooming trademark.



1996

The Art of Shaving opens the doors to its first store, on Lexington Avenue in Manhattan, preceding the trend of men taking an active interest in their everyday grooming rituals. The company would eventually open more than 150 stores nationwide.



Shaving during or after your shower helps prepare the skin and makes beard hair easier to cut.

Today

More than a century of evolution in technology yields perfection. Featuring Flexball™ technology that responds to facial contours, The Lexington Collection™ Power Razor with soothing micro-pulsations pivots in multiple directions for maximum contact with the skin. The result is a closer shave with fewer strokes (vs. Fusion®). You know, like your golf game.



"Smart gentlemen about town are collecting various grooming requisites as much for the clever containers as for the contents... A favorite with the rugged type is the hardy pottery shaving mug decorated with clipper ships." *ESQUIRE, JANUARY 1944*



THE LEXINGTON COLLECTION™

CRAFTSMANSHIP MEETS POWER



The fine badger hairbrush generates a rich, warm lather, softens and lifts the beard, and gently exfoliates.



The Lexington Collection™ features New York-inspired chrome-plated accents and a black satin aluminum finish.



The razor's Flexball™ technology allows the blades to pivot over the contours of your face for outstanding closeness and comfort, while soothing micro-pulsations help improve razor glide.



Activate soothing micro-pulsations with a sleek cat-eye LED Power Button.

Venerable old-world grooming marries the future of shaving technology with The Lexington Collection™ Power Razor. It elevates your bathroom vanity while contributing to your own. Experience more at theartofshaving.com.





Sports

Among the giant topics that have attracted the best writers, the one—more than power or war or adventure or sex—that has most inspired their language, their punctuation, and their amazement.

"The Last American Hero Is Junior Johnson. Yes!"

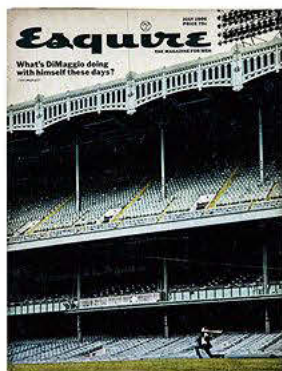
by Tom Wolfe, March 1965:

Instead of going into the curves and just sliding and holding on for dear life like the other drivers, Junior developed the technique of throwing himself into a slide about seventy-five feet before the curve by cocking the wheel to the left slightly and gunning it, using the slide, not the brake, to slow down, so that he could pick up speed again halfway through the curve and come out of it like a shot. This was known as his "power slide," and—yes! of course!—every good old boy in North Carolina started saying Junior Johnson had learned that stunt doing those goddamned *about-faces* running away from the Alcohol Tax agents.

"What Do You Think of Ted Williams Now?"

by Richard Ben Cramer, June 1986:

He's out every day, out early and out loud. You might spot him at a coffee bar where the guides breakfast, quizzing them on their catches and telling them what *he* thinks of fishing here lately, which is, "IT'S HORSESHIT." Or you might notice him in a crowded but quiet tackle shop, poking at a reel that he's seen before, opining that it's not been sold because "THE PRICE IS TOO DAMN HIGH," after which Ted advises his friend,



Shazam the cover below to read Gay Talese's poignant portrait of Joe DiMaggio.

the proprietor, across the room: "YOU MIGHT AS WELL QUIT USING THAT HAIR DYE. YOU'RE GOING BALD ANYWAY."

"The House That Thurman Munson Built,"

by Michael Paterniti, September 1999:

I give you Thurman Munson in the eighth inning of a meaningless baseball game, in a half-empty stadium in a bad Yankee year during a fourteen-season Yankee drought, and Thurman Munson is running, arms pumping, busting his way from second to third like he's taking Omaha Beach, sliding down in a cloud of luminous, Saharan dust, then up on two feet, clapping his hands, turtling his head once around, spitting diamonds of saliva: Safe.

"Belmont: Queen of the Tracks," by W. C. Heinz, June 1953:

It is six-thirty and the haze of morning is like a grey gauze around the dark green stables and the lighter green trees. A race track, you see, wakes up between five and six o'clock. It wakes up with the sound of the cock crowing somewhere among the stables and a dog barking and horses everywhere starting to get restless in their stalls.

"The Silent Season of a Hero," by Gay Talese, July 1966:

One night in a supper club a woman who had been drinking approached [Joe DiMaggio's] table, and when he did not ask her to join him, she snapped:

"All right, I guess I'm *not* Marilyn Monroe."

He ignored her remark, but when she repeated it, he replied, barely controlling his anger, "No—I wish you were, but you're not."

"Gorgeous Dan," by John Irving, April 1973:

Out of normal dress, in wrestling tights, [Dan] Gable no longer looks small. His wrists resemble ankles, his forearms approach the size of the normal human calf, his upper arms are respectable thighs. He has no hips, no ass... Gable's body is pure function; it looks built to perform. It is no more pretty than an axhead. It is no more elaborate than a hammer.

"The Man Who Never Was," by Mike Sager, May 2009:

Once, during halftime at a home game, Todd [Marinovich] retrieved a premade rig out of his locker and went to the bathroom to shoot up. Sitting on the toilet, half listening to the chalk talk, he slammed the heroin. As the team was leaving the locker room for the second half, he struggled with the screen in his glass crack pipe—he wasn't getting a good hit. Then the pipe broke, and he lacerated his left thumb. By the time he got out onto the field, his thumb wrapped in a towel, the game had already started.

"Ain't I Pretty?" by Charles P. Pierce, September 2000:

It's simply good to be Warren Sapp—even when it's December in Green Bay, and the game is tight, and your breath comes in tortured clouds—because you can have these moments in which everything comes together in a great wave like something from a deep and mystic sea, and it pops out of your eyes and your face, and out the tips of your fingers, and it dangles from the braids in your hair. Joy, that is.

STYLE, PAST AND PRESENT

Ever since Esquire set out in the fall of 1933 to inspire readers to give “a little care and thought and study to the selection of clothes,” the editors have devoted part of every issue to helping men understand the prevailing tastes and best practices of the times. Much has changed over the years. Much has not. And over the following pages, we use images from past issues of the magazine to show how the ways we dress **now** have roots in how we dressed **then**.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEWART SHINING

ESQ. PG. 186

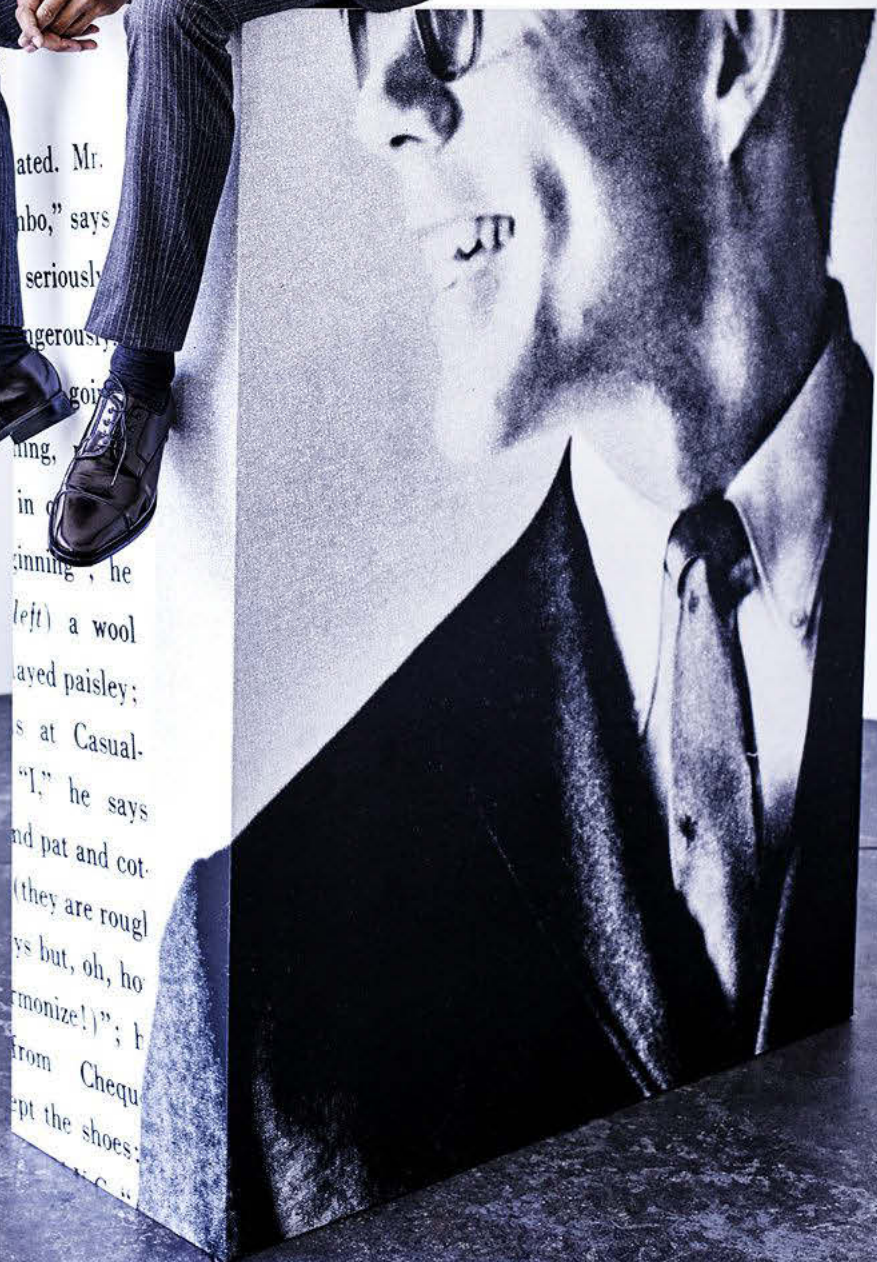
THE BLAZER

THEN (1959): Full- or half-canvas and often cut boxy, it was one rung down from the suit and almost always paired with a tie.

NOW: Thanks to advances in fabric and construction, the modern iteration is the fulcrum of high-low dressing.

Unlined and unstructured, it's best worn close to the body. With a tie, maybe.

Two-button wool-and-cashmere jacket (\$2,695), cotton shirt (\$445), and virgin-wool trousers (\$845) by Giorgio Armani; calfskin derbies (\$1,055) by A. Testoni; steel Carrera Calibre 6 Heritage automatic watch (\$3,150) by TAG Heuer; socks (\$32) by Bresciani.



THE CHALK-STRIPE SUIT

THEN (1961): The professional man's daily suit of armor, full-canvassed, heavy as hell, and built to last.

NOW: The professional man's increasingly optional suit of armor. Half-canvassed, light as a feather, close-fitting, and with no visible means of support.

Double-breasted wool suit (\$8,795), cotton shirt (\$860), and silk tie (\$300) by Kiton; calfskin derbies (\$1,140) by Santoni.



Blue
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memory for most of us,
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THE TIE

THEN (1960): An indispensable emblem of membership in the professional classes and the sine qua non of respectable adulthood.

NOW: A badge of classic taste and elegance—but only when you feel like it.

Two-button wool jacket (\$970), cotton-poplin shirt (\$350), and silk-blend tie (\$130) by Calvin Klein Collection; steel Carrera Calibre 6 Heritage automatic watch (\$3,150) by TAG Heuer.

...ured in chemical engi
...ature one of these days
... not only earned his t
... half the undergraduat
... him—as in a



THE TUXEDO

THEN (1955): A rigorous uniform that one diverged from only at one's own risk. Experts played with color, cloth lapels, and the fixings, but no one messed with the tie.

NOW: A rediscovered pleasure, rendered more comfortable by advances in textile technology. Experts still play with the details, though only amateurs switch out the bow tie for a straight one.



ARD LITWIN

THIS PAGE: Wool-and-cashmere coat (\$4,795), cashmere tuxedo (\$7,840), cotton tuxedo shirt (\$875), silk bow tie (\$245), and silk cummerbund (\$395) by Brunello Cucinelli; patent-leather-and-satin dress shoes (\$1,040) by John Lobb; silver-and-mother-of-pearl stud set (\$90) by Ox & Bull; silk tuxedo socks (\$60) by Bresciani. OPPOSITE: Cotton-jersey tuxedo jacket (\$1,623) and cotton-jersey tuxedo trousers (\$494) by Etro; cotton tuxedo shirt (\$595) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; silk grosgrain bow tie (\$80) and silk grosgrain cummerbund (\$120) by Paul Stuart; patent-leather dress shoes (\$348) by Brooks Brothers; silver-and-onyx stud set (\$90) by Ox & Bull.

THE VALUE
The color of a Palomino
the roundings, is one of many bright reds—
this bold raincoat. It's luscious all over—the
pockets, big lapels, big buttons, and a wide
sweep. So in sleeves and square shoulders
make you look like an ex-furball. And
underneath it all are a brown tweed suit
and heavy welt shoes.



THE CAMEL COAT

THEN (1949): A singularly American favorite, first seen in the early part of the twentieth century as an après-sport cover-up. Big, all-enveloping, and warm.

NOW: Still a great option to shut out the cold, though it's cut shorter and trimmer than its antecedents.

Double-breasted wool coat (\$4,400), double-breasted wool jacket (\$2,700), cotton shirt (\$640), and wool trousers (\$860) by Prada; calfskin derbies (\$850) by Pal Zileri; cashmere hat (\$465) by SuperDuper Hats.

THE LEATHER JACKET AND JEANS

THEN (1958): The twin hallmarks of hell-raisers and troubled young souls.

NOW: A global symbol of luxurious weekend nonconformity that is, of course, thoroughly conformist.

Leather jacket (\$4,495), cotton sweater (\$375), and denim jeans (\$595) by Dolce & Gabbana; leather boots (\$975) by Esquivel; steel Khaki Field watch (\$575) by Hamilton; socks (pack of three; \$17) by Gold Toe.



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activity

TWEED (COATS, SUITS, ET AL.)

THEN (1936): The standard for “sportswear,” tweed derived from thick and scratchy wool plaids first developed in Scotland as a form of camouflage.

NOW: Still a recurring staple of old-school charm, it's often boldly reimagined and mixed up in eye-popping ways.

Double-breasted wool coat (\$5,900), two-button cashmere jacket (\$5,950), cashmere turtleneck (\$1,150), and wool-and-cashmere trousers (\$1,500) by Ermenegildo Zegna Couture; suede derbies (\$595) by Ermenegildo Zegna.





GROOMING BY CLAUDIA LAKE.
HAIR BY THOM PRIANO, BOTH
FOR CONTACT. SET DESIGN
BY KERRY REARDON FOR RAY
BROWN PRO.

THE PARKA

THEN (1999):

Technical outerwear as fashion was *the* story in men's wear in the 1990s.

NOW: Technical everything as fashion is *the* story in men's wear in the 2010s.

Coated-nylon ripstop jacket (\$595) by RLX Ralph Lauren; cotton sweater (\$245), cotton shirt (\$135), and waxed-cotton pants (\$185) by Polo Ralph Lauren; nubuck-leather-and-rubber boots (\$150) by Sorel.

T Talese, Gay

WRITER, JOURNALIST,

ESQUIRE LEGEND | 83

NEW YORK CITY

INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSMAN,

JULY 15, 2015

> **Still alive**, and writing as slow as ever.

> **My attention to detail** came from watching my father put together a suit. Stitching, then measuring, two fittings, three fittings.... The idea of doing things well... taking time... getting it right. It's all part of my journalism. It's writing like a prideful tailor.

> **Every person you interview** becomes a kind of mentor of the moment.

> **My daughter was born** because of the Peter O'Toole assignment. Esquire sent me to London in 1963 to interview Peter. He asked me, "Do you have any children?" I said, "No, I can't afford children." He said, "Why not?" I told him I didn't have enough money. He said, "You don't sound like you're very much of a risk taker." I thought, Wake up, Gay. You're hearing something now. "So, where's your wife?" he asked. I told him she was a young editor at Random House. "Why don't you have her come over? You can stay in my house." So she flew over and we stayed in his house. We conceived our daughter in Peter O'Toole's guest room. She's fifty-one years old now.

> **The magic of America** is in its nonfiction characters that can well defy fiction because they're such unbelievable stories.

> **If you're a child** in your parents' store, you learn manners. You respect the customer. You learn to be an observer.

> **I always had to dress** for my father's approval. I was the only son of the town's major tailor, and the son had to not discredit him by looking like a slob. That's one pressure I had as a kid. I was like a signboard that said **BUY YOUR SUIT HERE**.

> **Writing about Sinatra** was not my idea. Sinatra was Esquire's

idea. I didn't want to do it. He was too famous, and I wanted to write about people in whom I could discover something.

> **What made a difference** in the Sinatra piece, I think, is as I got older and older, the piece got younger and younger.

> **Foolish people try** to imitate Tom Wolfe. It's embarrassing.

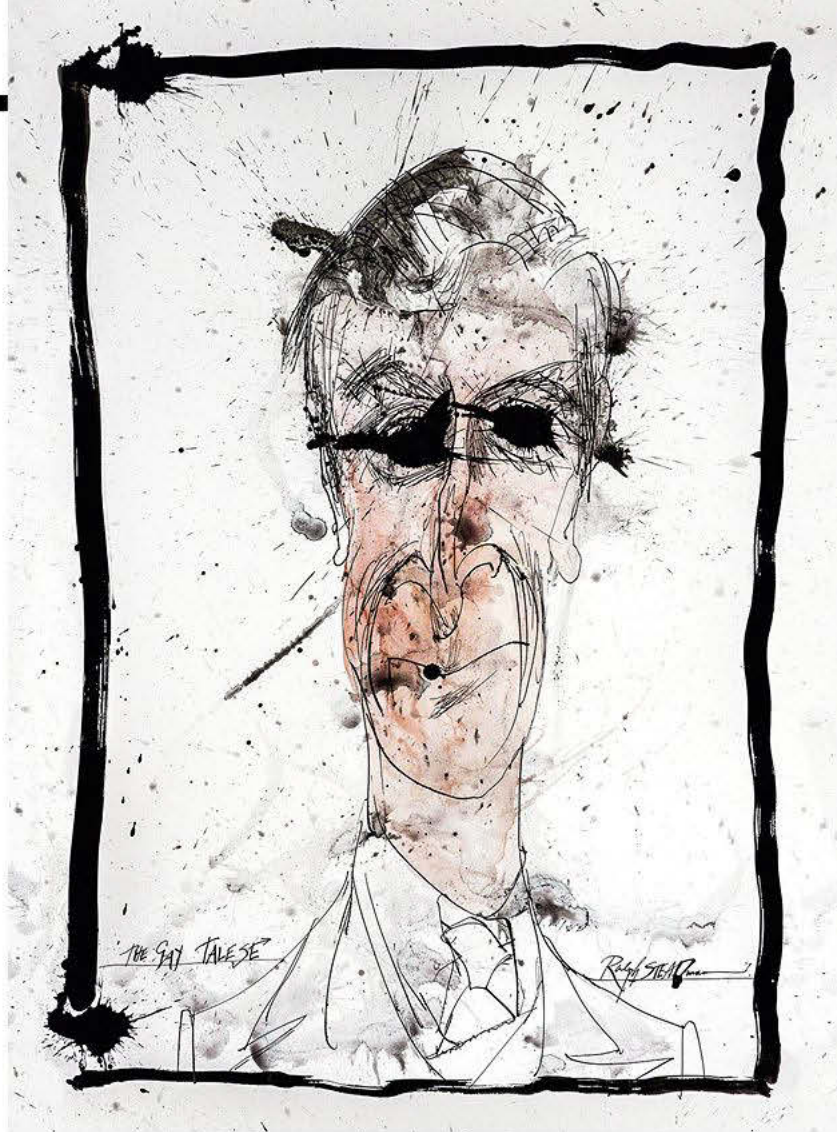
> **Ordinary food** is wonderful to me. I don't want extraordinary food. I want a plain meal in a place where I can listen to people who are interesting tell me about themselves. That's four courses for me.

> **Eat too much** and your suits suffer.

> **What makes a good marriage?** A language of intimacy that you share. You intuit a dialogue that was never expressed.

> **Freedom** is doing what you want and doing it for as long as you want.

> **What does it all mean?** It comes down to this: How well did you do your work? How did you treat people?



Trump, Donald

As described by Nora Ephron in "Famous First Words," June 1989
Here is what interests me about Donald Trump: **He wants to be famous. He wants people to talk about**

him. He wants people to notice him. He wants people to write about him. He wants people to ask him for autographs and recognize him and invade his privacy.... Look how happy he is in his Trumphood; look

how merrily he floats in his Trumpdom; look how brightly he wallows in his Trumpness.

As described by Trump himself in "What It Feels Like to Be Trump," August 2004
When I look at some

of the things that have happened in government, I can't believe it. Countries that we're protecting are screwing us on oil prices. It's unthinkable. I wouldn't stand for it. How would I handle that? That's what it feels like to be me.

ILLUSTRATION BY RALPH STEADMAN



WAR

IF NOT THE PRINCIPAL SUBJECT OF ESQUIRE'S BEST WRITING OVER ITS HISTORY, WAR IS CERTAINLY AMONG THE MOST PERSISTENT

IN THAT, THE *magazine* has reflected its nation. In the nearly seventy-four years since Pearl Harbor, the United States has been engaged in major wars—not counting the little ones, like Somalia and Bosnia and Grenada and Panama—for nearly half of them. We are a warring nation. Over scores of stories, the nature of the magazine's own fixation with war evolved in the way journalism itself evolved over those decades, moving from soft commentary and reminiscence and occasional propaganda to vivid reporting and visceral narratives, the kind the magazine practically invented.

"My Crew at Pearl Harbor," by Lieutenant J. K. Taussig Jr., *World War II*, March 1943

I could see three men lying prone with terrible burns. The man on the top bunk was recognizable only because of his physique

and a small shock of blond hair which hadn't been burned. He was smoking a cigarette held between burned fingers through which the bone showed. He leaned over and I spoke to him. He said that he figured he was pretty badly burned, but that the fellow in the bunk under him was worse off, so he had told the doctor to treat his buddy first.

"Hell Sucks," by Michael Herr, the *Vietnam War*, August 1968

"You mean you don't have to be here? And you're here!" But they are glad you're here, really very grateful. "Hey, Esquire! Hey, you want a story, man? Write this: I'm up there on 881, this was May, I'm up there walkin' the ridgeline an' this Zip jumps up smack into me, lays this AK-47 fuckin' right into me, only he's so surprised I got my whole clip off 'fore he knew how to thank me for it. Grease one." After twenty kilometers of this, in spite of the roiling dark sky ahead, we could see the smoke coming up from the far side of the river, from the Citadel of Huế.

"A Rumor of Resistance," by Philip Caputo, the *Soviet War in Afghanistan*, December 1980

It was obvious that these Russian pilots weren't afraid of anything the mujahedin could do to them. And with good reason. The guerrilla beside me was aiming his rifle at the aircraft, and I thought, *Jesus Christ, don't shoot that damn thing and draw their fire*, when I saw that his gun was a breech-loading Martini-Henry. Stamped on the receiver were the initials V.R.—"Victoria Regina"—and the date of manufacture, 1878.

"The Making of the Twenty-First-Century Soldier, Part Three," by Colby Buzzell, the *Iraq War*, November 2005

I then directed my M240 machine gun toward the tower and pulled the trigger completely back and didn't let go until I was completely out of rounds. Links and brass shells spitting out of the right side of my weapon, making a huge mess all over. It was fucking beautiful. (Almost burned the barrel.)... As I reloaded the 240 with another belt of 7.62, I was thinking to myself, *Jesus Christ, I can't believe I'm actually shooting at a holy place of worship. I thought we weren't allowed to do this kind of thing.* Fuck it.

"The Things That Carried Him," by Chris Jones, the *Iraq War*, May 2008

The last time the platoon saw Sergeant Montgomery was later that morning, at first light. It was Wednesday, May 23. They all came out of their barracks to see the helicopters land.... They took hold of the poles of the stretcher, three on each side, with their friend from Indiana between them, zipped up inside a black bag tucked under a green Army blanket, and they carried him into one of the Black Hawks, and they watched them lift off into the dawn and dust, and they saluted then, saluted the start of one journey and the end of another, holding their salutes all the while as the birds flew away, until they were gone over the horizon.

"The Long Walk," by C. J. Chivers, the *War in Afghanistan*, August 2009

Lieutenant Smith watched. Closer they came, closer, and closer still, until the first man was perhaps six feet away from the nearest American prone on the ground, who switched the selector lever on his rifle from safe to semiautomatic, readying it to fire. The lever made a tiny metal-on-metal noise, a click.

The lead insurgent stopped.

He lowered his head.... Other lasers, from other soldiers, were locked on each man visible in the column behind. The point man seemed undecided, unaware of the green dot above his brow. He had heard something, but what?

"Fire," Lieutenant Smith said. "Fire, fire, fire, fire."

TURN THE PAGE TO READ MARK WARREN'S STRIKING PROFILE OF C. J. CHIVERS AT WAR.



The cover of the October 1966 issue, which included John Sack's account of the infantry company that he followed from training through its first tour of combat.





THE END

After fourteen years of being immersed in the bloody wars of our era, C.J. Chivers—the

THE FORCES OF LIBYAN PRESIDENT MUAMMAR

Qaddafi had been firing high-explosive ordnance into the city of Misurata for weeks—they'd been shooting tank rounds and they'd been firing rockets. Barrage after barrage. And lots of mortars. And among the 120mm mortars they had been firing were Spanish-made rounds that were a clustering munition that had never been seen in combat before. This was a serious problem, because we now know that the Spaniards had sold the mortars to the Qaddafi government just as Spain was preparing to join the international convention that banned them.

We know this because of the work of C. J. Chivers of *The New*

York Times, also a frequent contributor to *Esquire*, whose expertise in ballistics and battlefield tactics—and nearly unprecedented experience reporting from war zones—has made him the most important war correspondent of his time. Chivers suspected that Qaddafi was using the Spanish mortars, and it was when he went to prove it that a NATO jet on a bombing run tried to kill him.

By that April 2011, when Libya was collapsing into civil war, Chivers himself had been at war for ten years. He'd been in Afghanistan in November 2001, just after the bombing began, as he'd been in Iraq in March 2003, when the bombing began there—as he'd also been in lower Manhattan on the morning of September 11,



OF WAR

best and most experienced combat reporter of his generation—suddenly decided to stop

Chivers with
Kurdish
Peshmerga
fighters in
northeastern
Iraq, March
2003.

and as he had been in every theater since, too many deployments for him to even remember, amounting to years away from his home, his wife, and his five small children, four boys and a girl.

The *Times* hired Chivers at age thirty-four in 1999 to cover war. That was the handshake, he says. A former Marine officer, he might know how to handle himself in a war zone, the paper figured. What the *Times* could not have known was that Chivers would develop a brand of journalism unique in the world for, among other things, its study of the weapons we use to kill one another. After reporting on a firefight—whether he was in Iraq, Afghanistan, South Ossetia, Libya, or Syria—he'd look for shell cas-

ings and ordnance fragments. If he was embedded with American soldiers or Marines, he'd ask them if he could look through what they had found for an hour or so—"finger fucking," he'd call it—and ask his photographer to take pictures of ammunition stamps and serial numbers. Over time and in this way he would reveal a vast world of small-arms trade and secret trafficking that no other journalist had known existed before.

And what no one could have known was that the experience

BY MARK WARREN

OCT. 2015

PG. 199

Chivers has had at war would be a mirror for the experience of the United States over the same period. Only for him, that experience—and its damaging effects—has been far more personal.

In the center of Misurata, where the mortars were falling, Chivers found pieces of Qaddafi's banned mortar rounds, but he didn't know exactly when they'd been produced or how they'd been imported to Libya. The best way to find out would be to try to find the positions from which government troops had fired them. He had examined many of the Qaddafi positions as they changed hands inside the city—along Tripoli Street, the same street where his friends the photographers Chris Hondros and Tim Hetherington had been killed by mortar fire three weeks before—but hadn't yet been able to find any identifying documents or shipping crates that would tell him what he needed to know.

So on the day after the siege lifted, he walked the hills surrounding the city. He was methodical, drawing on his own experience in the infantry to decide where he would put the mortar pits. Then he slowly walked in an ever-expanding square looking for his evidence. He found some old military equipment, perhaps from an antiair training site used by Qaddafi's military. But judging from the way it was arranged, it wasn't related to the latest fighting. He kept walking the hill as his square grew wider still.

Chivers and his translator, Hadi, were in friendly rebel-held territory, so feeling relaxed, he had removed his helmet before leaving his van. This was a rare thing for Chivers to do anywhere, but especially in this *shitty war*, as he called it, as there had been a lot of terrible things falling out of the sky and two of his friends had just been killed. Chivers is disciplined about when and why he won't wear his gear. Besides his desire to live, he also feels ethically bound to protect himself because being wounded meant that, as he says, *a doctor or a bunch of nurses and an ambulance driver were all helping you instead of helping someone else. It is a rule when you're covering a war zone, you try to not go into the casualty stream and further clog it up.*

So even as Chivers took his helmet off, he observed himself doing so. Ten years into this job—a job in which he would vacate his feelings about virtually everything and become, as he puts it, “a somewhat robotic observational machine,” *because if I start thinking about myself and how I'm feeling, then how can I do my job? I'm not interested in how I feel. Who gives a fuck how I feel?*—

he felt certain as he removed his helmet and deliberately placed it on the back bench of his van that *this is not the day that I die. What I am doing here is not dangerous.*

Another rule is that if you're with someone who wants to leave, then you leave. If you're with another journalist and you're getting shot at, and he feels in his gut that it's time to get out of there, you go. In Syria in 2013, he and photographer Bryan Denton were driving to the rebel front one day just as the government dropped artillery along the route. “It was a very scary run,” Denton remembers. “Basically, they'd cut the Aleppo-Damascus highway. There was a regime position about five hundred meters away, which is a terrible spot to be in because you're far enough away that they can use artillery, but close enough that they can still use tanks and small arms and heavy machine guns. It's one of the only times in my career that I've been just too afraid to work. And Chris was calm and we were just getting our stuff done, and I remember at one point he asked me, ‘Are you good to go?’ And I was like, ‘Yeah, man, I need to get out of here. I can't work. I'm too spun.’” Chivers abruptly stopped what he was doing, Denton says. No more questions asked. And they left.

He is not one to leave a dangerous place easily. On September 11, 2001, he was working in downtown Manhattan, a few blocks from the World Trade Center, for the *Times's* metro desk. He had put on his one tie and headed out to cover primary Election Day when his pager started going crazy. He ran toward the burning buildings only to just miss being killed at 9:59 by the falling South Tower, and again at 10:28 by the falling North Tower. He remained on the pile, reporting for the paper, for the next twelve days.

A few weeks later, he was in Uzbekistan en route to Afghanistan. That would begin fourteen years of reporting on war, of being in an almost constant state of almost getting killed, during which time he wrote hundreds of stories from dozens of places. And his skill as a journalist became directly proportional to his powers of self-denial. “The work isn't all that good,” he says. “It's just a few stories.” He is known among other journalists for this self-negation, but even more so for his remaining unruffled in even terrifying situations. Like Denton, those who have gone to war with him tell stories of Chivers keeping them calm, often by narrating the incoming fire. He knows ranges and probabilities, has a good instinct for whether their position is at risk of being overrun, and on occasion offers basic tutorials. The *Times* photographer Tyler Hicks, a frequent reporting partner, recalls Chivers saving him from being hurt badly as he was standing behind a gunner: “RPG back-blast, Tyler! Get back, dude!” Or, as Denton says, “He'd call, ‘That's a missile, not a rocket—remember, a missile is powered throughout flight, a rocket is powered at launch.’”

Chivers has spent more time in the field with Hicks than anyone else. Hicks remembers a night in Afghanistan when a short patrol turned into something much longer. They were usually meticulous in their preparation for joining a patrol, but on this night they found themselves caught out in the open and ill equipped. The patrol had gone south, and they were out for the night—without food, water, or gear, sleeping in the dirt. “A freezing rain started. Absolute misery. Chris and I actually had to hold each other to try to keep warm that night,” Hicks says. “Those times are just as bad as being in a firefight. Hungry all the time. Thirsty all the time. Headaches from dehydration, and the dirt gets into absolutely everything. Grit in your teeth. In your eyes. In your food. In your water.” The fuller story of that harrowing patrol and an ambush and the company's hectic scramble back



TYLER HICKS/THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDUX



Shazam the photo above to read Chivers's Esquire story about his experience on the pile. Opposite, in Afghanistan in 2011.

to base would become a classic piece of Chivers reporting in Esquire ("The Long Walk," August 2009).

Anytime Chivers embeds with a unit, before actually going into the field, he gathers all the soldiers to introduce himself and to describe the work that he intends to do. "It was one of the smartest things he could have done," Hicks says. "Because when someone would get hurt or killed, and we'd be trying to do our job, sometimes people around us would get upset because they didn't fully grasp what we are doing there."

We'll be out there with you, going on the same patrols, making the same movements, and taking the same risks, Chivers will say. The main difference is that we are not armed. And if something happens, our job is different from yours. Our job is not to influence what happens or to turn your attention away from your work, but to document what is happening.

Chivers searched the hillside outside Misurata for a while but found nothing. He remembers tapping his watch, thinking, *I've gotta get back and call in*. The afternoon was a bust. He said to Hadi, *Fuck it. It's not here. Let's go*. He turned to leave; he could see his car. And a few seconds later, the sky just roared. A sound, at first, more than a flash. *I knew this sound because I had been around a lot of air strikes*. But he had never before been directly beneath an air strike. He had never been the *target* of an air strike. This one sounded like a bomb—a five-hundred-pounder—dropping down an elevator shaft, with Chivers at the bottom. There was no time to react or even say anything. His mind formed the simple thought: *Air strike. Dead*.

The bomb landed in front of Chivers and Hadi, and the shock wave lifted them and threw them backward. Chivers landed hard on his chest, cutting his arms and face, and he remembers being surprised still to be thinking thoughts, remembers thinking: *These things throw up a lot of debris. Okay, you survived that, but you don't wanna get killed by a car bumper hurling down on you from a hundred feet*. So the instant he hit the ground, he rolled and scanned the sky overhead, a quick scan, but saw nothing.

Hadi seemed to be unharmed, and they both got to their feet. Neither could hear what the other was saying, but Chivers was yelling. He knew the architecture of air strikes, and he knew that attack aircraft often move in pairs. He also knew that the targets who were still moving on the ground after a strike were considered to be especially annoying targets. The pilots call them "squirters"—the people who survive the first blast and then try to escape. And there's the practice of "plinking squirters," sort of a clean-up process. And that's what Chivers was yelling: *We have to get the fuck out of here. Now*.

He started weaving, running in one direction and then zagging in another, a 20-degree zag. His head was heavy and his brain was swelling from a concussion. But Hadi ran right to the car and jumped in. As Chivers was still zagging, Hadi pulled up alongside, door open, yelling, "Get in, get in, get in!" Chivers was thinking, *It's a lot easier to hit a car than a man, and I don't know if I wanna be in the car*. But there was no getting Hadi out, so he dove into the backseat and Hadi floored it.

The rebel guards at a checkpoint 150 yards down the road were surprised to suddenly see this little van screaming out of the huge mushroom cloud. The guys manning the checkpoint were wide-eyed and talking really fast, Chivers recalls. One of them pointed excitedly at Chivers and said, "Big boom mister! You still alive?"

AT HOME IN RHODE ISLAND, CHIVERS KEEPS A

piece of the bomb that almost killed him on the wall of the office off the garage where he writes. It was a GBU-12, stamped with FOR USE ON MK82. *That incident was extremely valuable*, he says.

An aircraft, a pilot, put a guided munition very near to me on a piece of ground where I was standing that was unquestionably out of the Qaddafi forces' hands, and then proceeded to brief the strike publicly as if it was a valid strike. They said things that were not true. They may have believed them. Either way, it's a problem, right? It shows that they don't know what they're bombing in many instances, and they convince themselves that they do, which is an incredibly dangerous use of lethal power. And it just was extremely useful to see that and consider other things they may be saying to you on one story or another. Because there's no question to me about what happened.

Chivers laughs. *I had some proximity to the event*.

He survived that bombing because of topography and geometry. Dumb luck, really. Since September 11, he says, he's often thought the difference between living and dying came down to *where your feet are*.

And today, that's home. Here he's Chris, and knows you're a stranger if you call him C. J. He made captain in the Marines, but it was when he made lieutenant that he started having other Marines to account for, and evening paperwork to do. Signing "Christopher John Chivers" dozens of times a night was a chore. So he became C. J. to the Marines, and when he got out and went to Columbia Journalism School after service in the first Gulf War, it stuck for his byline, too.

The Chivers house is full of children and noise and life. It is where he has spent virtually all of his time since returning from war and where he does most of his writing. He intensely dislikes writing about himself, and likes talking about himself even less. He'd much rather talk about "murdering fish," as he puts it. He's got an open fishing boat: twenty-six feet, fiberglass, forty-five hundred pounds, nine-and-a-half-foot beam. Deep V, he says. It takes seas well.

No belowdecks. Head's a bucket—his and hers. There's no bed or bunk or galley or cabin. It's just, you know, whatever the weather is, you're in it. I'm at my best when I'm sort of hyperstimulated mentally. Or I am most like myself, let's put it that way. I feel at my most calm if I'm out on a boat in the middle of the night in bad weather and fog with the kids aboard, many, many miles out, you know, working the boat and trying to solve the puzzle of the fish, and then trying to get the boat in with no visibility and this blackness and mist and fog and the possibility of collision with the various tugs and barges that are navigating the same waters. A lot of people would not want anything to do with that. But I am never more blissfully satisfied and calm.

He and his wife, Suzanne, bought the place when he was assigned to the *Times*'s Moscow bureau from 2004 to 2008, a posting that allowed him to take his family along and gave him *perfect time-zone proximity to the wars*.

The wars, of course, have been traumatic for his family. When he was reporting in Afghanistan that first time, just as the wars of this century were starting, he was away for four months and got home late in January 2002. At the time, he had one child, Jack, then almost two. His second son, Mickey, was born five weeks after he returned. He would be back in conflict a couple months later, spending that summer working in Israel.

To prepare for the coming Iraq War, which would start the following March, Chivers left home for the Middle East again that November and would be gone for more than six months, missing Christmas for the second time in a row and marking his single longest stretch in a war. *A whole family is happening. And I am not really part of it, as I should have been. Right?*

His Iraq War nearly ended before it started. All the borders were closed and he almost couldn't get into the country. The *Times* had several people in Baghdad, but no one in the north, in Kurdistan, which is where he needed to go. But while waiting in London he got lucky, accidentally running into an important fixer.

This guy happened to be passing through London. I arranged to meet him, and I told him I wanted to go to Kurdistan and that I intended to stay. He read his newspaper the whole time I was talking to him and seemed incredibly, imperially bored. But I laid my case out for him and he finally said, "Okay, fine. I'm going to help you."

He would have to go to Tehran, the guy told him, another impossible spot on the map for an American journalist. The fixer gave him a letter of reference, an address, and a name. He wrote a letter in his hand. He sealed it and handed it to Chivers.

He went to the Iranian Embassy in London and told them he was a bird-watcher and that he wanted to go look at the migrating birds in Iran, and could he please have a visa? The clerk slid a form over to him to fill out. For profession, he wrote "writer." *And I gave them my passport, and I thought, There's no fucking way they're going to give me a visa.*

A week later, he returned to find a visa waiting for him.

In Tehran, he checked into a hotel with the stack of bird-watching books he'd picked up at the Natural History Museum, and the next morning made his way to the address his fixer had given him, taking a cab to a tired-looking apartment complex on the edge of the city. Upstairs there was an office and a couple Kurdish guys in shabby suits, cigarette smoke hanging down to belt level. "Mr. — sent me," Chivers told them. "I have a letter."

In English one of the men said, "No shit?"

He read the letter and intensely smoked a cigarette, *and he doesn't take his eyes off of me as he puts it on the table, and finally I say, "So what's the fucking letter say?"*

The guy replied, as if reciting the letter, "These men are our brothers. Take them into Kurdistan, and kill them."

Then the man threw his head back and laughed. *Wiseass.*

Following the guy's instructions, Chivers drove across Iran to a town on the Iraqi border. A few days later, after getting discovered by the Revolutionary Guard and a nervous and angry brown-robed cleric who took him in for questioning and seemed undecided what to do with an American journalist posing as a bird-watcher and wandering freely about, Chivers finally made it to a dirt road that went down into a gulley, and on the other side of the gul-



Shazam the photo above to read Chivers's award-winning account of the terrorist attack in Beslan, Russia, "The School."

ley was Iraq. There on the side of the road one morning at dawn waited a Mercedes. One of his fixer's nephews got out of the car.

"Hey, dude!" he said in a British accent. "Welcome to Iraq!"

More specifically, he would be in Sulaimaniya, in Iraqi Kurdistan, where he would spend the next few months building the infrastructure of a news organization from scratch—locating decent hospitals, getting plenty of cash, vehicles, reliable drivers, translators, and fixers. At the time, there was basically no one else there.

I ended up with good drivers, excellent translators who happened to be medical students, so they could put a tourniquet on us or themselves if they had to, he says. Sturdy vehicles. Bags of cash. First-aid kit. Worked through the bazaars to get helmets and flak jackets.

The armies amassed and the U. S. invasion began and seemed to end rather quickly. The *Times* offered him the Baghdad bureau. His editors told him that Baghdad was going to be a great story of reconstruction, that he'd have a house, with a swimming pool, and that he could even move his family there. Chivers was startled. *You realize that the war is still going on, right? You understand that it's really just getting going, right? I'm not gonna go to Baghdad for the swimming pool.*

He turned down the job. He suspected that a lot more destruction and death would happen before anything that could be called "reconstruction" would begin, and believed from what he'd seen that the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq would likely engage the United States for years to come. The fundamental story of the wars—at least the story that he felt best equipped to report—would be the experience of the American soldier as only a former Marine could tell it, and he thought that a significant part of that story would be embedded in shell casings and bomb fragments and the complex new ordnance of extraordinary power that soldiers would be subject to. He believed that the globalization of the arms trade would have unintended consequences for American forces. Many of the endless arms America had exported over the years would wind up being used against it—a story no journalist had yet seen fit to pursue.

What Chivers didn't know was that in the coming years that story and the larger story of the twenty-first century's wars would take him from Iraq and Afghanistan to the "Arab Spring" in Libya and Syria to Vladimir Putin's territorial ambitions in Ukraine; from his landmark chronicle of the Chechen school siege at Beslan for *Esquire* to his harrowing report in the *Times* on the previously secret American casualties of abandoned chemical-weapons stocks in Iraq to *The Gun*, his definitive history of the AK-47.

I understood the war wasn't going away, he says. None of these

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stories that I had worked on were going to stop. They still haven't stopped. I understood that this was going to be a marathon. More than a marathon. I didn't know it'd be a lifetime.

IT'S HARD TO IDENTIFY EXACTLY WHEN THE turning point came.

Was it the moment when he became so hypervigilant, so tactically alert, that he analyzed every common moment of every common day—from taking his kids to school to having a cup of coffee with a friend—in terms of survivability? *I wouldn't sit there if I were you*, Chivers told his friend at a café in midtown Manhattan on a sunny day a couple years ago. *When the blast comes, you'll be covered in glass.*

Was it the day during the worst of the Libyan conflict, when the government shelled the hill Chivers was on as he tried to find a safe place to stand? He was on the phone with a *Times* editor named Rogene Jacquette, who could hear the artillery barrage, when he had to hit the dirt and suddenly lost the call. A few minutes later, he managed to get Jacquette back on the line, but she was too distraught to talk. She had thought he was dead.

Or was it on that day in April 2011 when he was blown into the air by a NATO bomb? Or a few weeks before when Hetherington and Hondros were killed by mortar fire? After that day, Chivers, along with Sidney Kwirem of Human Rights Watch, made hasty arrangements to get the dead out of there. This required finding a refrigerated truck and persuading a vessel in Misurata, a port under bombardment, to stay long enough to take them to Benghazi, where the bodies could be airlifted home.

"I have to write about this," he told Denton, who was with him in Benghazi. "We were in Chris's room, and I remember looking over as he was writing," says Denton, who recounts the moment as if it were something he would never forget. "And then he stopped and just started quietly sobbing in his hands."

Denton and Kwirem put a hand on each shoulder. "I just need a minute," Chivers said.

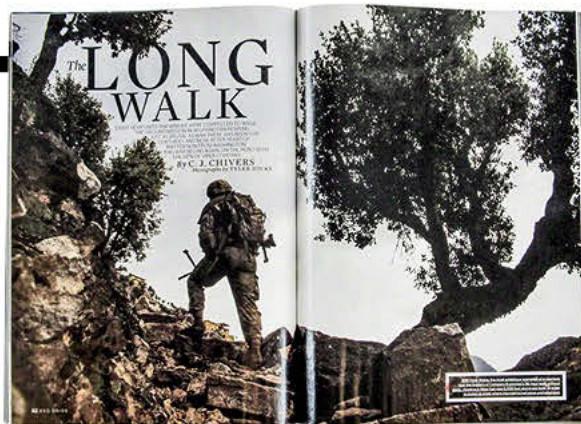
Many journalists say that the deaths of Hetherington and Hondros changed the way that business is done in war zones and drove some writers and photographers from war coverage altogether. No doubt that thought occurred to Chivers, too. But no, Misurata wasn't the moment, either.

I always thought I'd be done when I got shot, or when something worse happened to me, he says today.

Before leaving for his last trip to Iraq last year, he and Suzanne and two of their sons were sitting around the dinner table playing pitch when one of his boys started to itch terribly. He was suddenly covered in hives from head to toe. They called the family doctor, who was puzzled because he could find no clear medical reason for the hives. There was no indication of an infection, and the hives didn't resemble the kind caused by allergy. A couple days later, Chivers left on his trip to Iraq. It was to be a short assignment—three weeks or so. While there, he spoke regularly with Suzanne, who said their son's rash had not gone away. Then, on the day he arrived home, the hives disappeared, suddenly and completely.

Chivers consulted the doctor, who told him that the rash was almost certainly an autoimmune miscue and was probably caused by terror. His son had been afraid for his father's life.

A switch went off at that moment for me. You know... I mean, I realized I couldn't do that to him. And for a few weeks, I quietly argued with myself about this and tried to find a way to mentally, to see if I could get the switch back into its old position. I remember ly-



Shazam the photo above to read "The Long Walk."

ing in bed night after night saying, I think that's it. I think I'm done.

Chivers talked to his brother, also a former Marine, and he said, "If your kid's sick and you know the medicine that will heal him, do you withhold it?"

Late last summer, in 2014, after returning from a trip to cover the fighting in eastern Ukraine, Chivers wrote to his editor at the *Times* and asked to be reassigned. "I have basically been studying organized violence and combatants since I was nineteen and decided to join the Marine Corps," he wrote. "I welcome the chance to open myself to new themes." He has not been back to a war zone since.

Over the past year, he has dedicated himself to what he calls a program of return, of integrating back into normal life. Which means, among other things, that he is trying to be less vigilant.

I think if you talk to any well-trained small-unit infantry guy, whether an experienced NCO or up through captain, they'll tell you that when they move through civilian life—when they're driving through, say, a town—they endlessly are thinking about how they would do various tactical things in that environment.

Does that constitute PTSD? I have never sought diagnoses, and I don't study that. Do I feel different? I'd say, sure, I am different. I should be different. Is it all bad? It's bad when it takes up too much of your bandwidth, because you're thinking about that you're not thinking about something else, and that can be stunting, to put it gently. But it's also maybe why a lot of people are still alive, right? You go into the forest long enough, you become a forest creature.

He has devised strategies to exhaust himself, he says, so that he can get true rest, without the persistent thoughts and alertness and memories of living in war. He has decided that he has to remain in motion: He takes his boat out with his kids every day the seas aren't too choppy. Last year alone, they hauled in a thousand pounds of fish. He splits wood. And he gardens, or it would be more accurate to say—given the amount of potatoes and onions and beans and broccoli and squash involved—he farms.

And he has a new role at the *Times*. As word got around the paper last fall that Chivers was leaving the foreign desk, he was in the newsroom in New York, putting the finishing touches on his major chemical-weapons story (part of his new role with the investigations desk). When the editor he'd been on the phone with from Libya, Rogene Jacquette, spotted him, she walked over to say she had heard the news. Chivers told her about his boy, about the game of cards and the hives and his terrible dread. He said it was as if a message were being sent through his son that it was time to go, in a way that even I could understand.

Jacquette took that in for just a moment and said, "We should all be thankful for your son." And then she said, "Because he is a blessing." ■

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Wills, Garry

WRITER, JOURNALIST,

ESQUIRE LEGEND | 81

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSSMAN

> **The interesting thing** about “Martin Luther King Is Still on the Case!” is I didn’t even ask [editor] Harold Hayes if he wanted me to write it.

I was soaking in the bathtub, reading, when my wife came in. She said, “They’ve killed Dr. King.” And I said, “Get me a plane ticket while I get ready.” I got out of the bath, dried off, and Natalie got me the last ticket on the plane to Memphis.

I hung around for a couple days at the church and the garbage strikers’ union hall, talking to leaders of the strike. There were only a few buses headed to Dr. King’s funeral. Space was tight. They were going to use folding chairs in the middle of the aisles to fit in as many people as they could. I realized I’d be displacing somebody if they let me on, but they took a vote and decided to give me a seat.

> **Every professor says** that what surprises them is how little the new students remember about anything more than two or three years ago. It was very revealing the

DUBIOUS

ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

1976

OKAY, ANNE FRANK, YOU CAN COME OUT NOW!

Composer Richard Wagner’s seventy-eight-year-old daughter-in-law, Winifred Wagner, a close friend of Adolf Hitler for twenty-two years, told the world that Der Führer had been misunderstood. He had a “good and human” nature, she said, “immensely appealing” eyes, and was “really touching with the children.”

first time I realized that a student had no memory of the civil-rights movement or Vietnam. They live intensely in the now, and there’s practically no “then” that they have a workable knowledge of.

> **You have to build writing** on reading. When students come to me and ask “How do I become a writer?” I say, “Who’s your favorite author?” If they say “I don’t have one,” I say to them, “You’ll never be a writer until you have one.”

> **If no other writer** has an impact on you, how can you expect to have an impact on anybody?

> **My model of respect** is Murray Kempton. He talked with everybody and saw through everybody but always treated people with respect. He would interview a Ku Klux Klanner and be famously respectful. He covered labor and he really got to despise the corruption, but he told me, “You always realize that these are people. Jimmy Hoffa is just a thug. But I can’t dislike him, because he’s the only labor boss I know who is faithful to his wife.”

> **One of the causes** of the deterioration in writing is that it’s not done for the ear. I’ve had very articulate students hand in muddled and inconsequent papers. Then I ask them to read their papers aloud and they realize that the sentences don’t really connect or that parts are not in any intelligible order, because they have not in any way thought of writing as a sound.

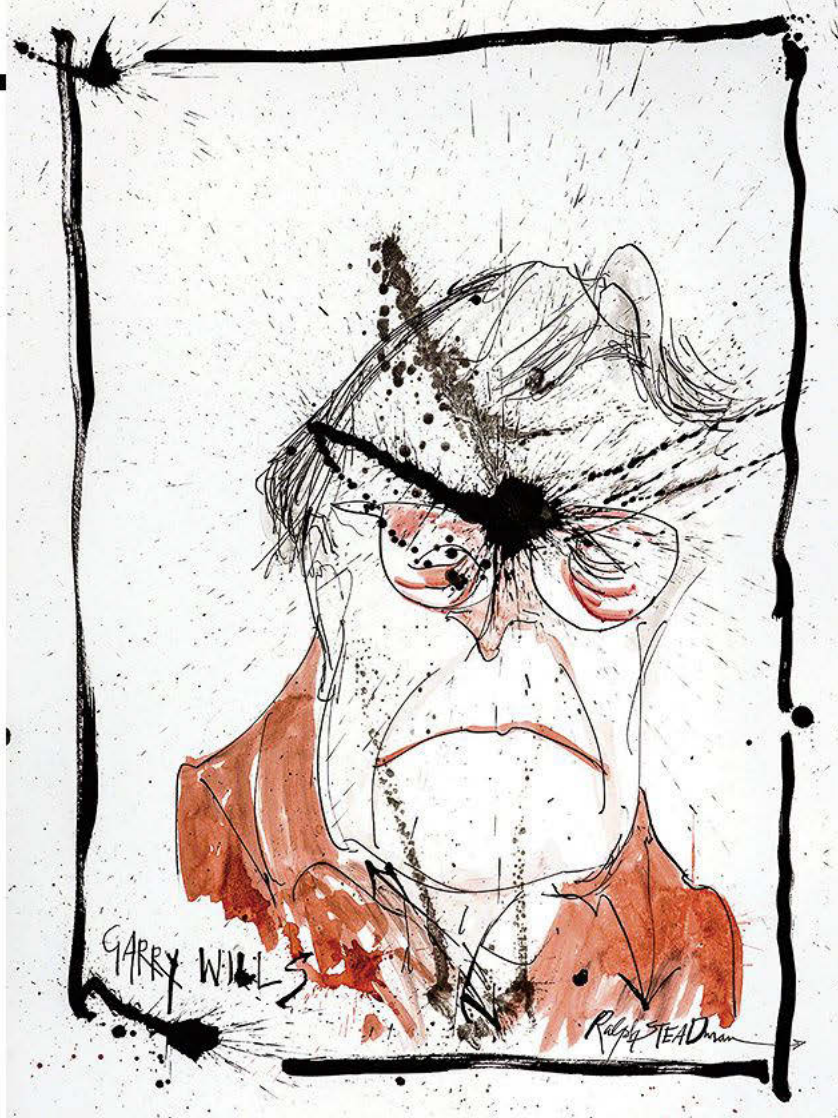
> **When I was a kid**, I would meet dogs when I was out walking around, pet them, talk to them, and they would follow me home.

> **Sometimes when you say** “I’ve read a book,” you probably haven’t unless you’ve reread it.

> **Preserve serenity.** That’s what people really treasure—when somebody shows a real peace with themselves and with others. To keep that serenity through all of life’s hard blows sets a person apart.

> **Clearly, the need** for something other than material satisfaction can be triggered if you have the right concentration.

> **What does it all mean?** Saint Augustine says, “If you understand it, it’s not God.”



W



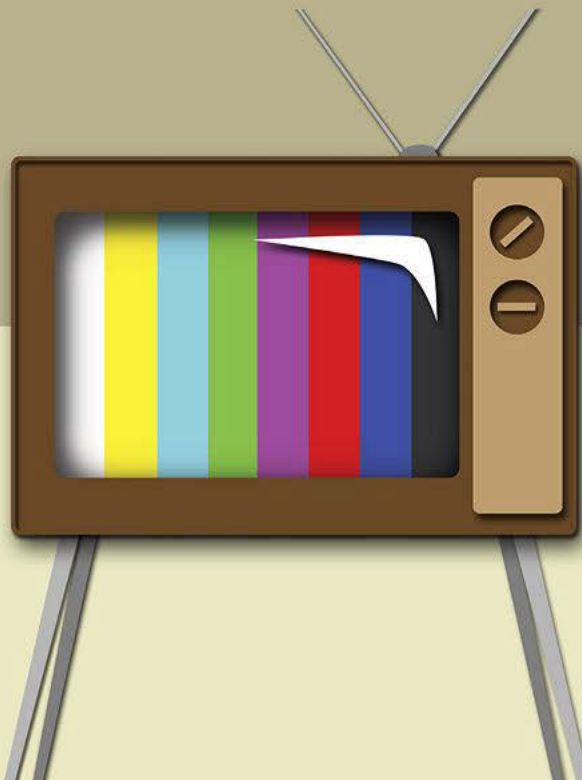
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Shazam this illustration to read Tom Wolfe's unforgettable Nascar feature, "The Last American Hero Is Junior Johnson. Yes!"



WOLFE, TOM

ONE OF THE GREAT PLEASURES of reading Tom Wolfe—is the sense of awe he consistently inspires. No, not through his grasp of character, as Talese; or the lengths to which he allowed his sentences to go in pursuit of his thoughts, as Mailer; or the extent of his humanity, as Sack. What inspires awe in Wolfe is simply that he fucking got away with it.

I'm not referring to any one thing; I'm referring to everything—to every sentence, every paragraph, every story, every jot and tittle. His reputation has suffered because he was never a particularly *literary* writer; Updike, over at *The New Yorker*, turned up his nose at Wolfe's novels and rendered what was meant as a decisive judgment: "entertainment, not literature, even literature in a modest aspirant form." But if literature is, as Ezra Pound said, "news that stays news," Wolfe, as a journalist in the sixties and the seventies, wrote something even harder to achieve: news that somehow managed to stay *new*. Sure, he was radical then—so was everybody. The miracle of Tom Wolfe is that he remains radical now and that the experience of reading, say, "Radical Chic" again is not unlike the experience of listening to "Brown Sugar"

on the radio for the umpteenth time: You still can't believe he's saying what he's saying, and you envy him his freedom not only to say it but also to dance to it.

He is such an original that he remains the only journalist to have his own origin story, his own creation myth. Finding himself blocked in his efforts to write a proper magazine article about a custom-car convention *Esquire* had assigned him to cover in California back in 1963, he instead wrote an improper one, typing up his notes in one overnight binge and sending them to editor Byron Dobell in the form of a letter. Dobell struck the "Dear Byron" and published the rest, and in so doing became the Sam Phillips to Wolfe's Elvis. Faced with the challenge of the new, Wolfe *became* the new, a writer who was unwilling to sacrifice urgency to propriety, who entertained without succumbing to a professional obligation to seem merely amused, and who was never afraid of looking and sounding ridiculous in order to render the ridiculousness of a culture remaking itself through an unlikely war between money and status.

What did he get away with? Well, unlike the esteemed Joseph Mitchell, he didn't get away with making it up, nor did he get away with getting it wrong. If anything, he is accused of getting it right, mercilessly. I remember listening to a discussion on the radio with the daughter of Leonard Bernstein, who complained that her father and mother were simply *never the same* after

Wolfe got through with them in "Radical Chic." It wasn't just that he was mean to them; it was that he didn't take them seriously: He did the unforgivable and found them funny.

It's worth looking at what journalists are doing now for a keener appreciation of what Wolfe was up to then. There is certainly no want of journalistic ambition among the purveyors of what is now called "long-form," nor of novelistic technique brought to bear on nonfiction, nor of outrage. What has gone missing—or been left to the provocateurs of the right—is outrageousness and a sense of something like larceny and a willingness to upend the moral assumptions of reporting. A. J. Liebling boasted that he wrote faster than anyone who wrote better and better than anyone who wrote faster. But Wolfe wrote funnier, and the enduring shock of his work is that it remains so today. We are trained to distinguish between journalism that's short and long, that's responsible and irresponsible, that stands for the right values and stands for the wrong. But in the end, it's all sheep's clothing, because there is so very little Wolfe.

—TOM JUNOD

W

ILLUSTRATION BY RALPH STEADMAN



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WOMEN

OVER ONE THOUSAND ISSUES, WE GOT THEM WRONG MORE OFTEN THAN WE GOT THEM RIGHT. JUST ASK NORMAN MAILER AND NORA EPHRON. BY LISA TADDEO

NOT IN HEAVEN BUT someplace close by, Norman Mailer sits with Nora Ephron at a lily-white table piled high with airy grilled-cheese sandwiches. They are both as beautiful as they wanted to be.

Nora says to Norman, Our names were alike, but that's the end of it.

That's not true at all, Norman replies. You and me, we had a slew in common. War. Wegotism. Women. Wangs.

I'm not obsessed with war, says Nora, never was.

Fine, says Norman, Waistlines and Women, then. He lights her cigarette and pulls down a heavy book from a floating Ikea shelf. We were so obsessed with women because we couldn't get them straight, he says.

Speak for yourself. Women have these stitches—they're made up of billions of them. Thousands, anyway. What men like you do when they get women half right is they pluck one of these stitches, pulled by the atmosphere or by some douchebag who's slept with her lately. Then they glorify that stitch, or vilify it, or conduct some faux-reverent treatment of the stitch that is alternately laudatory and cruel, Madonna and whore, Pauline Kael and Kim Kardashian. Is that Esquire or *Sophie's Choice*? I know you shuffle between the two.

What? says Norman. It's Esquire. I don't know what *Sophie's Choice* is.

Hand it over, I'll show you. Nora grabs the book. Tom Robbins on Debra Winger's voice, from 1993: "[It] sounds as if it's been strained through Bacall and Bogey's honey-

moon sheets and then hosed down with plum brandy." One thousand issues of that gluttonous dookie.

You're pissed because they got it right, says Norman.

Sometimes, says Nora, taking a deep and thoughtful drag.

For example, says Norman, George A. McNamara's 1937 ode to jiggling: "the champagne of movement" that happens "when a young woman walks. Or turns or bends or reaches or stamps her foot. And she approaches the absolutely ultimate in jiggling when she runs."

What's your point, guy?

It's gorgeous, it's scientific. Only women without a jiggle would be pissed.

You're a weasel, how's that for a W? Look at this asshole, Leland Stowe, in "What's Wrong with Our Women?" from 1948: "There is no other country in the world where women wait so presumptuously for some male to light their cigarette. And this is the only country where obliging males frequently get not so much as a slight nod for their pains." Or D, for Dickless.

What about Capote, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, in '58? says Norman.

The only piece of writing you ever complimented that wasn't your own. I suppose that's notable. But yes, it's true, he gets it right. Holly Golightly was every southern girl I ever knew in the big city. Moreover, she owned real estate in her own brain. But Capote was gay. I wrote in my column for Esquire about beauty...

Yes! says Norman. I happened to read that, at, uh, the doctor's office. You said you couldn't sympathize with a woman who was losing her beautiful looks because you yourself never had any.

Well, yes, that's true.

So they got it right?

Well, I got it right for them.

Then look here, says Norman. September 1962. Esquire sent a blazing-hot Gloria Steinem to write about sex on campus at the dawn of the Pill. Jesus, remember that? According to the piece, the biggest bitch for young coeds was that there weren't "enough sexually liberated men to go around."

Oh sure, good for Esquire, until a decade later when they published Leonard Levitt's "She." That bastard said Gloria was willing to take on any persona, so long as the hot man of the moment was in tow. I heard she's still furious about it.

I heard she's still hot.

It's a shame you didn't stick around for Viagra.

But I did!

Gotcha. "She" was 1971? You had yourself

DUBIOUS
ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

1989

OLDEST
NEWBORN
Rose Schlossberg.

W

Esquire (ISSN 0194-9535) is published monthly (except combined issues in January/February and June/July), 10 times a year, by **Hearst Communications, Inc.**, 300 West 57th St., NY, NY 10019 USA. Steven R. Swartz, President and Chief Executive Officer; William R. Hearst III, Chairman; Frank A. Bennack, Jr., Executive Vice-Chairman; Catherine A. Bostron, Secretary. **Hearst Magazines Division:** David Carey, President; John A. Rohan, Jr., Senior Vice-President, Finance. ©2015 by **Hearst Communications, Inc.** All rights reserved. **Esquire**, **Man at His Best**, **Dubious Achievement Awards**, **The Sound and the Fury**, and **Esquire** are registered trademarks of Hearst Communications, Inc. Periodicals postage paid at N. Y., N. Y., and additional entry post offices. Canada Post International Publications mail product (Canadian distribution) sales agreement no. 40012499. Editorial and Advertising Offices: 300 West 57th St., NY, NY 10019-3797. Send returns (Canada) to Bleuchip International, P.O. Box 25542, London, Ontario N6C 6B2. **Subscription prices:** United States and possessions, \$7.97 a year; Canada and all other countries, \$19.97 a year. **Subscription services:** Esquire will, upon receipt of a complete subscription order, undertake fulfillment of that order so as to provide the first copy for delivery by the Postal Service or alternate carrier within four to six weeks. From time to time, we make our subscriber list available to companies that sell goods and services by mail that we believe would interest our readers. If you would rather not receive such mailings via postal mail, please send your current mailing label or an exact copy to Mail Preference Service, P.O. Box 6000, Harlan, IA 51593. You can also visit <http://hearst.ed4.net/profile/login.cfm> to manage your preferences and opt out of receiving marketing offers by e-mail. For customer service, changes of address, and subscription orders, log on to service.esquire.com or write to Customer Service Department, Esquire, P.O. Box 6000, Harlan, IA 51593. Esquire is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art. None will be returned unless accompanied by return postage and envelope. Canada BN NBR 10231 0943 RT. **Postmaster:** Please send address changes to Esquire, P.O. Box 6000, Harlan, IA 51593. **Printed in the USA.**

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a year. You were sent to debate Germaine Greer, and then she wrote about it for Esquire. She was going to put down your looks before she saw how puny you actually looked in person and felt bad for you.

Norman winces, stuffs an entire grilled cheese through his lips.

Now look here, says Nora, the eighties and nineties brought more stitches, like the feature on NBA groupies and an aging literary novelist on the ever-popular old-guy-yen for fucking younger women, the two running in back-to-back spring 1992 issues.

You're speaking of Salter?

Oh God, of course, your brother in arms. And now we get the annual Sexiest Woman Alive next to an argument that it's okay (finally!) to take your local forty-two-year-old to bed, not to mention the April 2015 Women and Men issue—one of Esquire's handful of attempts in

eighty-two years to dedicate an entire issue to how men relate to women in hopes of finally understanding them. But they can't, because...

Because WHY?

Because Esquire is a mirror for all men, for the way your species has bungled our secret garden and then reseeded it and said, "Hey, Mom, look! I replanted the goddamn peonies I pissed on!"

So what's the takeaway, Nora? All men are peony pissers? Quite a stitch you've picked.

No. The takeaway is, well, the takeaway is that women are necessary. Necessary in the most heavenly possible light...

You mean like a case of crabs in Phuket?

Look, it's impossible to get anything ample down about women in a thousand issues that covers the life span of one woman, let alone the billions of stitches. But it's a start. I hope you read Capote and you understand the deep needs of young girls from dusty places. I hope you become a mother and understand your mother. Become a wife and understand the housewife. Or at least read about them. I hope you read an entire history of women and you understand them 10 percent better.

That's the problem with all you women. You all talk and write like women.

At least we don't write *Ancient Evenings*.

Hey, Nora, don't hate me because I'm beautiful.

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

2001

THE HAIRPIECE SHOULD CUSHION IT

"I may be bumping up
against the glass ceiling of my
own mediocrity."

—William Shatner on his
Priceline.com commercials

X

"X+Y+Z=Gag," September 1935

"THE SCIENTIFIC production of laughter as it is practiced by all celebrated joke-makers" was the subhead to the first of Esquire's many analyses of what's funny:

Another standard formula product is the humorous simile.... Arthur "Bugs" Baer shines in the field of simile and word-play.... [H]e methodically hammers out his snappy phrases, "a town so tough the canaries sing bass," "a Greenwich Village café

where the girls are boisterous and the boys are girlsterous."

From "41 Howlers, Screamers, and Groaners to Get You Through the Holidays," December 1989:

9. Duck walks into a drugstore, asks for some Chap Stick. Guy behind the counter says, "That'll be fifty-nine cents." Duck says, "Put it on my bill."

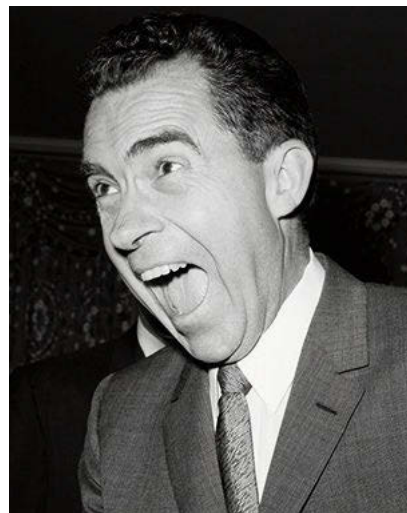
10. Duck walks into a drugstore, asks for a

package of condoms. Man behind the counter says, "Those cost three dollars; I imagine you'd like me to put them on your bill?"

Duck says, "Sorry, I'm not that kind of duck."

From "The Greatest Jokes Ever Told," June/July 2015 (from Joe Mande): Two cannibals are eating a clown, and one looks at the other and says, Does this taste funny to you?

Y



... is this man laughing?
(It remains under investigation.)

Z

Zim, Joy of

From "Zimmer," by Scott Raab, July 2001: Zim hooks nothing but a wee porgy, round and shimmering blue-gold in the sun. He admires it a minute before Dave un-hooks it and tosses it back. "Look at that," says Zimmer. "Is that a beautiful thing? I don't care how big they are—I just wanna catch the pretty ones."

Beams burst off him like a Buddha at the glimmer of satori.

"I love this," Zimmer says with a child's glee. "I'll tell you that—I love this. I do. I love this. I really do."

... Like love, Zimmer's all around us. All you need are eyes to see.

W

X

Y

Z



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